

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—NO. 1132.—10 FEBRUARY, 1866.

From the London Quarterly Review.

*Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*  
By C. LESLIE, Esq. and TOM TAYLOR,  
Esq. 1865.

"EVERYTHING turned out fortunately for Sir Joshua, from the moment of his birth to the hour I saw him laid in the earth. Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people. The day was favourable—the order not broken or interrupted in the smallest degree. Your uncle, who was back in the procession, was struck motionless at his entering the great west door. The body was just then entering the choir, and the organ began to open, and the long black train before him produced an astonishing effect on his sensibility, and, considering how dear to him the object of that melancholy pomp had been, everything, I think, was just as our deceased friend would, if living, have wished it to be; for he was, as you know, not altogether indifferent to this kind of observance."

No; for though "the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory,—yet man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature."

Two mighty pens—the one in the hand of Edmund Burke, the other in that of Sir Thomas Browne—here supply a solemn and splendid image, and a profound and most eloquent reflection. Both the image and the reflection naturally awaken a strong curiosity to know the whole story of what we may name *The Fortunate Life*, ended and crowned by those dark honours of the sepulchre which he who received them did not hold to be "supervacuous," in this respect not resembling Horace, between whose character and his there were not a few other points of similarity.

This remarkable career was not without record previous to the publication of these volumes. Malone, Northcote, Allan Cunningham, each have contributed to its illus-

tration; but it has not, till now, obtained a fair and full expression. Malone's memoir was slight; Northcote's "pottering" and illiterate; Allan Cunningham's—in the estimation of Leslie—was malicious and untrue. Nevertheless, Allan Cunningham's "*Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*," is an entertaining book, giving a lively, and, on the whole, a truthful impression of the men whom he delineates. He was a poet, and had strong and glowing sympathy with the various forms of art. He lived among artists, being for a quarter of a century foreman to Sir Francis Chantrey, to whom he gave many a poetic hint. It was he who suggested the lovely idea of the snowdrop in the hand of the sleeping child in Lichfield Cathedral. He met constantly with men who knew Reynolds. He could have, so far as we know, no special reason for traducing his character. What he asserts is asserted deliberately, and in his short memoir of Reynolds there is a note to the effect that his damaging remarks were made after careful inquiry. It is true that he does not give his authorities. The impression he leaves on the reader's mind is a mixed one. Reynolds is placed before us as a man of high genius and determined purpose; shrewd, philosophic, equable in temper, courtly in manners, making and keeping a large circle of friends among the best classes of his countrymen for rank, learning and ability, among them much beloved, but debarred of court favour by his independence—all which agrees with the record we are about to follow; but he is exhibited as having another and less pleasing side to his character, most easily perceived by his dependants and subordinates, some of whom reported him to be exacting, penurious, and mean. People "spoke of him," says Allan Cunningham, "as they found him." No explicit contradiction or disproof of Cunningham's statements is given by Leslie. The reader is left to infer from the evidence before him of the high excellence of the character of Reynolds—its inconsistency with the charges brought against him. It is not in "*The British Painters*," however, that we find the following quotation from North-

cote's conversations; but in Leslie's now published memoir. "You describe him," said Northcote, "as I remember Barette once did Sir Joshua at his own table, saying to him, 'You are extravagant and mean, generous and selfish, envious and candid, proud and humble, a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time.' I may not remember his exact words, but that was their effect. *The fact was, that Sir Joshua was a mixed character, like the rest of the world in that respect; but he knew his own failings, and was on his guard to keep them back as much as possible, though the defects would break out sometimes.*" Would not Thackeray have taken a careful note of that?

The volumes before us contain what is likely to be a final and sufficient biography of a man who stands out in the front rank of the history of the last century, and who is a conspicuous figure in the Johnsonian circle. All available documents of importance have been gathered and arranged. The pocket-books of the painter have been placed at the disposal of the writers, together with some hitherto unpublished letters and papers, and there is no remaining rumour of untouched stores of information. Leslie's pen has a quiet and unaffected distinctness which seldom becomes smart or glowing, although, where his knowledge as a painter and observer of aspect and manners is brought into play, we are made to feel its subtle charm.

Mr Taylor has taken up the narrative, left in a very unfinished state at the death of Leslie, and by a process of reticulation and addition has completed and put it together in his "own way." The key to his structural arrangement is found in a passage of his second volume, where he confesses his surprise on discovering the *political* complexion of Reynolds' career. This was a fortunate discovery in more ways than one, for it opens out a mass of material in the shape of historical accompaniments, lying within his own power to execute with spirit, and at the same time wonderfully helps to give importance to the work which, with much steady, zealous, faithful labour, he has completed in two good-sized volumes; probably on the whole more interesting to the general reader than if Leslie had lived to complete them himself. Leslie was, as we all know, an eminent master in the British School, and lived a placid life in the pursuit of his favourite art. We know — although his present coadjutor Mr. Taylor has published what professes to be his "Autobiography" — far too little about him as a

man. An autobiography that refers as seldom as possible to the author and his doings is not the beau-ideal of an autobiography, and this is too much the case with Leslie's. In some gleanings of recollection in the introduction, we learn that he did not choose much to visit with any one who did not care about painting, or did not possess good specimens; as might therefore be expected, those portions of the memoir which were prepared by him are largely professional in material and tone. We are able to trace with great distinctness the double authorship; Mr. Taylor — he hardly needed to have done it — has marked off by square brackets those portions of the work supplied by himself. The alternations of tone are noticeable and pleasant. Leslie, a meek and aged man, plays an air upon his sweet and low-toned German flute, now tolerably long, now shorter. But his younger, heartier, more hirsute companion strikes in suddenly with his *cornet-à-pistons*, wetting his lips and pouring shrill strains from his instrument, while the timid, apologetic German flute fills up the pauses. The performers are admirable friends. The stronger man does not try to outblow or override the venerable companion over whom he holds the office of protector, and he allows him a good share of the pence and praise. The flute dwells doatingly on studio anecdotes, picture criticisms, mild recollections and rectifications, culled from Northcote and other sources. The strain is taken up more briskly by the cornet, and the scene shifts to the theatre, the Parliament, the high seas, the club, the gaming-house, the literary coterie, the battle-field, the current scandal, or riot, or duel. When December comes round, year by year, and the deaf president delivers his indistinct, and, as we are here taught to believe, his illogical "discourse," then the narrator becomes the critic; epitomises and analyses the lecture with independence and good sense, and bows out the year with the list of sitters in the studio of Leicester Square. Mr. Taylor has some good preliminary qualifications for work of this sort. He has studied painting closely as a critic, and to some extent practically as a painter. He spent some time entirely among the *ateliers* of Paris, a student himself. He is a poet. He is a dramatist. He is a scholar, and a man of great general accomplishments. He is both firm and modest in tone, and cautious in statement. Such of his general picture criticism as we are acquainted with is valuable for its thoughtful and conscientious *fairness* and lenity. He has a power of wide appreciation — sel-

dom rises to enthusiasm—does not vituperate, and does not blunder, and writes with a painstaking and quiet vivacity which lights up the page agreeably to the end of the work, leaving finally on the minds of his readers a very full and fair impression of the life and times of his subject.

The lists of sitters, given from the pocket-books, will have great value as a permanent and public record to which owners of pictures by Sir Joshua can appeal for verification, and by which students of art may trace the progress of Reynolds' improvement, from the days when he painted the funny little old children with their dogs and cats, and lapelled waistcoats, and knee-breeches, and cocked hats—his own life and fire struggling with the dullness of the Hudson school—to the days when he triumphantly swept the dark clouds round the head of the sublime portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the *Tragic Muse*.

Following the flute and cornet, then, as the shipwrecked mariners followed the "airy music and flying noises in the Enchanted Isle" of Prospero, let us trace out some of the lines of life in this pleasant biography. July 16, 1723, was the birthday of Joshua Reynolds. His father was a clergyman. We have prints of the face of the elder Reynolds from a picture painted by his son; and Leslie, who seems to have been deeply touched by the fact, notices that the costume in that portrait was afterwards adopted in the charming picture of Oliver Goldsmith, whom Reynolds loved: the same flowing philosophic robe that suggested the garden and the porch, the bared neck, the loose, turned-down collar,—the face in the two pictures being also seen at the same angle. The features of the father bear no trace of resemblance to those of the son. He has a handsomer face, but it has not the blunt, half-surlly expression of the countenance we know so well as "Sir Joshua."

Joshua was not a "marvellous boy." His father thought him an idle one, as we shall presently see. He attended his father's school, and there laid the foundation of such education as he ever had. How deep that foundation was, we cannot very exactly judge. We hear nothing of Greek, and not a great deal of Latin. He read Ovid more or less in the original, and in after years, when he had lost the Latin epitaph written by Dr. Johnson on Goldsmith, the Doctor thought it possible that Reynolds might recall and re-write it from memory—"Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum," he writes in 1790 to Sheridan; and with this scanty amount of material the

evidence on that head closes. A good painter of the Reynolds' organization is not the man to become a deep scholar. But he drew in school, if he did not study classics. On one of these school-drawings there is found written by the pater-magister—"Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." At a very early age "the Jesuit's Perspective" fell into his hands, and he studied it with such success that he was able to draw a correct representation of the colonnade beneath the school-house. His first attempt in oil colours was made with a ship-painter's tools and colours in a boat-house, in company with a certain Dick Edgumbe, of whom we hear more in the course of the narrative.

Jonathan Richardson was born in 1665, and died in 1745. He was a portrait painter, though not of the highest class. But he is best remembered by "*An Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting*," and "*An Argument in behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur*." One or both of these works—which Mr. Wornum says ought to be in every art library—young Reynolds read, and they, he was wont to say, "made him a painter." We cannot accept Reynolds' definition of art-genius as being "great general powers accidentally determined in a particular direction," but such glowing and simple enthusiasm as breathes in the words of Richardson were enough to raise the latent spark of genius into a flame. Thenceforth his bias was made manifest, and the "particular direction" chosen. His father had some views of making him a physician; but seeing his strong bent for painting, he offered no resistance, and with entire sympathy did what he could to forward his tastes and interests. The pupil and son-in-law of Richardson, Hudson, one of the Sir Godfrey school of painters, was then at the head of the British likeness-takers, prosperous and popular, and Joshua was at the age of seventeen, apprenticed to him. The required fee was £120. Of this one-half was borrowed from his sister, Mrs. Palmer. Hudson's pictures were dull, heavy, and formal. The interest of the work was distributed with great impartiality over the cocked hat, ruffles, the broad-sleeved coat, the waistcoat, and the face. While standing before pictures of that school the face cannot well be overlooked, but when away from them the face cannot easily be recalled to memory. We endeavour to remember it, but the broad-sleeved coat, the waistcoat, the ruffles, and the cocked hat, that wearisome black triangle, usually

being carried under the arm, are too much for us. We have to meditate on "the fitness of things" before we are very sure that there *was* a face. And yet, strange to say, the face was not so badly painted. While the conception and relations of such pictures are depressing, the execution is often good. It is a long road which the uneducated young artist has to pass before he can mix oil-colours, and set eye, nose, lip in its place as well as Hudson did; and no doubt young Reynolds, who had all the grammar of his art to learn, looked with deep respect on the pictures, finished and unfinished, which hung round the studio of his new master, and felt the dignity and responsibility of his position when brought into the contact of even a subordinate with the great Sir Robert Walpole, when that statesman came to have his velvet-and-lace coat, his waistcoat, his wig, and his face recorded with an equal, inanimate propriety.

Very slight records exist of the work done and the life lived in Hudson's studio. Reynolds copied the drawings of Guercino with great success, as well as his master's pictures, and probably painted in subordinate parts of the originals. So far as the art of drawing and painting faces is concerned, his opportunities were favourable enough. Beyond this they were barren in the extreme. The young students of our own day can go to the British Museum, the schools at South Kensington, the schools of the Royal Academy, and find plenty of casts from the antique to awaken effort, to cultivate the sense of beauty, and to give knowledge of the structure of the human figure, and the requirements of pure outline. Few such things would ever meet the eye of the pupil of Hudson. It will help us to look with tolerance on the want of substantial knowledge of form, in all but the head, from which Reynolds suffered through life, if we reflect that—from the age of seventeen to twenty, the years when the eye and memory are most keen and strongly alive to impression—he missed entirely that glorious instruction which even the sight of the antique furnishes; and, consequently, that knowledge, the required extent of which is not appreciated by general observers, but which Barry compares to enlarged geographical science. The promontories, hills, and vales of the human face are difficult enough to map out, to say nothing of their relation to expression; but the endless involutions of a human body, in its varying proportions between the Hercules and the Venus—in its

strange changes of contour under muscular action, and especially in that refined superficies of form and colour which overlays the deep life below—constitute materials for a science needing the best years of life for its acquirement. Michael Angelo gained it in perfection; but we are told that he spent twelve years in the close study of anatomy as one of the preliminaries of its attainment. Twelve, twenty, or fifty years, however, without the higher perception of the relation of form to expression and action, would be insufficient.

The wonder is that Reynolds, with such slender opportunities, did so well; nor is it reverent or just for the youthful student, surrounded by "Gladiators" and "Discololi" from his school-days, to affect contempt for the "drawing" of the great master, who, till he was eight-and-twenty, probably only knew the antique from bad prints, or from a few maimed and yellow marbles, brought over on "the grand tour" by *dilettanti* noblemen. His study of the face must have been profound; and the broad, deep, tender strength with which from an early age he laid in the features in their relative places, with their due retiring subordination, shows how much he gained by being shut up to a narrow circle of observation and study. There is a penalty often to be paid for extended opportunities. Lawrence could prate with immense knowledge and subtle grace; but in his excess of science, we see, perhaps, one of the causes of his inferiority to Reynolds in painting the face. He knew too much for his general powers. Reynolds' general powers always exceeded his knowledge. A fine head by Reynolds gives the impression of its having been painted by a philosopher, which cannot be said of most works from the more perturbed, if more scientific, pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It is said that Reynolds left Hudson's studio through some mutual misunderstanding. He remained, however, in after life in friendly relations with his old master; and though some slight "tiff" might be the occasion of their parting, the true reason probably was, that having seen how to set the palette and paint the head throughout, from dead colouring to glazing, and longing to infuse life on his own account into heads tolerably well painted, he began to tire of the everlasting round of blue velvet and cocked hat.

Whether he made much way in society during this early London sojourn, we are not informed. He probably, at that time, saw and admired Garrick when he brought



his quick and vivid powers to bear on the dull and stilted forms of theatrical art. An interesting anecdote of the period must not be omitted. At a public auction, where young Reynolds was present, there arose a buzz and a whisper as the distorted form of the poet Pope walked through a yielding crowd, dispensing salutations and shaking hands, and not refusing the hand of the youthful painter, stretched out in an impulse of respectful enthusiasm. This, to readers familiar with the incidents of the life of Reynolds, is sure to recall a similar act of homage paid by Northcote to Sir Joshua, on one of his visits to Devonshire. Northcote touched the skirt of his coat "with much satisfaction," delighted to be so near the man whom he adored as a painter.

In the days when Daguerre was not, an average skill in portraiture was a sure foundation for respectable livelihood, if coupled with moderate diligence, prudence, and manners. Reynolds became for a while a country artist. A delightful little volume of sketches of country artists might be written, after the manner of the shorter lives of Allan Cunningham. Till about the year 1855 there was no mode of livelihood more secure and pleasant than that of the unambitious country portrait-painter of any ability or conduct. Oil pictures of the heads of households were things as necessary to equipment as the sideboard and the sofa. The great blemish on the mass of the tribe who supplied this inevitable demand was, perhaps, an excess of conviviality.\* Nothing placed two men, who had dealings with each other in those days, on a more pleasant footing than that of painter and sitter. The sitter was desirous of looking his best in the eyes of the painter, and of giving the best possible impression of his person and character. He was all smiles, all hospitality and concession. The painter wished to see his subject at his ease. It was seldom that the painter had not some other unwonted gift. He sang or fiddled, or was a mimic, or had "a fund of anecdote." His continual and varied intercourse with others gave a charm to his manners, and he became the lion of many a little country circle; but in much danger, if he were not a man of higher tastes, of sinking gradually into the red-nosed lodger at an inn — the hero of a "portrait club;" the painter of signs to clear off scores, and too often sinking under a huge wave of work paid for, but unfinish-

ed, accumulated debts, and irresistible habits of intemperance.

Reynolds, judging from his own account of about three years of his young manhood, was in some danger of declining into the free-and-easy habits of his sect. He always lamented his waste of time and opportunity at this period. After the death of his father, in 1746, he took a house at Plymouth Dock, and there lived with his two unmarried sisters till 1749. Some attempts at landscape, belonging to these years, are extant. It was at about this period that he came into contact with another and very important portion of his teaching, the pictures of William Gandy, of Exeter, whose father was a pupil of Vandyke. Solemnity, force, and richness are said to mark many of these pictures; and a traditional saying of Gandy's, to the effect that the texture of oil paintings should resemble that of cream or cheese, weighed on the mind of Reynolds, and influenced him throughout his whole career. If the unlearned reader will look closely into the little picture of "Innocence" in the Vernon Gallery, he will understand what this technical aphorism meant.

It is interesting to observe, so far as prints can give the information, that Reynolds did not take any violent leap out of the Hudsonian position into his own higher walk. He moved upward on safe ground, and in his early portraits we can trace the process of animation and adventure. The shadows deepen, and the lights brighten here and there. The titled dame pushes her stiff shoulder a little further towards action, and sometimes ventures to lay her bent wrist on the waist, angling the elbow with spirit. The light veil begins to flutter; a stray lock is lifted by the breeze. "The dumb dead air," so particularly oppressive in the Hudson portrait, begins to roll and stir, and in due time we have the artist looking at us with an assured inquisitiveness from under his shading hand in the fine portrait which has been placed for us in the National Portrait Gallery. He was early taken under the patronage of Lord Edgumbe, and it was at Lord Edgumbe's house that he met with Commodore Keppel, to whose good offices thus early in life so much of Reynolds' bright fortune is owing. Both were young: Keppel, twenty-four; Reynolds, twenty-six. "The Centurion" lay in the Channel, bound for the coast of Africa. Keppel generously offered to show his young acquaintance something of the world and to take him to Italy; thus a warm friendship commenced

\* One of these men (who painted in the Sir William Beechey style, red curtain and ruddy face), when asked at what period of the day he painted best, replied, "I always paint *boldest* after dinner."

which lasted through life, and was at all periods of great professional advantage to the painter. It also helped, undoubtedly, to give that political complexion to his life which Mr. Taylor has pointed out as being so significant. Life on board a man-of-war for four months, at that stage of a young artist's life, must have been an important fact in his training, and the character of Keppel must have influenced his own. Keppel was of Dutch extraction, well born, and valuing more than many (so says Burke) the advantages of birth; yet he was frank, friendly, and brave. In the Commodore's company he spent a week at Lisbon; saw the great procession and the great bull-fight; saw Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tetuan, Algiers, and at Algiers saw the Dey of Algiers, and witnessed a remarkable interview between that potentate and the bold and calm British officer, when that "beardless boy," as the Dey called him, threatened bombardment. At Minorca, the name of which was in a few years to become the key-note of popular fury, he was entertained so long that he had time to paint almost all the officers of the garrison. He asked but small prices, three guineas a head; and to the rapid production of pictures at this price must be attributed something of the speed and facility for which his pencil was afterwards remarkable. It was at Minorca that he was thrown from his horse, and received that cut on the lip which gives so peculiar a cast to the Reynolds mouth. In course of time he was landed at Leghorn; and entered the region of enchantment to all artists. He was now to see what Richardson had taught him to wonder at, and almost to worship. He hastened onwards to Rome, and another and the most important stage of his education began.

It is a soothing prelude to the marvellously active life of Reynolds, to hear his account of the manner in which those two years were spent in Rome. There is an expression occurring more than once in these memoirs, that shows his development to have been, though cautious and slow at first, by no means accidental. "I considered," says he, "that I had a *great game to play*." He sat down to his great game with eminent deliberation. That he might have time for study, he borrowed money from his married sisters, who seem to have been in good circumstances. He did not seek commissions from the travelling lords who were willing to pay for copies of notable works. He did not copy, during all his stay in Italy, more than a very few of the

great pictures. He did not paint serious portraits. He did, though, what is exceedingly anomalous. He painted two or three of that uninteresting class of pictures, called in those days "*caricaturas*." One of these, representing some noisy funny scene between tutor, lord, courier, and innkeeper, was exhibited not long ago at the British Institution, and showed but a feeble sense of humour, with not much painting power. It had the look of work done to oblige a patron who mistook, as men often do, verbal or historic humour for pictorial. His method was to make small studies and sketches, according to their relation to the governing excellence of the work before him, and plenty of written memoranda and slight pencillings for the purpose of fixing on his memory the great things he might never, and as it proved did never, see again. The years 1750 and 1751 were passed in this way to memorable advantage, and under very favourable conditions. It is pleasant to imagine him during this happy recess, sitting, standing, or lying, "through whole solemn hours," under the awful shades of the Sistine, "capable of the emotions which Michael Angelo intended to excite," or waiting breathless with close investigation before the "*Heliodorus*," or the "*Miracle of Bolsena*," or the "*Disputa*," or that airy Hill of the Muses, till the true light of taste dawned upon him, and he felt himself able to understand what, he confesses with genuine simplicity, he was at first sight unable thoroughly to receive or enjoy. By the way, this would be a good subject for a note to another edition of the "*Modern Painters*,"—"How far was Reynolds right in his first impression of Raphael, and wrong in his second?" Mr. Ruskin's analysis of the cartoon of "*Christ's Charge to Peter*," in the third volume of "*Modern Painters*," may be compared with Reynolds' first and instinctive judgment of the pictures in the Vatican. After Rome he visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, conceiving too high an opinion of the eclectic schools, but finding what he was best fitted to understand and love in Venice among the works of Titian, Veronese, the Bassani, and Tintoretto.

In 1752, on the 16th of October, Reynolds arrived in London, and laid down the first stake in the great game he proposed to play.

His capital consisted of a body and mind charged to the full with life, health, energy—the grammar of Hudson, the hints of Gandy, the rapid practice of Plymouth and Minorca, the "*grand gusto*" of Rome, the

combinations of Bologna, and the superb ornamentalism of Venice, the experience of a traveller, the rudiments of a scholar, and the capacity of a philosopher. In addition, he had made some mechanical preparations; he had contrived that some prelusive strains of fame should reach the ears of London before he arrived, and he brought with him an Italian "drapery man."

The drapery man was a necessary appendage in every fashionable studio of those days. Unless a little of the manufactory is conjoined with the higher uses of art, fortune cannot be secured, and to our minds it is very observable that position, taken in the social sense, and fortune in the banking sense, were distinct and important parts of the great Reynolds "game." *He meant to have everything the earth could give him, and he got it.* The name of the young Italian was Giuseppe Marchi, and one of his master's earliest doings was a portrait of his pupil in a turban. It is not an astounding picture; and Hudson told him plainly that he did not paint so well as before he went to Italy.

Reynolds did not return to a soil entirely barren of art, though it was barren of all patronage except for portrait painting. In 1750, Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" was knocked down at a public auction for £110. The frames alone of this series cost him £24, so that for these matchless works he was paid at the rate of less than £15 each. He had shown great ability in portraiture long before this. The portrait of Captain Coram, at Foundling Hospital, is full of life and power, as no doubt was many another from the same hand. He was not fitted, however, either by his skill or manners, to take the place of a popular portrait painter. At this time he had mistaken his way, and was at work on sacred subjects. He had the "Paul before Felix" on his easel. If Paul had been what his accusers said he was, "a pestilent fellow," and Felix a Bow-street magistrate, Hogarth was the man to have given us an immortal work—the real Paul and Felix were above his reach.

Richard Wilson had been a portrait painter, but was now beginning that sorrowful career of landscape—landscape poetic, forlorn and grand—which helped so much to raise our landscape art, and so little to supply his own necessities. A Swiss painter, Liotard, was in possession of the field of portrait just then. He was a *neat* painter, but his neatness could not stand long before the importation of novelty, life and

strength fresh from abroad, and he disappeared.

The first work of the painter which attracted public attention was a vigorous full length of Commodore Keppel, standing on a stormy sea-shore, and with animation giving directions to unseen figures on the beach. The attitude was adapted from a pencil sketch of an antique statue picked up somewhere in his travels, and marks from the first his habit of using the ideas of others whenever he could do so with advantage.

Leslie, in his charming "Handbook for Young Painters," has a remark which will help us to estimate Reynolds all the more accurately. "I have no hesitation," he writes, "in saying, that every artist whose name has lived, owes his immortality more to the excellence of his taste, than to any other single endowment; because it displays all the rest to their fullest advantage, and without it his mind would be imperfectly seen; and if taste be not the highest gift of the painter, it is, I think, the rarest." This rare gift was possessed by Reynolds in an unwonted degree. This and another characteristic, midway between taste and humour—the power to see "the weak side of things"—enabled him to use the inventions of others with consummate judgment. His fine eye and delicate hand, so cool and light, enabled him to give the charm of freshness and naturalness, which prevented the spectator from tracing the origin of his ideas. His mind was appreciative, not inventive. He saw no visions; he dreamed no dreams. But he was alive to the airiest and most subtle charms of the visible. All in his life and thinking was eminently actual and outward. It is where the mind is equally balanced between the visionary spontaneity of imagination, and the quiet, keen perception of outward fact, that the few highest masters of art are manifested,—the Michael Angelo, the Raphael, the Titian, the Shakespeare,—and no man of this class can consent to borrow, though occasionally, as Raphael did, he may condescend to adapt.

His first house was at No. 104, St. Martin's Lane, near the studio of Roubilliac. He removed soon after to No. 5, Great Newport Street, his sister Frances taking the management of his house. The brother and sister were not congenial souls. He was even; she was fretful and full of "megrimms." She painted miniatures, and copied her brother's pictures. "These copies," said her brother, "make other peo-

ple laugh and me cry." After a few years they separated. The principles on which he commenced his life-work are early apparent, and continued ever after to guide him. He had a settled, and indeed an exaggerated, conviction of the importance of labour. Feeling his slowness of invention, he made the best reflection under the circumstances — namely, that great facility often induces haste and carelessness. The tortoise in the actual result of the race of life not seldom distances the hare. He began with the determination to "go to his studio willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night," a resolve differing from that of Stothard, who walked the streets daily for hours, drinking in health, and catching sudden and fleeting graces from the moving life around him. Reynolds was too much of an in-door artist all his life. He took, however, every pains to learn painting from paintings. He bought what good works of the old masters he could afford to buy; he "even borrowed money for that purpose, believing them to be for a painter the best kind of wealth." He went so far as to tell Northcote, that "for a really fine specimen of Titian he would consent to ruin himself." He died worth eighty thousand pounds in money, and surely if he had only *half* ruined himself, he might have attained his wish. He thought India-stock valuable as well as Titians, and tried to dispose of his Titians before he died.

He made systematic experiments in effect and colour, "leaving out every colour in turn, and showing it that he could do without it." He peered into, and chipped, and filed away and dissolved portions of old paintings to get at the "Venetian secret." In painting his pictures he exhibited, perhaps, his most marked peculiarity of mind, always looking on them "as a whole." It is this breadth of view, this tendency to generalize and mass, this breath of the philosophic spirit which gives so much of the air of greatness to his works.

At first his use of materials was tolerably simple and safe. The aim at brilliance and richness induced him from the first to use fleeting colours if they were splendid in hue. It may be questioned whether he was not misled afterwards by the Gandy theory about cream and cheese. In his more successful efforts after this quality there is a species of charm on close inspection. But not only is it true that at the focal distance mere richness of pigment is lost, but it may also be respectfully denied that human flesh is like "cream or cheese" in texture. It is not like anything which

may not be successfully imitated with such simple media as Gainsborough used. There is a tendency in some artists and connoisseurs to confuse the sweetness of the face with the sweetness of something to eat, and to such eyes the dry and airy world is "embedded and enjellied" in unctuous semi-transparency. One of the cant phrases of this school goes beyond the Gandy idea. It is accounted to be an excellence in a picture that it should look "buttery."

We meet with one excellent resolve in the beginning of his public life, the want of which spoils many a young painter, — to do his best at each succeeding picture whether the subject were attractive or not. Moreover, his "grand tour," his Italian studies, his many qualifications, did not overwhelm his prudence. He began to paint at the very moderate price of five guineas a head.

The political sketches which fill so many pages of the book, interesting and well written as they are, may be passed lightly over; for, except that Reynolds' career was undoubtedly influenced by his early associations with the party in opposition, we meet with no expressions of political sentiment, and only one political act — his voting for Fox — and we have abundant evidence that to him a man's politics were no barrier to intercourse. He was found one day at the table of Wilkes, and the next day he dined with Johnson; and, during the grand and celebrated "Impeachment," we find him on one day sharing the hospitality of Warren Hastings, and the next he has his feet under the table of Burke.

The times of his appearance before the world are not pleasant to read of. "Coarse, rollicking, and hearty" they were; drinking and gambling, and dissolute times in a degree that disgusts, while the narrative of it amuses; days of fearful political corruption, when men would do anything for power, when the paymaster of the forces thought it no shame to pocket the interest of the money in his hands, and when "secret service money" meant money for buying votes for the government. Truly, "the canker of peace" looked festering enough, and there is a sort of pleasure in seeing the wild passion of the upper-class men of those days becoming purged and noble with the bursting out of "the blossom of war with a heart of fire." It seems better that they should die bravely among the thunders of the fleet in Newfoundland mists, or leave their bones in the parched Carnatic, than thrust one another through in the stews of London.

Into the mixed society of this era Reynolds was well prepared to enter. He had, young



as he was, seen much good company. He had firm nerves, a quiet unobtrusive self-reliance, and his speech was considerate and wise. He had none of that moodiness and inequality of temper so often the counterbalance of genius; yet, as we see by many instances, there was, under a calm exterior, a spirit of insatiable curiosity and restless observation. Little disturbed by thronging fancies from within, he was free to fix with more accuracy on impressions from without, and gather them home for his use. People who had no great public events to fill their mouths were talking of "Sir Charles Grandison," "Gray's Elegy," "Peregrine Pickle," and Johnson's Dictionary, and it was not long before he crossed the path of "Usra Major" himself. They were friends at a stroke. They first met at the house of the daughters of Admiral Cotterell. One of the ladies lamented the death of a friend to whom they were under great obligations. "You will," said the penetrating young portrait painter, who had seen the world out of the studio as well as in it, "at least be set free from the burden of obligation." This acute, caustic, and daring saying caught the quick ear of Johnson. It was "of a higher mood" than the common-places of polite society. He went home to sup with Reynolds, and in this way commenced a long friendship, founded in mutual esteem and admiration, between two men as dissimilar in most respects as could well be. Their acquaintance was a fortunate occurrence for both. In Johnson, Reynolds found his most influential teacher; and in Reynolds, Johnson found his tenderest and most considerate friend.

As yet, the star of Burke, who was to rise, according to Macaulay, "in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator ancient or modern," was below the horizon. He was then twenty-three years old, reading for the bar, contributing to papers and periodicals, turning over in his mind the question of the propriety of his emigrating, or the prospect of a consulship, and meditating on "the sublime and beautiful." Goldsmith, at the age of twenty-five, was going northward to study medicine, to learn, as Beauchamp put it afterwards, "to kill those who were not his enemies." Reynolds himself was nearly thirty, well trained, and in the best order for the race of life.

In 1754, there was a great awakening of public interest and excitement. The horizons east and west, in India and America, were troubled, and, says Reynolds' biographer, "few periods of our history were more stir-

ring than the years from 1754 to 1760." To any one interested at once in history and in art, the connection between the public events of the whole period of Reynolds' activity and the shadowy studio in which so many of the remarkable men of the time sat from year to year, would be an exceedingly delightful branch of study, and would help to realize and enkindle his conception of the time. So many engravings exist from the long series of Reynolds' portraits, that a very complete historic collection may be hung in the galleries of the mind from this source alone; and this is, of course, the thread of connection by which the historic and biographic portions of these volumes are bound together. In 1755 we find the painter in fully established business, and are able, from this date, to follow his doings pretty closely by means of these pocket-books which it would be a pleasure to see and handle; filled slowly from day to day, through a course of nearly forty years, with names that create a slight thrill as we read them, and rendered the more racy from a certain want of genius for spelling, which was a small set-off against so many other excellent gifts.

In this first recorded year we have not less than 120 sitters. Two portraits per week (when many of them would be large and some full-length pictures) seems hard work; but we must remember the valuable co-operation of "the drapery man." It was a point with him never to be seen out of his studio in the day-time; perhaps, for him, with his in-doors imagination, the best course. But it would seem as if he were equally careful, except when he received company, never to be found at home after dark. He lived in the age of clubs. He made the club his library and news-room, and had the good sense to choose as companions those who could teach him; men whose business it was to read, think, and write. His close study was of pictures; but he was a shrewd, humorous, and delighted observer of life and manners. He was not a talker, and hated talking artists, but he was a delicate, discriminative, and generous listener. The ear-trumpet is typical. In his power of listening with intelligence lies one of the great secrets of his power of making and keeping such dissimilar friends as Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Wilkes, and a host of others, who, at constant feud with each other, were all agreed in their warm attachment to Reynolds.

He began with an artists' club, and at "Slaughter's Coffee House" met weekly



with his old master, Hudson, with Roubiliac, the sculptor, Gravelot and M'Ardell, the engravers, Hogarth and Frank Hayman, rough and ready. We have now to trace broadly a career of unexampled good fortune, reaching over two-and-twenty years, in which no rival showed his face, and during which he was the lord paramount of portraiture in Britain. Of the 120 names of sitters recorded in the first pocket-book, a fourth are those of people of high title, beside two or three admirals, as many baronets, colonels, and captains. Among the admirals are Lord Anson, then resting from his labours in the dignity of First Lord of the Admiralty, and Boscawen, painted immediately before he set sail for Newfoundland on the breaking out of hostilities with France. There is the name of Lord Ligonier, a French Protestant refugee, who became Generalissimo, one of Marlborough's heroes. He died in 1770, at the age of ninety-two. It is supposed that Reynolds' endeavour to paint the old man's features as they might have appeared years before in the fields of Flanders, led to its being, as it certainly is, poorly painted as to the face. For seven laborious years Reynolds seems to have thrown all his powers into the work of achieving a position. He worked incessantly, and with rapidly developing power. The portrait of Dr. Johnson, which was engraved in Boswell's "Life," where he is sitting in a homely, check-covered chair, by a homely table, into which he is plunging his left fist, or dropping it like a paw, the legs wide apart, the head hung heavily aside, the eyes looking askance for his weighty idea which the charged pen waits to record, was done in 1756, and shows how much life and daring his pencil had by this time acquired.

During that heaving and convulsive year, when war blazed out all over the world, he seems to have worked harder than at any period of his career. Northcote remarks the year 1758 as having been the busiest of all Reynolds' years. He painted in it the surprising number of 150 portraits. William of Culloden, now less favourably known as William of Kloster Seven, is found among this mass of subjects; Lady Coventry, one of the celebrated Miss Gunnings of the year when he returned from Italy, and now dying of consumption; Commodore Edgecumbe, "fresh from the triumphs of Louisbourg;" and Mrs. Horneck, hereafter to be better known as the friend of Goldsmith; have their names on this year's list, and, as showing the martial

spirit of the time, and an admirable type of it, the striking full-length of Sir Francis Deval as a volunteer, evidently defying the world, by all that is signified between musket-stock and bayonet-point, his hat cocked bravely on his head.

Mrs. Pelham, feeding her chickens, abundantly more charming than if she were sacrificing to the Graces, or wielding the bow of Diana with a three-inch crescent perched on her head-dress, also sat or stood; and the extravagant and lively Kitty Fisher, so often painted by Reynolds, now represented as nursing doves, with a dove-like grace and innocence of look, but belonging to a class of which the dove is not the most appropriate emblem. Many of this class were brought to him from time to time, La Renas and Checcinas, Phrynes and Thaises, whom he painted for the random gambling lords who imported them. Kitty Fisher is said to have squandered £12,000 in nine months. It was this Cleopatra-like profusion which probably suggested to Reynolds the not unapt rendering of her in the character of the "swarthy queen with bold black eyes," dissolving a pearl in her wine cup.

Seamen lately renowned for gallant actions with French privateers were there; admirals who saw Wolfe land at Quebec, and brought home the news of his death; soldiers came to tell how the day went on the field of Minden, or left his studio to fall amid the smoke of Kempen, or to mix in other onsets in that dreadful, useless struggle for the province of Silesia, "for the sake of which the life-blood of more than a million was poured out like water." "Yellow Jacks" and "Black Dicks," dogged commodores and daring captains; Lord George Sackville and the Colonel Fitzroy who took the disobeyed orders of Prince Ferdinand to Lord George on the field; commanders of secret expeditions; colonels who had stood round George the Second in battle, and one (Colonel Trepauld) who prevented the king's horse from rushing into the French lines; are all found in turns seated in the quite studio chair, with their stories of march and charge and beleaguement by the Rhine, the Weser, or the Elbe.

Country mayors, like Sir William Blackett, whose picture is in the Infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne; clerical men and men of learning, such as Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York; comedians like Harry Woodward, "brisk and breezy;" tragedians like Barry, and one who lived between both comedy and tragedy like Garrick; are succeeded by men

"We  
Sad

like S  
Black  
very  
of fa  
and r  
noble  
youn  
moth  
the i  
studi

O  
this  
Laur  
to m  
poet  
forel  
the  
resti  
but  
as o  
fille  
raki  
The  
star  
squ  
ous  
who  
This  
nolo  
of th  
tion  
know  
ful  
he s  
on  
to v  
and  
sev  
whi  
two  
has  
larg  
to  
Sq  
lea  
ma  
in  
the  
ria  
as  
Ca  
ver  
ins  
dil  
ish  
an  
his

"Wearing a lofty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working full of state and woe,"

like Sir Septimus Robinson, Usher of the Black Rod, whose sittings are "always very early;" and mixed with these "a bevy of fair women richly dressed;" duchess, and marchioness, and countess, and lady; the noble's mistress; the squire's dame and young ones, the father's pride and the mother's joy. Such a bringing together of the image of an age as is only seen in the studio of the fashionable portrait painter.

One of the very memorable portraits of this stage of Reynolds' career is that of Laurence Sterne, the lion of society, whom to meet, "it was needful," says Gray the poet, "to have invitations a fortnight beforehand." On this picture Leslie makes the subtle criticism that he is not simply resting his head on his hand as in thought, but is at the same time propping himself up, as one in feeble health, and that the wig is tilted slightly on the head, giving it the rakish Shandean air which characterises it. The whole picture is individual; the eyes stare and burn impudently close under the square brow; the expression so incongruous with a clerical costume, is that of one who neither fears God nor regards man. This picture was presented to Sterne by Reynolds, and might possibly be a repayment of the most compact and felicitous description of the style of Reynolds which we know. "Reynolds himself, *great and graceful as he paints*, might have painted him as he sat." Sterne tampered with the pencil on his own account, and would know how to value such a gift. The resolute diligence and freedom from all rivalry of these first seven years; the increase of his prices, which had gradually risen from five to twenty-five guineas, while the full length has reached a hundred guineas, had so enlarged his means as to warrant his removal to a larger house at No. 47, Leicester Square. He gave £1,650 for a forty years' lease (which he almost lived to see expired), made additions to the extent of £1,500 more, in the shape of a gallery and studio, and at the early age of thirty-seven set up his carriage — a gorgeous affair indeed — painted as to the panels with the four seasons by Catton, and furnished with footmen in silver lace. This outburst exhausted his savings; but, as his practice was large and his diligence great, he was able soon to replenish his purse, and to lay the foundation of an ample fortune. We find that ere long his yearly income amounted to £6,000.

Here, already remarkable for the snuff

(Hardman's, 37 Strand) and the ear trumpet which single him out to the eye, he was found established at the accession of George the Third.

The Royal Marriage took place in 1761, and one of the best of his allegorical pictures was soon after painted, — that of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, one of the bridesmaids, sister of his early friend the Commodore. She was represented in the character of a votary adorning the altar of Hymen with long wreaths of flowers, and attended by a maiden who is preparing some sort of libation in an urn. The huge Earl of Errol sat about the same time, "a colossus in cloth of gold," whom Horace Walpole compared to "one of the giants in the Guildhall new-gilt."

The spirits sink unaccountably among these allegorical pictures in spite of the classics and the gods. Among his Didos, embracing Cupid, his Hopes and Loves and Graces, it is pleasing to come upon the natural and probable group of Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways, with the youthful Charles James Fox. One of the ladies leans out of the window, the other raises a dove to her caress, and the young Fox invites them to a rehearsal. The red bricks of Holland House look more real and stimulating than the gloomy mausoleums and prophetic cells in which his unworried "votaries" are performing their sham sacrifices that make us yawn vehemently and wish they were over. The Earl of Bute in blue velvet and gold, the Princess Augusta, the witty, careless, clever, unprincipled Charles Townshend, the proposer of that memorable Colonial Stamp Act which set a-ringing the ominous muffled bells of Boston (and who made the wicked joke on another sitter, a stout and wealthy heiress, that "her tonnage was equal to her poundage"). Lord Holland, Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, and closely concerned in the after disputes as to the legality of general warrants; Lord Granby, Master-General of Ordnance, and the subject of one of his most striking whole lengths, Count Lippe Schaumburg, "soldier, statesman, and man of letters," found their way early to the new studio in Leicester Square. The Count's picture is a large full length on a square canvas. He stands, long-faced, long-chinned, dark-eyed, at once pleasant and grim, against a wild sky full of rolling glooms and gleams, and in the shade around him finely disposed emblems of war — mortar, and cannon-wheel, and ball, a charger with ruffled mane below, a banner with dropping fold behind him.

Equally fine is the Vandyke-like portrait of Sir Geoffrey Amherst, in plate armour, his helmet resting on some plan of siege or battle-field.

Hogarth died in 1764, and the Literary Club was formed the same year, meeting till 1775 at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. During the summer the ceaseless and ardent toils of Reynolds told upon his health, and he was laid aside for a while by severe illness. All that relates to that glorious circle, gathered round "the brown table" at "the Club," is intensely attractive. It was the intellectual centre of the time. There Johnson ruled, "predominating" like the huge bear over the gate of the Baron of Bradwardine. Our feelings veer like the wind as we look at the bulk and texture of the "literary leviathan," so strangely put together. At one moment the eye moistens in admiration of his nobility and tenderness; at another moment we shrink and collapse as if we had been personally struck down and trampled in unexpected assault.

We see Edmund Burke, who raises our conceptions of the possibilities of human nature, and touches us, like the prelude of an oratorio, with the sense of wonder and expectancy. Burke was a match for Johnson in talk. Reynolds was his match also, but in another way, and the Doctor found and pronounced him "invulnerable." A constant association with every class of men and women; a quick, quiet eye, which could discover the coming storm at a distance; a genial and not easily ruffled temper (to the excellence of which, the most striking if some what strongly pronounced testimony is that of Northcote, that "You might put the *Divil* on Reynolds' back, without putting him in a fidget"); a perception of "the weak side of things," which Goldsmith lacked; and a well-filled purse, carried Reynolds through thirty years of close association with Dr. Johnson with scarcely a ripple of discordance, and it confirms our admiration of the firmness and expansiveness of Reynolds' understanding, that he should cultivate so near an intercourse with one who, beside being purblind, or, perhaps, partly because he was purblind, had not the least sympathy with the painter's pursuits. There are many interesting and graphic notices in these volumes of the doings and sayings of this memorable club, and Mr. Taylor has found such fascination in even its wine accounts, that he gives us the average consumption per man of the port and claret, which were the main beverages.

Reynolds was one of the most regular at-

tendants there, but he by no means confined his attention to this awful centre of intellectual law. He seems to have been as fond of the society of men of fashion as men of literature and art. He was a frequenter of a notorious club composed of "maccaronis" and "bloods," whose chief pursuits were hard drinking, deep gaming, and blasphemous profanity. Here he was distinguished for his ceremonious politeness and his bad whist-playing. Through all his laborious life we see in him nothing of the dreamy, secluded student. When not at his easel he was about among men; beefsteak clubs, *scavoir vivre* clubs, saur-kraut clubs, ladies' clubs, gambling clubs; no clubs came amiss to him where "life" was to be seen. Along with clubs came endless dinner engagements, as various as his portraits; great dukes and lords, bishops and politicians, Wilkes and Johnson, Burke and Warren Hastings, keen-tongued, card-playing Kitty Clive, all these, as well as, or more often than, the artist or connoisseur, were his daily table companions. When dinners were over, then to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and the Pantheon and Mrs. Corneley's masquerades, to balls and assemblies, to "chaoses," and queer collections of "blues." While Gainsborough, in after years, sat by his lamp at home throwing his exquisite sketches under the table, or Romney, whose "solitude was sublime," brooded in front of his cartoons, Reynolds was still in and out of the congregations of men.

It is this ceaseless energy, this tranquil vivacity, this unappeasable curiosity for the things of the present, that formed a very large element and a very central secret of his great power and influence. He also knew the meaning of the saying of Ulysses —

"To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,  
In monumental mockery . . .  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost."

To complete the image of exuberant life, we must see him occasionally on horseback going across country after the hounds, or in the stable bagging the game, or betting Mr. Parker five guineas that he will hit a mark. Alive, alert, with next to unflagging health and unflagging spirits, we see him gathering more of the materials of a whole success than any man of his time. It

was not in the supreme force of any one gift that we discern the pre-eminence of our Sir Joshua. He aimed at fame, and fortune, and influence, and the enjoyment of the passing hour, and at general culture so far as it could be obtained by a thorough-going man of the world, as he undoubtedly was. He looked after the small things that enhance success. In the poem written by Warton on the Oxford Window, he is desirous to have his name "hitched in," so that the praise may have its full personal force; and he made his sister ride about in his gilded coach, that people might ask, if Northcote does not mislead us, "Whose coach is that?" and that people might answer, "That is the coach of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eminent portrait painter."

Perhaps the political event in which Reynolds would be most likely to have a strong personal interest was the brief accession to power of the Rockingham administration, in which the Edmund Burke of the club and the Edmund Burke of Reynolds' counsels and affections was "the foremost man." In an age when all good things were bought and sold, the sight of "a ministry who practised no corruption, nor were ever suspected of any, sold no offices, obtained no reversions or pensions, either coming in or going out, for themselves, their families, or their dependants," is soothing and cheering, and sheds a pleasant reflected light on the course of this biography. The splendour was soon eclipsed. In 1782 it gleamed out again like the sun on an October day, but we see the long course of Burke's magnificent life passed in the shade and storm of opposition, to die out under the lurid conflagration, which was mistaken for sunrise, of the French Revolution.

In 1768 Reynolds paid a visit to Paris, setting out on the 9th of September, with Richard Burke, the talkative, light-hearted and random brother of Edmund. They had only two breaks-down in their posting; saw Abbeville, Amiens, St. Just, Chantilly, St. Denis, the galleries, the theatres, Prévillle and Molé; "lay at Sittingbourne" on the return journey; and arrived in London on the 8th of October.

On the 9th of December Reynolds was hailed President of the Royal Academy, which had been formed in his absence, and shortly afterwards he left a sitter for the levée and returned — Sir Joshua Reynolds — to his usual labours. These honours made Johnson break his resolution against wine, and we may fancy the scene at No.

47, when his health was drunk by Burke and the rest of that high company.

The scheme of an Academy of Arts was first originated in 1755, between the artists and the Dilettanti Society. It was placed on its present basis in this year of 1768. It has been frequently, sometimes violently attacked. Leslie in this book enters on an elaborate defence and eulogy of it. His *collaborateur* differs from him; and it is not unfair to refer to the expressed opinions of Mr. Taylor, seeing that they are accessible to all in a blue-book. Mr. Taylor was examined by the royal commission which sat to investigate the constitution of the Academy in 1863. He speaks mildly of the Academy in the *Life of Reynolds*; but not with much warm approval in the blue-book. The most real ground of assault has not been, however, against the Royal Academy as an academy. It is out of the annual exhibition over which it has the control that so many heart-burnings have chiefly arisen. There is no other arena open to the artist where there is anything like a fair opportunity of being seen by the generality of buyers and patrons; yet it has been thought that the interests of members of the Academy have been too exclusively consulted. They have a right to send a large number of works year by year, and to have these works hung in the best places. If their works were necessarily more excellent than others, this would not be felt to be a grievance. In the early days of the institution its members included every good painter. It is not so now; and while such painters as Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Linnell, Rossetti, Madox Brown, W. B. Scott, and others are known not to be members of the Academy, no young painter of ability will be, for the honour's sake, very anxious to add the mystic letters to his name. Still, there is the question of the market. If work is not seen it cannot be bought, and where can it be efficiently seen by the mass of buyers but at the Royal Academy?

To our mind the whole system of temporary exhibition is unpleasant. The crush, the heat, the whirl, the golden flames that blaze round the walls, the mass of incongruous subjects huddled together, unfit the very organs of vision for correct seeing, and the mind for correct judging, and we dream of something more adapted to the wants of both painter and buyer: some long, quiet, accessible, well-known galleries, where, if need be the year round, as the pictures hung at the National Galleries, or in



corridors of South Kensington, the newly-finished work may be put up and removed at pleasure, and where it may be seen without distraction. At present all is bitter contest; contest for admission, contest for proper hanging, contest for public applause. Now and then on the walls of South Kensington, the young painter's Paradise, we see a new picture (how it came there we know not, for the place is like a fairy palace, where unseen fingers work constantly new wonders), such as G. F. Watts' "Sisters." The delight of coming on such work with cool nerves and unthrobbed eyes is extreme.

Concerning the relative value and placing of the paintings in the exhibition of 1863, Mr. Taylor says, "This year the worst pictures in almost every department of art, represented in the Royal Academy, are by Royal Academicians." And again he says, in conclusion, "I doubt whether the Royal Academy exercises an influence for good. The education is most defective, and the exhibition is not such as it ought to be to enhance the character of British art; it popularises it, but it does not raise it."

But whatever the Academy may be *now*, we have reason to be thankful for what it has done for art in this country. It has called public attention to art. It consolidated and trained the art spirit. It gave us Stothard, and Turner, and Wilkie, and Hilton, and Landseer, and Leslie. And its first president and most splendid name was Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He was now at the summit of fame and influence. He had taken a villa at Richmond, and had joined the life there as in London. He appears at the Richmond Assembly, and Mr. Taylor suggests that he very likely took lessons of Noverre, the great dancing master of the day.

We find the club in 1768 anxious about Goldsmith's new comedy. In the life of Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith stands out for more than a dozen years a conspicuous figure; but under the tempered light of the studio in Leicester Square, we see him in a more favourable aspect, and one more pleasant to our view. He was not laughed at, or cowed, or "knocked down with the butt-end" of an argument there. Reynolds loved him; and painted him with the utmost tenderness of thought. Leslie has given us a fine criticism on this portrait, to which it is worth the reader's while to turn. Reynolds knew from experience that thought and inward power may exist where the faculty of rapid or collected utterance is denied to the tongue,—and the man of

whom Garrick said, that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," found a shelter in the sympathy of the man he learned to love like a brother. In the dedication to Sir Joshua of "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith wrote, "Setting interest aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made, was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

Johnson was subsisting at this time on subscriptions to his Shakespeare, without the fortitude to record either the sums received or the names sent in. His friends were anxious about his honour, and Reynolds offered to assist him with his pen. He helped him also with three contributions to "The Idler."

Reynolds found his pen a more serviceable instrument than his tongue, and did his best to train it. He projected and delivered from time to time a series of Discourses to the students of the Royal Academy. The first of these was given on the 2nd of January, 1769. He was not an orator. His voice was indistinct, his delivery dry and tame, but he was full of the sense of the intellectual importance of the art he professed. He congratulated the students that they had nothing to unlearn, exhorted them to obey rules, to take pains, and to remember that "nothing is denied to well-directed labour," that "labour will improve natural gifts," that "labour will even supply their deficiency," which may be in matters of art abundantly questioned.

It is curious to read the innumerable little episodes of his stirring life: such as his visits to Wilkes when in hiding; his dinners with him when in the King's Bench prison, and the accounts of the changeable society with which his evenings were spent. But we must hasten on.

It is to Northcote that we owe some of the most intimate and trustworthy details of the life of Reynolds. He became a pupil in the house of the painter, and left it after five years' faithful service. He was a man of third-rate ability in the art, but he ardently loved it and most sincerely admired Reynolds. He talked to the end of his days the broad Devonshire dialect which he brought to Leicester Square, and which Reynolds loved to hear. Under Hazlitt's pen in later years he appears a querulous, caustic, sagacious, penurious old man, with hollow and wizard-like eyes. In Leicester Square we see another figure—the busy,



faithful, listening, provincial assistant, forwarding the huge full length, and astounded with mingled vexation and admiration when Sir Joshua enters, and with great strokes of the brush sweeps away into effective generalization the careful work of days, or swoops on one of his pictures done from the tame eagle in the back-yard, to make it a bird of Jove by a few rufflings of the hand of the master. "The Prince of Wales says he knows you; where did you make his acquaintance?" asked Sir Joshua. "The Prince of Wales does *not* know me," answered Northcote, "it is only *his* brag."

In 1772 Reynolds painted Sir Joseph Banks, then newly returned from the expedition to Otaheite for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Here, again, the lively curiosity of his nature is displayed. He sought as frequently as he could the society of Banks and Solander, and took the utmost interest in all their discoveries and observations.

It was Reynolds' habit, when not employed with portraits, to paint small fancy pictures, the models for which he found for the most part among the tribe of beggars—old men and children. He had painted the study of a head from a favourite high-featured old man, formerly a pavior, by name George White, now reduced to beggary. This picture was seen by Burke, and others, and pointed out as being an admirable suggestion for the head of Count Ugolino, whose death in the Tower of Hunger forms so horrible an episode in the *Inferno* of Dante. Reynolds had before this entertained the intention of painting a picture from the scene, and he proceeded, on the hint of Burke, to produce what may be called his first historical picture. The design is well known by prints, and has several elements of power. The colour and composition are impressive, but it required greater gifts than Reynolds possessed to reach the tragic height of a subject not very well suited to art. It was while he was engaged on this work that the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, in companionship with Dr. Beattie, whose portrait he painted soon afterwards in gown and bands, holding his book on Truth, as the Vicar of Wakefield might hold *his* book on the Whistonian Controversy, while the Angel of Justice or Truth is thrusting down into darkness personifications of Infidelity and Scepticism. The figure of infidelity is made to bear a stronger resemblance to Voltaire, while that of scepticism was said to resemble Hume. This treatment of the subject drew forth an

indignant protest from Goldsmith. His objection was that Beattie, as a writer, was so much the inferior of Voltaire. Whether this be a just objection or not, there is surely great oddity in the combination of a matter-of-fact clergyman, with gown and bands and book, and the cloudy allegory in the background. The mixture of real and allegorical figures, in Reynolds' picture of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," has been reasonably objected to; but in this case there is more absurdity in the combination, owing to the prosaic literalness of the principal figure.

Sir Joshua's university honours were speedily followed by a civic elevation, which he had long coveted, and now much relished. He is found at Plympton going through the ceremony of being sworn in as mayor of his native town. It is said that he was not without hope of taking his seat in Parliament for the same place; but this never came to pass.

Twenty-two years of unbroken prosperity had passed over him. His honours and emoluments had reached their highest point. He was no longer to remain the unquestioned master of the field of portraiture. Three men of mark began to make themselves felt in the world of art.

The first of these was James Barry, the son of a Cork skipper, now over thirty years old, and recently returned from Rome, where he had been sent by Edmund Burke, whose conduct to him raises Burke in our esteem. Barry was a man of great genius, but of unequal powers—fierce, gloomy, misanthropic, opinionated, sarcastic, and proud, with high views of the functions of art and large powers of invention, but failing in pictorial knowledge and taste. The second was Thomas Gainsborough. For some years past Wilshire's wagon had brought from Bath, where Gainsborough had since 1760 resided, noble landscapes and spirited portraits to the exhibition at Spring Gardens. These pictures secured high recognition in London. The painter of them was only four years younger than Sir Joshua, had studied in early life under Gravelot, the engraver, and Hayman, the painter, had met with good success at Ipswich and Bath as a portrait painter, and now resolved to set up his easel in the metropolis. He rented a part of the Duke of Schomberg's house in Pall Mall, for which he paid £300 a year, and shortly became more popular than Reynolds. The more moderate scale of his prices would no doubt contribute to this result; but he had a facility of pencil, an elegance, originality, and spirit of execution, which made

some of his best portraits equal to some of the best works of Sir Joshua. In addition he had powers which Reynolds had not. Some of his landscapes are among the masterpieces of art; and in certain of his fancy subjects — cottage girls, woodmen, shepherd boys — there is a freshness and poetic power never reached by Reynolds. Yet so overshadowing and deeply rooted was the fame and influence of Reynolds, that it was not till the gathering of the Treasures of Art at Manchester, in 1857, that the full relative value of Gainsborough's works was seen by the British public. Reynolds had a hold on the whole life of his age which Gainsborough never attained. His habits were different from those of Reynolds. Not particularly well educated, he was shy, sensitive, fond of home, fond of music; he mixed little in general society, and never sought the company of the wits, or men of learning. For all that, he stands before us as the more specific type of the man of genius both by gifts and habitudes.

There was another rival in the field, whose natural powers were probably of a higher cast than those of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. George Romney was born in 1734, in Lancashire, and was brought up to his father's trade as a cabinet-maker. He had few educational advantages. He studied portraiture under a country artist, Steele, in Kendal, and for five years practised there with great success. In 1762 he came to London, and began to paint portraits at the price of four guineas, which, by 1793, had risen to thirty-five guineas. From 1773 to 1775 he studied in Italy, and after his return his popularity as a portrait painter, though he did not after 1772 exhibit publicly, was unbounded. Romney was a friend of Flaxman the sculptor, and of Hayley and Cowper, unequally matched poets. His mode of execution was very simple. He was a good colourist, but did not aim at the fulness, richness, and depth of Reynolds. He had amazing power of striking in the forms of his subjects at once, and had altogether more elevation of thought and elasticity of fancy than Reynolds. He never did himself full justice in the walk where his powers were highest; but his "Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy," his *Titanias*, and some of the heads for which Lady Hamilton was a frequent model, stand among the very first things in English art, and suggest possibilities far beyond anything he ever had the full opportunity of realizing on canvas. "His heads," says Flaxman, a high authority, "were various. The male were decided and grand, the fe-

male lovely. His figures resembled the antique, the limbs were elegant and finely formed, his drapery well understood; few artists since the fifteenth century have been able to do so much in so many branches."

Reynolds had no longer the monopoly of portraiture, and we find from Northcote that from that time he was not much employed in this way. Henceforth he devoted more attention to fancy subjects; but his fortune was made. He had secured a position in society and among the learned at which his rivals never aimed, and he was upborne to the end of his days at the highest point of reputation in his profession.

Goldsmith died in the year 1774. Johnson was turning his pen to the defence of the government of Lord North, and was writing "Taxation no Tyranny." But the House of Assembly did not believe this; the sharp echo of rifles among the woods of Lexington was heard in England, and then the guns of Bunker's Hill; and the years of the American War passed stormily on, complicated with dangers nearer home. Paul Jones, on the northern coast, and the fleets of France in the south, threatened and alarmed the country. Sir Joshua turned out with Garrick to visit the camps; finding possibly that his sitters were few and his pursuits more solitary. The trial of Keppel and his acquittal, which set the town into a blaze of illumination, and drove the younger Pitt to the breaking of windows in his excitement, drew forth a letter of sympathy from Reynolds to his early friend, not now the young commodore, but the veteran admiral, of whom Burke wrote in after years so feelingly, and whose honest face was elevated to the dignity of innumerable signboards, long since rotted and fallen, while Sir Hugh Palisser was burnt in effigy.

Art, however, even under the frown of threatened invasion, did not stand still. The exhibition was removed from Spring Gardens to Somerset House, where it remained down to our own time. Reynolds painted a not very excellent figure of Theory sitting on a cloud, for the ceiling of the new room. Two of his finest portrait groups, those of the members of the Dilettanti Society, were done in these years; and the designs for the great window of Oxford, afterwards rendered in glass, by Jervas — the *Nativity* in the centre, the *Virtues* in various compartments. Some of the designs for this series have been highly prized, and were sold for large sums after his death. The *Nativity* was bought by the young Duke of Rutland, and was unfortunately burnt with many other fine

works, one of which was a full length of General Oglethorpe, of Savannah, at the great fire at Belvoir Castle. In 1780 he again visited Devonshire. He spent a little time with Keppel at Bagshot, and with Dunning at Spitchwick-on-Dartmoor, while Burke was making an unsuccessful appeal to his Bristol constituency, and awarding unmeasured praise to Dunning. Barry had enshrouded his gloomy head in the Adelphi, which he had engaged to decorate for nothing, living hardly for seven years, and earning a scanty support by etching and engraving by lamplight,—a noble instance of devotion to art. The Adelphi Exhibition was thrown open in 1783, and we find Dr. Johnson present at the private view, and delivering the dictum, "Here we see a grasp of mind that we find nowhere else."

In 1781 Sir Joshua paid that visit to the Low Countries, the result of which appeared in his published notes—a very valuable series of criticisms on individual pictures.

His power had not declined, though he was now sixty years of age. Indeed, the study of the Flemish schools seemed to give new stimulus to his mind and hand, and to the last there *was* no decline in his power.

We cannot stay to look at Reynolds's political opinions, or at the political changes from this time: the Coalition ministry, the story of "Fox's Martyrs," the general elections, where Mrs. Crewe (whose portrait as St. Geneviève among her sheep is one of Sir Joshua's masterpieces) and the Duchess of Devonshire mingled in the crowd; nor at the passion for ballooning, of which Dr. Johnson grew so tired of hearing. Over the brave and grand career of Johnson the glooms of the grave were spreading. His health had received severe shocks. Hearing of the death of Allan Ramsay, a good portrait painter, and a learned and accomplished man, all his life a friend both of Johnson and Reynolds, he writes, "Which ever way I look, mortality presents its formidable frown;" and soon the frown darkened over his own head. In patient submission and devout contemplations, fixed on those great truths of Christianity which he thought it almost profanity to defend by argument, his great voice ceased—on Monday, December 13, 1784. "Dr. Johnson died at 7 in the afternoon," is the entry in the pocket book of Reynolds.

There are other events of much interest in the years that remain, but the bright circlet of stars was broken and obscured—Goldsmith, Beauclerk, Garrick, Johnson, were all gone. Sterne had vanished suddenly long before. From the flush and

glare of society he had found his way through the gloom of a parish burying-ground, and the sack of a body-snatcher to the hideous resurrection of a Cambridge dissecting table. Boswell was left lamenting and maudlin; untaught by all his opportunities, and yet engaged on the best biography in the world. "We are not sure," says Macaulay, "that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all."

Reynolds was not the man to succumb to the dreary privations of age. As he lost his old friends he did not close up his affections. He had taken the poet Crabbe, in 1783, to supply the void left by the death of Goldsmith; and we find him visiting and holding friendly intercourse with a new race of amateurs and men of fashion, such as Sir George Beaumont and Sir Abraham Hume. To the years between 1784 and 1789, too, belong the largest and most ambitious of his works. The Infant Hercules, painted for the Empress Catherine of Russia, who rewarded him with a letter, a diamond snuff-box, and fifteen hundred pounds, paid to his executors; the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, and Macbeth and the Witches, for the Boydell gallery; the Continence of Scipio, also purchased by the Empress of Russia; and Cymon and Iphigenia, shown in the International Exhibition of 1862, and one of his finest works. He also did some of his best portraits in these few last years: John Hunter and Joshua Sharp were among the number. Two strokes of palsy had not disabled him either in mind or body. The year 1789, when he was sixty-six years old, found him more passionately in love with his palette and pencils than ever.

Miss Palmer, one of the two nieces who for many years had kept his house, writes in 1787, "He is painting from morning to night, and the truth is, that every picture he does seems better than the former." In power of execution, at any rate, this was true. The wonderful group of "Cherub-heads," in our National Gallery, was painted in 1787, and they are hardly exceeded, if they are exceeded, in magic of touch by any heads that were ever painted.

Till Monday, July 13th, 1789, he worked with untiring vigour. On that day, as he was painting the portrait of Miss Russell, "a mist and darkness" fell over his left eye, "a dim suffusion veiled" it, and from the

same cause as in the case of Milton. *gutta serena*. He paused a moment, gently laid down his pencil and his palette, and resumed them no more.

"The race is over," he writes to Sheridan six months afterwards, "whether it is won or lost." He lived till the 23d of February, 1792. He was often low-spirited, from fear of utter blindness, but this did not come upon him. He rambled to various scenes in quest of change and health. He amused himself for a while with a canary that used to perch on his hand and sing to him, but it proved faithless and flew away. He wandered about Leicester Square after it for hours, but did not find it. Ozias Humphry, the painter, used to drop in and read the paper to him, and he now and then retouched and arranged his pictures, or slowly prepared his final Discourse. This, the fifteenth, was delivered on the 10th of December, 1790:—"Sir Joshua had a crowded audience, and while he was speaking, a sudden crash was heard, and the floor of the room seemed to be giving way. The company rushed towards the door in the utmost alarm and confusion. Sir Joshua was silent, and did not move from his seat, and after some little time the company perceiving that the danger had ceased, most of them resumed their places, and he continued his discourse as calmly as if nothing had occurred. It was afterwards found that one of the beams which supported the floor had given way. Sir Joshua remarked to Northcote, that if the floor had really fallen most of the persons assembled must have been crushed to death, and the arts in this country would have been thrown two hundred years back."

The latter part of this memorable discourse consists of a eulogium on Michael Angelo:—its last passage—"I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

"As Reynolds descended from the chair, Burke stepped forward, and taking his hand, held it while he addressed him in the words of Milton:—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed  
to hear."

"This I heard from Mr. Rogers, who said,  
'Nobody but Burke could have done such a  
thing, without its appearing formal or theat-

rical. But from him it seemed spontaneous and irresistible. Such a tribute from such a man, formed a fitting close for the life's work of Reynolds.'"

The disease of which Sir Joshua died was an affection of the liver, and this led to "a distressing depression of the spirits, which his physicians ascribed to hypochondria." (Boswell in a melancholy letter to his friend Temple, dated November 22, 1791, says: "My spirits have been still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds almost as low as myself. He has for more than two months past had a pain in his blind eye, the effect of which has been to occasion a weakness in the other, and he broods over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet, that he is quite relaxed and desponding. He who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world, is now as I tell you.")

Miss Burney, just released from the honours of court life and the talons of Madame Schwellenberg, called to see him. "He wore a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. 'I am very glad,' he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again, and I wish I could see you better, but I have but one eye now and scarcely that.'"

He bore patiently his last affliction, and died as sincerely regretted as any man of his time. While he lay dying, the political horizon was dark and troubled, like one of those wild backgrounds which we see in his portraits of warriors. The first hot blasts of the French Revolution had blown, but he did not live to see the final bursting of the storm. The next morning, in the house where Sir Joshua lay, Edmund Burke wrote the following obituary notice, which we cannot refrain from quoting at length.

"Last night, in the 69th year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester-fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution, and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had indeed well deserved.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many



accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him even on surprise or provocation, nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy; too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general and unmixed sorrow.

"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

His body lay in state at the Royal Academy, and was followed to the grave by a concourse such as had rarely been seen before on such an occasion. The Dukes of Portland, Dorset, and Leeds, the Marquises of Townshend and Aberdeen, the Earls of Carlisle, Inchiquin, and Upper Ossory, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Elliot, bore his pall; and perhaps in the long list of mourners there has seldom been in a state funeral so many who would really mourn. So lived, so died, so in "this kind of observance," was honoured the first renowned British artist — and one of the great artists of the world — standing in the front rank along with Titian, and Vandyke, and Rembrandt.

The contemplation of Reynolds' portraits is one of the enjoyments of every highly cul-

tivated Englishman. There is in them a calm dignity, a bright life, a bewitching grace.

Mr. Taylor seems to be much impressed with the "momentary" character of Reynolds' portraits. What rapidity of eye, what accuracy of impression, what spirit and sparkle of taste do we see in them. Garrick with his thumbs pressed together, and his conversational pertinence of look. Hunter with his drooping pen and far wandering eye,

"Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

Banks with his instinctive restless desire to rise from his chair and explore the earth to its utmost horizons. And this zest runs through so many of his portraits. How he got such endless variety is a continual wonder. "Hang it, how *various* he is!" said Gainsborough, as he paced the exhibition rooms. We know of our "portrait of a gentleman;" our corporation pictures; our too dazzling Lord Mayors, before we see them; the hot, encumbered appurtenances, the Boswellian strut. But Reynolds' men, though boiling over with action and motion, never strut. Their legs are not always well drawn, but they do not stand at ridiculous angles. If he stole all these vivacious attitudes, he was at least a most accomplished thief, — "*Convey* the wise it call." This rapid and consummate taste, this instinctive avoidance of "the weak side of things," this instant power of knowing when the right thing was before him, singles out Reynolds from all others.

See with what light and gallant spirit, yet with how little of the "bounce" of the modern "portrait of a gentleman," the Marquis of Hastings stands with his finger on his chin. See, in one of the ordinary run of his portraits, with what inquisitive ease John Gawler, Esquire, looks out of the kit-cat canvas; with what negligent grace Captain Pownall leans on his anchor-fluke. How elegantly Lady Sondes sits on her garden seat, attractive and not a dowdy in spite of the black and white machinery on her head, that at first glance make us somehow think irresistibly of earthquakes and tornadoes. And what for sumptuous naturalness and winning home-loveliness can exceed the long stately picture of Mrs. Wynne, and the children wrestling in each other's embraces. His intense sense of life broke in among the preposterous costumes of his time. "Never mind," said he, "they have all light and shade." And even with such head-dresses, hat and feather, frizzy locks



and fly-away ribbons, as we see in the portrait of Lady Lade, life triumphs, and constructions, puzzling for their immensity and complexity, are so broken with tender clouds and breezy trees and flitting shades, that all looks agreeable and natural.

The men who are everlastingly playing at backgammon and cards in the French Exhibition, in the restored costumes of the Reynolds period, look dull, and tiresome, and heavy, if better drawn than by Reynolds. But Reynolds does not make them dull and tiresome, and it shows his power. He "always looked on his picture as a whole," — and how wonderful are the occult relations of line, colour, and effect which go to make up a whole picture. There seem to be in them hidden powers that baffle all analysis. It is not mere mass or extent that gives sublimity. Perhaps there is no picture more solemn in general effect than the "Peter Martyr" of Titian; none which, among other elements, gives so impressive a suggestion of forest grandeur; yet it is not accomplished by representing great masses of forest scenery. Let the spectator compare the size of the trees with the size of the figures, and he will find that all the materials of the scene, with the exception of the sky and the piece of distant mountain, might be contained inside a room. The nearest tree is not thicker than the thigh of the assassin, and not more than fourteen feet high. Both trees might any day be passed in a hedgerow, with a sense of their insignificance, and the foreground is not more than ten feet wide. It is the bend, the sway, the subservience, the collocation, the mystery of relation to the human and divine interest of the scene, that makes them what they are. Man, as seen by the painter's eye, is seen in certain compressed conditions. The men we see apart from the framings and contrivances, and limitations of art, are puzzlingly little. Across a street we can just recognise a face and figure. Seen against the great backgrounds of nature, man is nothing. The generalissimo ruling among thunder clouds, and making the mountains bow on the canvas of Reynolds, is a speck out of doors. The greatest battle seen from the hill-brow is but the waving of "thin red lines" in a smoky field. Take the man as he could be made to fit against the cloud or the rock, and his importance dwindles — he has no "relief." There was smoke and roar at Gibraltar; the roar only terrific within a league. No one saw General Elliott's head as we see it in the picture in the National Gallery, standing out, with its triangular obstinate

eyebrows, against the twisting clouds and the down-pointing gun. Man has to dignify *himself*, and to the great painter who can do it for him as Reynolds could, he will willingly accord "ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature." This vast desire of man Reynolds was able to gratify. He rendered with equal perception and ease the politician in his robes of office; the mighty noble in velvet and ermine; the wit, with his jest simmering on his features; the student poring over his book, with near and piercing regard, as Baretto and Johnson, or looking afar with contemplative serenity like Zachary Mudge; the country gentleman with his favourite dog, enjoying the repose of a rustic seat in the shade of his ancestral beech-tree, in the grey afternoon, like Sir John Lade; the *dilettante* fingering his gem or his gem-like glass of wine; the man of pleasure taking it with easy grace; the fashionable beauty pillowed in state, with her grey towers of curl and plaster and plume, or tripping under narrow trees that bend to make her bending more graceful; the actress in tragic state, like Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Siddons; in saucy surprises, like Mrs. Abington; or in the more lazy luxury of living, like Kitty Fisher, or "my Lady O'Brien;" or, sweetest of all, the little children! It was in these that Reynolds reaches farthest into the heart. We melt before the picture of "Innocence," with her dimpled hands on her bosom. We are hushed before the infant Samuel, who yet is only a modern child, "called of the Lord" — sacred enough as such. There is a throng of these little ones peering at us from canvas and canvas, calling us back to our childhood with winning smiles and wondering eyes. In doing these his power seemed to rise with age. Let any one look well, who has not already often looked, at those cherub heads, all done from little Lady Mary Gordon, and painted not long before "the drop serene" brought him to a final pause: praised by Leslie for its exquisite evanescent touch and pure colour, but rising far beyond all technical grace. If we search anywhere among "the figures of the true" for an illustration of the words, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven," let us see it there. It is as much sermon as art can yield, simply to bring together before the mind's eye this picture and the Kitty Fishers and Nelly O'Briens, and make no further comment.

The greatest of all Reynolds' achievements in portraiture was the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Tragedy, on her cloudy throne. In this instance, the strange and

ugly fashion in which the hair at that period was dressed, rather aids than impedes the sentiment. The whole mass moves horrent from the brow as if standing on end; the dark eyebrows rise under it in slight corrugation, and the springs of imagination are moved. "Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes," the collapse of power, the eclipse of nations, terror, and the immensity of human sorrow, pass in twilight procession as we look, and haunt us when we turn away.

On the force, and dignity, and life, and naturalness of his portraits, there was, as his most peculiar distinction, the crown of *grace*. He was, as Ruskin happily calls him, "lily-sceptred." Taken by itself, and apart from science, we might almost say that Raphael himself had no higher sense of grace. We pardon even his incorrectness in the bewitching fluency of this element in his female portraits. It reached to the disposition of a curl and the flow of a fold. That and the sense of life and motion which pervades his pictures carries us away, and does not even suffer us long to weary of his works. And it was just that exquisitely balanced mixture of outward practical sense and spirit, with the amenity of a graceful soul, that made him so beloved in society, so able to please, without flattery or loss of independence. We can see for ourselves the refutation of Allan Cunningham's insinuations; he had no need of the smooth tongue of the courtier to secure his success. He had a happy mixture of wisdom and gentleness—

"Still born to improve us in every part;  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Where Reynolds fell into the unhappy classic vein of his time, it is impossible to relish many of his works; they become oppressive. Compare the dress of Mrs. Braddyl, its lively accidental "set," or the attire of the Ladies Waldegrave, in that lovely group where two are winding silk, and one is embroidering at a real table, with a drawer and a key, and think of their being exchanged for "The Graces adorning a bust of the Duchess as *Magna Mater*"—the Graces with great *têtes* pomatumed and powdered, the Graces in stays, the Graces without hoops, but with dresses lashed about their legs as only the wettest and thinnest muslin could cling in the wildest storms, yet doing it, defiant of law, in the profoundest calm! "What," says Uncle Toby, "has a man who believes in God to do with these things?" Let the Gra-

ces wander in Ionia as Praxiteles saw them, and teach what they could to a world that "by wisdom knew not God." Our great-grandmothers, playing at Graces, and cooking sacrifices to perished divinities, "swearing by the sin of Samaria, and saying, Thy god, O Dan, liveth, and the manner of Beersheba liveth," were too much for even Reynolds to render tolerable to a Christian age. One of the best of these we can examine at our leisure in the National Gallery. Three celebrated beauties are "adorning the altar of Hymen," but, O that they had been winding silk, or shooting at targets, or even, as it is said, one fine lady who sat to him did, "eating beefsteaks and playing at cricket on the Steyne, at Brighton!"

Burke says that Reynolds seemed to descend to portraiture from a higher sphere. It was from the mount of philosophy that he descended, and not from "the highest heaven of invention." There was one thing he had not,—the perception of the unseen, of the something beyond. "Great and graceful as he paints," he is "a man of the earth," seeing, it is true, all that is noblest and best on "this visible diurnal sphere," but never quitting it. In one instance—the portrait of Mrs. Siddons—we just feel the inflation of the balloon. It strains, and rocks, but it does not leave the ground. It was Mrs. Siddons more than Sir Joshua who gave the spiritual element to it. Other men of his time had the gift. Fuseli had it. In spite of Horace Walpole, with his lace ruffles and his two strokes of catalogue-disdain, Fuseli makes us feel the Gothic thrill at ghostly evanescence, the grey gliding mysteries of Herceynian forests, the stalk of mailed phantoms—

"By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore."

If he saw no gods descend from heaven, he saw them in the caverns of Endor "rising out of the earth." If he could not soar and blaze with Uriel, he could sink by thought into the profound of Hades, and see the cloudy gates of Chaos and the pit, and the key that was "forged by no earthly smith." We feel his spell creeping in the roots of the hair. "Nature put him out," but he saw what he tried to paint if he could not perfectly paint all that he saw.

And Romney, too, had the great gift. But it was the Greek gift, and not the Scandinavian. He beheld the Oread on her mountain heath, the Naiad by her ferny wells, the wild prevision of Cassandra, the stony horror of *Œdipus* waiting for his

doom. And Gainsborough had it, but it was the true British imagination that possessed him. It was that swelling, glowing, heavenly-solemn faculty, that dwelt in the author of "The Seasons,"

"For ever rising with the rising mind,"

to which the cultured Englishman most readily responds, as he hears the sweep of autumnal gales in his own island, or through glades whose leafage is yellowing to the fall looks westward at his misty sunsets, exalted by the pleasing Miltonic melancholy with which he would "choose to live."

Reynolds had it not. He fished for such ideas as did not walk in the daylight. They never rose spontaneous from the deep, and the genii, caught by guile, sulk and are uneasy on his canvas. There is a touch of the terrible in the picture of Cardinal Beaufort, and we wish the anecdote of the grinning coal-heaver who sat for it had been suppressed. Yet the anecdote only proves that Shakespeare himself in his awfully-minute delineation could not quicken the sterile fancy of Reynolds without the help of the coal-heaver.

In the highest subjects of all, his failure was the most signal. Of the Oxford window, our only intuition is that it is abominable in theory, in conception, in style. The lubberly angel above, the smirking faces below, the rapid rows of Virtues between the mullions, scarcely higher in invention than those blindfold white women with scales, and idiotic Hopes with anchors, which support the dignity of a "Perpetual Grand Master" of the Order of Odd Fellows, on his engraved diploma,—are all bad together. It is a wonder that Reynolds should be so anxious to have his name "hitched in" in connection with so aimless, tasteless, and absurd an attempt. There were ten pictures under the great historic "Infant Hercules," "some better, some worse," he said, and there is something grand about the work, but not enough to kindle the mind. The "Macbeth" was a curious *réchauffé* of Verrio, Michael Angelo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many of his purely fancy pictures are charming—his Shepherd Boys, Cupids in Disguise, Muscipulas, Strawberry Girls, Contemplative Boys, Fortune Tellers. Whatever he could reach by vision and taste he could do, but the gates of imagination were closed and sealed to him. It was his calling to pourtray, and the allowance of his gifts was large enough.

The chief praise which Mr. Taylor awards to Reynolds' writings on art is, that "their tendency is upwards." He had a strong conviction of the high claims of art on the

attention of thinking men, and does not so much enforce this as assume it. This is, after all, one of the chief uses of the pen in the region of art. The medium of pictorial art is not words. It would be possible to render the most exact account in words of what a picture ought to be, without having the least perception of what it is, or the least power to judge it aright. The most valuable practical utterances are the simple dicta of great painters as to the relative status and qualities of pictures. The moment verbal analysis is attempted, the utter poverty of language in that sphere is made apparent. The finest criticisms are mere finger-posts to mark the road on which they do not travel. Where a painter takes the pen, however, he is amenable to the pen. Reynolds was a pioneer in the direction of statements on art. The laws which govern art—and here is one of its charms to those who pursue it—are those common to all the great pursuits of life. "So close," writes Erskine, "is the analogy between all the operations of genius, that your Discourse is the best dissertation upon the art of public eloquence that ever was or ever will be written." But, when these laws are discovered and laid down, the materials amongst which they work, the phenomena of aspect, line, form, colour, light, shade, effect, have all to be learnt and understood before a man can become a good critic of painting; and the full meaning of Reynolds' discourses, inaccurate as they may be in some of their reasonings, may be misunderstood if the painter and the literary critic do not intend the same thing. The true painter reasons with his brush, and can afford but little leisure to help forward that correct statement of the functions and laws of art which, in a verbal form, enter little into his meditations, but which yet are so much to be desired as a common platform between the artist and the man of general culture. "The eye has its own poetry," says Sir Charles Eastlake.

Reynolds' methods of painting were chiefly useful to our school in the way of warning. Many of his finest pictures are already blurred and blighted beyond hope of recovery. His aims as to colour and texture were not always satisfactory. He used wax compounds, that now and then go far to suggest Madame Tussaud or Mrs. Jarley, in their confectionary surface. It was his practice to lay in the likeness, in what is called "dead colour," with little more than black and white: over this, when dry, he passed transparent varnishes and mixtures, charged with the tints required to complete the colour. These colours,—carmines,

lakes, and other vegetable hues, — were often fleeting. They “sparkled and exhaled” under the power of sunshine. Sometimes the varnish would turn brown or green, and ruin the complexion. Sometimes a thick-headed cleaner would fetch it all off, and find the *caput mortuum* below. A still more fatal practice was to lay one coat on another, with materials that had no blood relationship, and then there were constant feuds and insurrections among the pigments, and the picture was rent asunder. “Oh, heavens! Murder! Murder!” says the ranting Haydon, as he spells out the comical occult recipes, partly broken English and partly Italian, in which Sir Joshua recorded these experiments. “Murder! — it would crack under the brush!” His pictures have often a very special charm, arising from what Haydon calls “his glorious gemmy surface.” This was in part owing to the reflex influence of his want of facility. There were ten pictures under “the Infant Hercules,” and many of his best pictures, before he had done with them, had been so loaded with coat on coat of rich pigments, rough and intermingled with all the tints of the palette, that they were ready for the final and magical “surface” that enchanted Haydon. When the full idea was seized, then came the “lily-sceptred” hand, and the light brush in its graceful sweeps catching the upper surfaces of the many-coloured granules, permits the eye to see, through the liberated airy stroke, the sparkle of the buried wealth beneath. Romney struck in his forms with masterly ease at once, even at the first sitting; and if in him we miss this jewelled richness, it is abundantly compensated by the breathing sense of power which plays around his works of imagination.

Reynolds’ personal character is fascinating. If we are to judge of a man’s worth by the rank and style of his friends, what shall we say of the man who secured such invariable and decided testimonials from Samuel Johnson — of him whom the author of the “Vicar of Wakefield” loved like a brother? Let us first read Burke’s eulogies on Dunning and Keppel, and then reflect that Burke, Dunning, and Keppel were among Sir Joshua’s most intimate friends. The terms used by all who knew him in describing his manners are all of one order. Calm, simple, unaffected, placid, genial, gentle, are words of constant occurrence on all sides in any attempt to characterise him.

In his mental organization, the most prominent faculty pointed at by all is the power of generalisation. “To be such a

painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.” Mr. Taylor watches closely his habit of “condensing” in conversation. Then came that precious virtue of taste — the guard of his rapid observation and intense sense of character. His surprising *vitality*, which palsy could only threaten, which age could not lower, is to be very especially noticed. It was this that permitted his life, “so full of labour that tongue cannot utter it.” His fruitfulness was not less than *prodigious*.

We may pry too curiously into the *moral* of a life, but no truly thoughtful person can omit all consideration of it from his final judgment. This consideration is especially provoked when the subject of it has been eminently fortunate and happy, and it is invited in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the generalised conception he entertained of life *as a whole*. Did all the elements of calculation enter into his arrangement of “the great game he had to play?” He was convicted of nothing usually accounted a vice. In manners, in temper, he was all that could be wished or expected. He was, — Dr. Johnson said — “invulnerable” as a member of civil society. He had respect for religion, as appears in various incidental ways. We are not informed if he were a church-goer. We are told that he painted on Sunday, and that Johnson urged him to abandon the practice. His sister, Mrs. Palmer, was much concerned, and expostulated with him on the same subject. Johnson exhorted him to read the Bible daily, and to consider his latter end.

It is well that we are not called on to look to the life of a man for a standard of virtue and religion. That is found outside a man. But it is permitted to us, it is enjoined upon us, for *our own* improvement, encouragement, or warning, to judge of a man’s conformity to that standard, and thus know him by his “fruits.” In the case of those individual acts, which do not clearly contradict any known moral or divine law, the moral significance is indeed as hard to ascertain as it would be to pick out and protest against those parts of Reynolds’ pictures which were painted on Sunday. We look with high respect on the religious spirit of Johnson, and we see him occasionally doing pretty much the same things that Reynolds did. At the theatre, the masquerade, at Ranelagh, at Vauxhall, in the company of wits and men of fashion, we find him by the side of Reynolds. We have much information as to the creed and religious habits of Johnson. We have none as to those of Sir Joshua, and we can only *ponder*.



From the Washington Chronicle, 9 Jan.

### OUR FATHERS; ON WHICH SIDE?

YESTERDAY was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, when the flag of our country waved unmolested for the first time since 1861 from the Gulf of Mexico to the falls of Saint Anthony, from Boston to San Francisco, in honor of the victory over British aggression. It is a day now more than ever remembered, because Andrew Jackson, a native of South Carolina, but at the time a citizen of Tennessee, and the general who then led our troops, when subsequently President of the United States, rebuked Calhoun and other secessionists by giving, at a public festival, a sentiment that has become the watchword of loyalty, "THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED;" and which epitomizes the views of a native of North Carolina, also a citizen of Tennessee, and now the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson.

To thoughtful patriots and statesmen, now that the laws of the land have been maintained by the force of arms, and the smoke of horrid civil war is fast disappearing, it is interesting to inquire what would have been the opinions of Washington and others of our fathers relative to the great rebellion had they lived.

We can only ascertain this by examining the sentiments advanced by them when they were busy actors in public affairs. History records how Washington stirred up the bitterest opposition of "States rights" men in Virginia and North Carolina by advocating a more perfect union than that under the Articles of the Confederation, and that he was cursed because he acted as president of the convention that framed the Constitution.

A brother of Judge Iredell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, writes on May 12, 1788, from Edenton, North Carolina: "Mr. Allen this morning read to me part of a letter he received from a gentleman of his acquaintance, who mentions a conversation he had with General Parsons, the substance of which was that General Washington was a damned rascal and traitor to his country for putting his hand to such an infamous paper as the new Constitution."

Washington, from the day of the adoption of the Constitution by the people of the United States, never had a doubt as to the propriety of coercing those who would defy its provisions. The prompt measures against the insurgents of Pennsylvania convinced every mind that he knew the rights of the

General Government, and dared to maintain them.

Virginia, under the leadership of Jefferson and other minds, did not cordially sustain the measures of his administration, but he was not swerved thereby, and he knew no Government superior to the United States. He felt that, although the theory of secession was advocated by some great and honest men, that nevertheless, if it ever became the belief of the masses, it would lead the nation to the brink of destruction. This theory, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was no new thing. Henry Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and subsequently Governor of Virginia, writes, on January 12, 1795, from Richmond to a friend, in these words:

"The impressions which many artful, designing individuals have made by their representations on the minds of the people of this State could readily be removed, were they not confirmed in a manner by the part which Mr. Madison takes.

"The virtue and ability of this gentleman deservedly give to him the confidence of his countrymen; and, with respect to political affairs, this confidence derives additional influence from the zeal and decision with which he supported the adoption of the Constitution.

"It is not possible to suppose so good and so enlightened a citizen could be brought to act with the known enemies of the Constitution as to its administration without positive and ample cause, therefore they credit the aspersions with which the measures of Government are charged; and, crediting the allegations, it is not surprising they should act with jealousy, distrust, and occasional enmity toward Government.

"*Better would it have been for the harmony and happiness of the United States if Mr. Madison, governed as he is at present, had originally been an opposer of the Constitution.*

"I had reckoned on very auspicious effects to the general good from the wise and vigorous measures adopted by the President in *crushing the late wicked insurrection*. \* \* \* Truth must at last prevail, and the enlightened freemen of America, though slow to discover the real views of the different parties, will in time perceive with accuracy the distinction which marks them, and will be sure to encircle, with their best affections, the steady and determined friends to order and good government.

"In Kentucky the people are beginning to act after some years' credulous submission, and from the last account from that quar-



ter, the friends to law and the Constitution, as administered, begin to lead in public councils. So it must be here and with you in a few years."

Could there possibly be a wider contrast than the above manly letter, and the sentimental effusion of his son, Robert Lee, the military leader of the slaveholders' rebellion, written to his sister on April 20, 1861, of which the following is a portion:

"The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia after a long struggle has been drawn, and though I recognize *no necessity for this state of things*, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for the redress of real or supposed grievances, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take arms *against my native State*. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

We return from this digression to the sentiments of the Fathers. The very year of Washington's death the Virginia malcontents loudly grumbled, and then marked out the pathway for Calhoun of the past, and Davis and his followers of the present generation.

The eloquent jurist, Davie, an officer of the Revolution, then a framer of the Constitution, and later in life an ambassador to France, wrote on June 17, 1799:

"Virginia is the only State of which I despair. My opinions, collected from some gentlemen who have been lately travelling in that State, and others who were at the Petersburg races, present a melancholy picture of that country. These gentlemen returned with a firm conviction that the leaders were determined upon the overthrow of the General Government, and if no other measure would affect it, *they would risk it upon the chance of war*."

"I understand that some of them talk of '*seceding from the Union*;' while others boldly asserted the policy and practicability of '*severing the Union*,' alleging that *Pennsylvania will join them; that Maryland will be compelled to change her politics with her situation; that the submission and assistance of North Carolina was counted on as a matter of course; and that the two Southern States would follow.* \* \* \*

"The death of Patrick Henry at this critical period is much to be lamented. Had he lived, I am persuaded he would have convinced the people of Virginia that it was the conduct of the Legislature, not any change in his opinions, that was the

proper subject of regret, and over which the patriot would wish to drop a tear that might blot out its memory for ever. Thus the Jacobins affect now to treat his last political opinions."

Why add more? Sufficient has been quoted to show that Washington, Henry Lee, John Marshall, and Patrick Henry believed that allegiance to the United States was supreme, and that incipient treason was prevalent.

But some one may ask, while it may be true that they were in favor of strongly supporting the Government, would they have sympathized with the distinctive act of our late President, the emancipation of slaves in the rebellious States?

We think that to this measure they would have given a cordial support. They knew full well that slavery was an incubus on their prosperity; that it made many improvident negroes and more poor whites, and a few pampered and bloated men, falsely styled aristocrats. They felt the more speedily the system was abrogated the better for all concerned. Hence, to put an end to the slave trade, and at the same time accommodate the prejudices of South Carolina and Georgia, it was provided in the Constitution that slave importations should cease after twenty years.

Mason, the distinguished ancestor of the degenerate descendant, and notorious associate of Slidell in a late rebel embassy at Paris, in his objections to the Constitution of the United States, published in 1787, complained that "the general Legislature is restrained from prohibiting the further importation of slaves for twenty odd years, though such importations render the United States *weaker, more vulnerable, and less capable of defence*."

Washington not only specially enjoined in his will that all of his slaves should be free, but while living was always ready to aid in effort for their emancipation. Coke, a graduate of Oxford, a doctor of civil law, a presbyter of the Church of England, the associate of Wesley, and first bishop in the United States, thus describes a visit to Mount Vernon in 1785:

"He received us very politely and was very open to access. He is quite our plain country gentleman. After dinner we desired a private interview, and opened to him the grand business on which we came, presenting to him our petition for the emancipation of the negroes, and entreating his signature if the eminence of his situation did not render it inexpedient.

"He informed us that he was of our senti-

ments, and had signified his thoughts on the subject to most of the great men of the State; that he did not see it proper to sign the petition, but if the Assembly took it into consideration would *signify his sentiments to the Assembly by letter.*"

With such opinions, who can doubt that our Fathers, who framed the Constitution, would have been willing not only to fight treason hand to hand, but also to kill slavery for the sake of preserving the Union? If the views of the early patriots of the South had not been carefully concealed, or artfully distorted by ambitious partisan leaders, the world would never have witnessed the terrible delusion which has brought sorrow and crying and penury into so many households.

Believing that they erred from the good old ways of our Fathers, that they were suffering from political insanity, we wrestled with the insurgents as a man with a maniacal brother. The nation did not in Pharisaic pride gloat over their defeat. The words of one, formerly the wife of the owner of a South Carolina slave plantation—a woman who had there learned that slavery was an accursed thing—expressed the feelings of the army and citizens of the United States:

Not with *Te Deums* loud and wild hosannas  
Greet we the awful victory we have won!  
But with our arms reversed and lowered banners  
We stand—our work is done.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword  
Prostrate our brethren lie—Thy fallen foe  
Struck down by Thee, through us, avenging  
Lord—  
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to  
smile  
These our own kindred, Thy great laws defying;  
These our own flesh and blood, who did unite  
In one thing only with us, bravely dying.

Dying, how bravely, yet how bitterly!  
Not for the better side, but for the worse;  
Blindly and madly striving against Thee  
For the bad cause, where Thou hast set Thy curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,  
Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers.  
"Lord, we have fought the fight!" but to rejoice  
Is ours no more than theirs.

Believing that the mass of the Southern people are now penitent, we continue to bear the palms of victory wrapped in olive

leaves; and we are ready in every fair, and regular, and constitutional method to admit them to the privileges purchased by the blood, toil, and treasure of our common ancestors. We hope the day is not far distant when the representatives of the South, recognizing the sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are free and equal," shall be clothed in their right minds, and sit in Congress with those from the East, and West, and North; when they shall adopt the memorable language of the martyr for the Union, whom they have already learned to honor and will yet learn to love:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

From the Spectator.

#### WOMEN'S TACT.

THE reappearance of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* in an edition *de luxe*, with embossed binding, and tinted paper, and illustrations by Mr. Charles Keene, is a curious literary incident. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans seldom make mistakes in their estimate of popular taste, or we should have argued *à priori* that such a book was certain not to sell. Unmarried men would not buy it, as having small interest for them, and married men would feel a delicate hesitation lest its purchase should be taken as a gentle reproof to their wives. *A priori* arguments about literature, however, are of very little value, and as a fact, the lectures are among the very few fugitive papers in *Punch* which have lived for many years. They were published so long ago that few people under thirty-five have seen them, but the tradition of their humour lingers, and will secure their success even in this luxurious form. Women will purchase them as well as men, and the fact that they will, that they can enjoy the humour without feeling in it a reproach, explains much of their popularity. Every woman thinks she has tact, and sees, what men often do not, that Mrs. Caudle's defect was not temper, or meanness, or jealousy, or any one of the bad qualities which Mr. Jerrold made so broadly comic, but simply want of tact. Mrs. Caudle is in the right nine times out of

ten. It is a great deal better for a decent tradesman to avoid card clubs, and little extravagancies, and flirtations, and over much brandy and water, nor is it very unreasonable to warn him not to neglect wealthy relatives, or to ask him not to forget the children's need of a trip to the sea. That is all Mrs. Caudle does, and women who read it think they could do it all, and yet avoid making themselves as ludicrous as Mr. Jerrold's heroine. She nagged, and nagging is universally useful only with maids. She lost her temper occasionally, and the "suffering-angel dodge" is a very much more effective as well as Christian resource. She chose her time badly, and a very little watchfulness will always prevent that mistake, while she was oh! so vulgar. Her absurdity lay in her want of tact, and how easy, think her feminine readers, to display tact! Is it? That is precisely the point upon which we are not clear. Men, and particularly authors, are very fond of conceding tact to women, and almost all women claim it for themselves, till between the consensus and the assumption a very doubtful assertion has become almost an established fact. Half womankind are doubtful of their ability to govern, but no woman at heart disbelieves her ability to "manage," to rule husbands, and children, and servants, without recourse to authority or lapse into fretful bickering. Sometimes the belief is well founded. In the cases where an able woman marries an able husband it is almost always so, for they choose separate domains, and little frictions can be avoided by that self-restraint which is not strictly tact, but has all its value. In cases where the husband knows his inferiority, or thinks he knows it — a wonderfully common alternative, though repudiated by both sexes — the conviction is also well founded. There is but one authority in the end, and the consciousness that there is but one gives the woman the calm which is the very essence of tact. But apart from those two cases, in each of which the woman is assumed to be able, we question whether the palm of tact belongs to the weaker sex. Average women are quicker to perceive than men, but the quickness is compensated by many disadvantages fatal to the development of tact. Few women, especially in England, are quite as good-tempered as men. They are constitutionally more irritable, lead unhealthier lives, and from a paucity of interests exaggerate more the importance of domestic topics. The loss of an umbrella, about which Mrs. Caudle in one lecture makes such a fuss, really seem-

ed to her something, whereas her husband had his ledger to think of, could even suggest the new purchase which his wife so indignantly repudiates as unheard-of extravagance. The little meannesses of women which men so dislike — though without them every house would be an annexe to the Bankruptcy Court — all spring from a want of perspective very injurious to tact. Women are not really mean, but the household allowance is to them the income, and they think on a false scale. The little thing is treated in such a large way, so often, and at such length, that the man is irritated by the visible disproportion. He will stand being told that he has acted "so like a man" in losing his umbrella, or playing whist a little too high, or taking a second tumbler, and will think the implied rebuke has its justification, but a whole lecture irritates. Men rarely make this mistake, their habitual blunder being to undertone everything, to make too light of Julia's new frock, and Johnnie's symptoms of measles, and the way they waste things down stairs. That is aggravating enough, and shows want of tact on their part also, but it is easier to bear than household exaggeration. For the same reason, too, they seldom lose temper so quickly, the thing not seeming important enough to be out of temper about. Women, again, watch more closely than men, and watching can speak better, hit the sore places when they want to hit them much harder, and they place less restraint on their power. There are men with this dangerous faculty in perfection, nervous men, sympathetic men, who know exactly what each word will do, but then they are seldom cruel, still seldomer forget the unwritten code which among men, but not among women, saves repartee from degenerating into insult, and the majority cannot hit at all. They laugh at their wives' ignorance, who at heart are a little proud to be ignorant compared with them, or accuse them of jealousy, which unless very bitterly done is but a rough caress, or say they are mean, which good women who never think themselves mean enough receive almost as praise. Then men never by any chance try to play suffering angels, the one device which strikes almost all women as so clever, and the use of which of itself proves their deficiency in tact. It yields victory sometimes, but then every such victory is a victory of injustice, and makes the husband think of Mrs. Caudle and nerves him to ultimate rebellion. Somebody, we suppose Mr. Shirley Brooks, has shown that very well in *Punch*, in the more refined series of

Caudle lectures called the "Naggletons." Mrs. Naggleton hits very hard with her tongue, but Mr. Naggleton, who oddly enough is made, by an unconscious exercise of dramatic power, a real rather than a typical "character"—can hit back, and does not mind, and only gets into a rage when his wife resigns herself to her fate. All men get into rages when their womenkind resign themselves, and the fact that women nevertheless continue to resign themselves seems to us to suggest at least a doubt of their superior tact.

The main doubt, however, is this. Almost all women think it indispensable, nay more, even morally right, nay more, an absolute Christian duty, to "manage" the men about them. Sometimes, though very rarely, husband and wife arrive at a real comprehension of each other, which makes all efforts at "management" superfluous, and occasionally, though much more rarely, a mother contrives by aid of her mysterious instinct the necessary *rapprochement* with her son on most of the relations of life. Not all, for no mother on earth ever escaped the delusion that her son needed "management" about his love affairs and his relations to womenkind generally. Left to himself, without gentle pulls at the curb, and touches of the reins and chirrupings, he would, the mother thinks, be sure to do something silly. But with these exceptions, there is probably in the United Kingdom no woman who in some capacity or other, as wife, or daughter, or betrothed, or housekeeper, or friend, or servant, is not trying consciously to manage some one man. Sometimes the management is very slight and addressed to trivialities, but more frequently it is elaborate, and touches every affair of every day. Many women have a definite theory that in small things men are fools, that to yield or even to compromise on such a point as the arrangement of a party or the distribution of new furniture is simply to allow the male person to do something silly, or extravagant, or in bad taste. There never was a great female artist, but there also was never a wife who did not believe she had a better eye for colour than her husband. Out of the studio Rubens' wife would have laughed to herself at his choice of hangings for her dais. Many more really desire, very reasonably, to have in the little things of life the "way" which is refused in greater things, and think "management" the easiest way to obtain it. But the main cause of all this waste of power is a want of comprehension, leading to a deficiency of tact. Average women very often

indeed do not comprehend average men. You will see a couple live together for thirty years, and the wife during all that time never comprehend why her husband does this or that, why he wants cards, why he likes that oppressive friend, what is his inducement to occasional whimsies, why he cannot, as Mrs. Caudle puts it, be content "with his comfortable fireside," why, above all, he things the little Evangelicalisms or Puseyisms which seem to her almost divine so very mean and petty. Why is he, for example, so impatient under that sweet vicar, who seems to her to be uttering such melodious truth? It is not one woman in a hundred who can comprehend a theological proposition—just ask a knot of she-curates what they mean by baptismal regeneration or preventive grace—but in the English middle class there is scarcely a woman who does not accuse her husband, who has probably worked out his theology as thoroughly as his politics, of thoughtlessness or inconsiderateness as to religious observance. No woman, for example, has the faintest notion of Scriptural teaching about oaths, or can comprehend why her husband pshawes when she tells him it is a crime to damn some stupid blunderer. Thousands of married women really think that the club is a device for getting away from them. Thousands more, particularly of women brought up without fathers or brothers, fail all their lives to catch the special points in the idiosyncrasy of the men they love, on which if they want happiness they must be tolerant, rage against petty habits such as smoking, fret at small lawlessnesses such as late hours, and think in their hearts that safety for both depends on their own shrewd tact and gentle management. They think it by some strange faculty peculiar to themselves, even while they think the victim all the while first of his sex, defer to him, and love him hard. The woman who will implicitly trust her husband in a bold stroke for fortune or ruin will watch, and plan, and wheedle, and pout to avoid his giving a guinea too much for a toy she deems a caprice. When she is a lady, she cautions, and plans, and hints, when a Mrs. Caudle, she lectures, and in either case shows deplorable want of tact. For men, in all else thicker-witted than women, are in this keener of appreciation, and perceive and resent "management" as they do not resent counsel. Let any woman who doubts it mark how her husband receives an unpleasant remark from a friend and from herself, and then cogitate whether his reasonableness in one case and unreasonableness in the other might not be due to tact.



Suppose Mr. Prettyman had wished to advise Caudle not to bail a friend, he would have done it in five "chaffy" words; Mrs. Caudle does it in a lecture; but which is the more effective, the more full of tact?

From Macmillan's Magazine.

### NATURE AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

THE prayer appointed for use in our churches with reference to the cattle plague and the cholera, appears to have fallen upon a susceptible state of the public mind like a spark upon tinder. It is evident that many thoughtful persons have been much exercised in mind by questions relating to prayer. Not unwilling to pray, they have shrunk from praying blindly. They have wished to feel assured that they could pray reasonably, and without stultifying convictions upon which a main part of their life is built up. Old difficulties and perplexities about prayer have revived, and have assumed what has appeared for the time a more formidable aspect. And whilst these anxieties have been stirring in the minds of the thoughtful, that portion of the religious world which is not troubled by doubts has been disposed to *push* the use of prayer with a certain importunity, and in a spirit of latent, if not professed, antagonism. There are always people ready to seize with eagerness what they regard as an opportunity "to rebuke the infidel notions of the day." Most likely a strong and early pressure was brought to bear upon the Archbishop and the Ministry to induce them to appoint a public prayer against the cattle plague. "What are the clergy and the authorities doing," I was asked, "that we have no prayer issued for deliverance from the cattle plague?" I expressed a doubt whether the calamity had reached a magnitude which called for so special an act. "Oh, but," the answer was, "it is so important to take these things in time!" The appointment of a prayer which was to be looked to as a kind of a mechanical prophylactic did not seem to me a thing much to be desired; and probably a similar distaste was similarly excited in others. When the prayer came, it certainly was not peculiarly felicitous, but it was not unlike other prayers of the same kind. It was welcome, I fully believe, to a large number of pious persons, who had been very much alarmed by the reports of the

disease, and who thought it right that we should publicly deprecate the terrible visitation which had begun to afflict us. But, on the other hand, it excited an almost angry outburst of protest and criticism. Fault was found with details of the prayer, in a tone which shewed plainly that those who found it disliked the whole before they quarrelled with the parts. Then followed reflection and questioning. "If this prayer is wrong, what kind of prayer is right?" Objections have been gravely and even reverently raised; attempts have been made to meet those objections. Laymen have come forward to say that, while they felt that some ordinary kinds of prayer could not be defended in the face of science, and must be abandoned, they yet could not consent to give up prayer altogether. Reasons have been given for discriminating between one kind of prayer and another; and it has also been seen, as is common in similar cases, that those who have given up certain beliefs in deference to argument, think they have thereby purchased right to live unmolested by argument in what they retain.

Every one is aware of the ground upon which prayer is commonly objected to at the present time. The *uniformity of nature*, it is said, makes it impossible that any prayers having for their object a variation in the course of nature should be effectual. The laws of nature, according to all true observation, are constant. There is no greater or less in the matter. To ask that a single drop of rain may fall, is as contradictory to science as to ask that the law of gravitation may be suspended. Prayer, therefore, having reference to anything which comes within the domain of natural laws, is forbidden by modern science.

It would be the rashness of mere ignorance and folly to enter the lists against science, or against that principle of the uniformity of nature which is at once the foundation and the crowning discovery of science. Science has been so victorious of late years, and has been adding so constantly to the strength of its main positions, that it is scarcely safe to doubt anything which is affirmed by cautious and scientific men as a fact within their own domain. But when, from the proper and recognised conclusions of science, inferences are drawn which affect the spiritual life, and threaten destruction to what we have been accustomed to regard as most precious, it cannot be complained of if we scrutinize those inferences carefully. If there is a region of genuine mystery, into which the science of

phenomena is pushing forward its methods too confidently, it may be forced to retire, not indeed by spiritual intimidation, but by the opposition of realities to which it is self-compelled to pay respect.

Now the affirmation of the uniformity of nature, when pressed *logically* against the utility of prayer, seems to me either to prove too much or to prove nothing. We may be permitted to ask this question, Does the *constancy of the laws of nature* imply that the *course of nature* is absolutely fixed, or not?

It is surely conceivable that the negative answer might be given to this question. For the experience of every hour, of every minute, seems to show, that the actual *course* of nature may be altered without the slightest interference with any *law* of nature. Shall I blow out the candle before me, or not? It seems to me that I may do it or refrain from doing it as I please. In either case, no law of nature is violated. In either case, interminable consequences follow my choice. The whole course of nature will be different if I do it from what it would be if I did not do it. The voyage of discovery of Christopher Columbus was at one time apparently within the domain of human choice. He might *not* have sailed; he *did* sail; and what prodigious results have followed, in the ordinary course of nature, as we say, from his enterprise! If this variableness of the course of nature be admitted, it is clear that the constancy of natural laws interposes no obstacle to an efficacy of prayer without limit. There may be other reasons why human prayer should not avail to change the course of nature, but the absolute inviolability of law will not be a reason. For, in the first place, prayer may be conceived as taking effect *through human wills*. In a vast proportion of cases, the objects for which we have prayed might be accomplished through human agency. The cattle plague might be neutralized by the discovery of a remedy, by the adoption of hitherto neglected sanitary precautions, and by other means which ingenuity might imagine as operating through the minds of men. If any persons have a conviction that our praying could not lead to any quickening of human intelligence, or to any invigoration of human effort, they would hardly express that conviction by saying that the laws of external nature are too constant to allow it. With regard to all that may be done through human volition, the existence of fixed laws of nature is manifestly no hindrance to its being done.

The interference of mind and will with the course of nature is no doubt more intel-

ligible to us as taking place through human action, than if we transcend human action. But we are now speaking of possibility, in a strict logical sense. And, although we are entirely ignorant *how* the Creator can change the course of nature otherwise than through man, it seems clearly unreasonable to affirm that such other interference is impossible, because we know nothing about it. If there are invisible beings in the universe, why should they not have some power of acting upon the course of nature? So far as analogy is any guide, the fact that we, by our volitions, can alter the course of things without violating laws, would suggest a presumption that the same thing can be done in other ways of which science simply knows nothing, and about which imagination cannot with much advantage exercise its power of conjecture. It is conceivable therefore that prayer relating to definite physical ends *might* be answered, without the appearance of the slightest departure from the ordinary course of nature.

If, then, the constancy of natural laws be so interpreted as to admit of indefinite variations, through free volition, of the course of nature, that constancy proves nothing against prayer.

If, however, it be interpreted to mean that by the operation of cause and effect the course of nature is so fixed that no change in accordance with human thought or desire can possibly take place in it, the argument proves too much. If the tremendous doctrine of necessity be called in at all, it is unscientific to apply it partially. If in the face of a fixed and necessary course of things prayer becomes an absurdity, how much else becomes absurd also! Everything properly human ceases to be rational, till we are reduced to the deadliest fatalism. If a philosopher says to me, "How can you think that by your prayers you can divert universal nature from its preordained course?" I think I reply rationally by asking, "How can I suppose that by any acts of mine, any more than by any prayers, I can alter the unalterable?" If the assertion, "It is of no use to *pray* against the cattle-disease or the cholera," be based upon the fact that effect follows cause with unvarying uniformity, the same reason would lead us on to the further assertion, "It is of no use to *do* anything against the cattle-disease or the cholera."

Let us consider what will have to be given up, if prayer for physical benefits be condemned on the ground of the uniformity of nature. Prayer for spiritual blessings can hardly be retained. Are not spiritual

things mixed up inextricably with physical? Spirit acts upon outward things; outward things act upon the spirit. Fever is raging in a swampy district. The owner, feeling it to be his duty to try and subdue it, and learning that he might probably do so by draining it, cuts a drain. The place becomes wholesome. Then the moral tone of the population also rises. The children become brighter, more intelligent, more moral. A great spiritual gain is secured, by the enlightenment of one man acting through a physical improvement. Can it be said that visible things are subject to law, spiritual things to no law? Neither the philosopher nor the Christian could acquiesce for a moment in such a distinction. If, then, a mother is forbidden, by reason, to pray for the restoration to health of her child, can she reasonably pray that it may grow up wise and virtuous? Again, thanksgiving appears to be correlative to prayer. If we are to regard everything that happens as fixed by a predetermined order, we shall be bound to repress all special promptings to gratitude. There may remain perhaps a certain sense of admiration of the course of things as a whole,—modified, one would expect, by a good deal of dissatisfaction,—but what we commonly mean by thanksgiving must disappear. Again, deliberate effort to accomplish any end is stultified. If a man were betrayed into it by the singular instinct which haunts us, the recollection of the true philosophy would make him smile at himself as a fool. And lastly, he would learn to be ashamed of desire and hope. Only those who have not been taught the unalterableness of the course of things can be weak enough to indulge a wish or a hope concerning the future. What will be will be: and there is an end of it. Motives, aims, hopes, may be included as blind instincts in the great scheme, but they cannot be properly rational; they cannot justify themselves to the enlightened understanding. They must share the fate of prayer. They are instinctive—so is prayer. Prayer is not rational—no more are they.

It would seem, then, that the unalterableness of nature, if it is allowed to condemn prayer, must go on to extinguish everything that we call human. And this argument, if it is sound, would no doubt be generally accepted as a *reductio ad absurdum*, conclusive for refutation. A *reductio ad absurdum*, however, is always more annoying to an opponent, than really satisfying or instructive. It ought hardly to be used except where strict logic is professed on the other

side. That is so in the present case. And we might desire to meet as summarily as possible an assumption which holds up to contempt a large part of all the utterances which human souls in their earnestness and their anguish have offered up, and still offer up, at that Throne of Grace before which they have been invited to prostrate themselves. But the most important bearing of this argument is that it leads us to lay stress upon the affinity between *Prayer* and rational *Desire*.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." All Christians have been ready to accept this as a principle of devotion. But may we not find, in the definition, that prayer is desire looking upwards, a useful guide as to the conditions of reasonable prayer? If desire, by looking upwards, becomes prayer, then we have a real basis for prayer before we come to consider its efficacy. We have it even before we have provided ourselves with any solution of the mystery of God's providence. What we do require, as an antecedent condition of prayer, is the confession of a living God, whose creatures we are, and in whose presence we stand. Then the simple affection of desire for this or that, by being the affection of a man who remembers God, and knows his relation of dependence and subjection to God, grows into a prayer. A man who desires, in his true consciousness as a creature and child of God, also prays. Supposing this ideal condition to be realized, whatever modifies the desire will modify the prayer; and whatever modifies the prayer will modify the desire.

This view of the nature of prayer would have two important negative effects:—1. It shuts out the use of prayer as a kind of spiritual machinery. The plausible representations of what has been gained by praying, which are often made use of to stimulate the devotions of religious persons, have a tendency to become thoroughly offensive to a reverent mind. We cannot pray rightly, if we resort to prayer simply as an expedient for obtaining what we want. 2. It protests against the divorce of prayer from exertion. Instead of being a substitute for effort, or a supplement to it, prayer is seen to be a kind of natural breath of effort. And the man whose energies are most simply roused in pursuit of any object, will be the man to pray most earnestly.

But how does this view, that prayer is the Godward aspect of desire, bear upon the question, What boons may we reasonably ask for from God? It suggests, I think, the following principles.

1. We cannot reasonably either desire or ask for anything, except subordinately to the greater desire that God's will, and not ours, may be done. We are sometimes afraid, I suspect, that the full statement of this principle may damp the ardour of prayer. We apprehend the easy objection, "What is the sense of asking God to do His own will?" But let us bear in mind that the same principle applies to wishing. Can I deliberately desire that God should give up His will for mine? Suppose I earnestly desire, — say that my church should be crowded by reverent and teachable hearers. And suppose a Divine voice to ask, "Do you wish this, whether it be in accordance with my will or not?" How monstrous and shocking an idea it would be that I could wish it apart from its being God's will! There is no difference, then, in this respect between praying and wishing. Eager importunate entreaties and desires will no doubt be checked by the habitual consciousness of the perfection and power of the Divine will. So far as reasoning goes, we might probably expect that such a consciousness would tend to the extinction of desire and prayer altogether. But experience seems to prove that a constant remembrance and worship of God's will does *not* quench desire, but rather keeps it alive. Whatever be the effect of it, we must take the consequences without reservation. If we can only say other prayers heartily on condition of *not* saying always, "Thy will be done," we must keep to this prayer and give up the rest. On this point no doubt or compromise can be admissible.

2. A second principle will be, that we should yield without resistance to the instinct of *modesty* in making particular requests. It is here that our increased knowledge of the laws of nature and the interdependence of all phenomena should tell upon us. Occurrences which primitive ignorance never dreamed of as being other than partial and limited, are known to us as having the widest bearings and connections. To wish that this or that phenomenon should occur to suit our convenience, when we know that it must have other and far more important consequences than those which concern us, would seem ridiculously arrogant. We ought not to shut our eyes to the influence which this consideration may exert upon the character of our prayers. That influence will vary with the knowledge and with the habit of mind of different persons, and is sure to be increasingly great. But, whilst our prayers go hand in hand with our wishes, I think we need not

fear for our prayers. We must be content to trust our human nature in the hands of its Maker. If it be His will that we should arrive in a state in which desires for particular things have become extinct, it is not for us to try to arrest our progress towards that state. But, on this point, it would be rash to speak confidently as to the future. At the present time, I imagine it cannot be doubted that cultivated minds, and especially those which are familiar with the study of the complicated and orderly processes of nature, instinctively shrink from allowing themselves in deliberate desires for external occurrences, which are not within the apparent scope of human effort. There is indeed a less scrupulous kind of feeling, somewhat different from desire, of which the natural expression is, "I should be glad if such or such a thing were to happen." Of this I am not speaking as being co-ordinate with prayer, but of that which would lead a man to say, "I long for this or that to come to pass." A philosopher's desires of this nature (though I believe he will not be without them), will certainly be different from a child's; and it seems reasonable to apply to the growth thus to be observed the words of St. Paul, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

3. Besides this growth in what I have called *modesty* — the philosopher's modesty in the presence of the outward world — there is another kind of growth, more properly belonging to the Christian, which will tend towards the same result: I mean the increasing *spirituality* which should characterize our desires and our prayers. Every one would concur in the statement, that, as a Christian advances in godliness, his mind will be set less on outward things, and more on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. In all records of the aspirations of devout men, we observe that their genuine longings have been spiritual, and that physical good things have seemed hardly worthy of their prayers. And this answers to the teaching of our Lord — as in the Sermon on the Mount, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and "If ye, being evil, give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give *the Holy Spirit* to them that ask Him!"

It is not enough to say that the spiritual Christian will not pray earnestly for temporal good things *for himself*; but will think more of being enlightened, purified, and brought into fellowship with God. His feel-



ing will be similar when he thinks of those in whom he is interested. For them, also, he will not be careful to ask physical blessings; he will most earnestly desire their spiritual good. Nor will the case be different when it is a community — a Church or a nation — which prays, and not an individual. In proportion as we know what is best, and understand the dependence of inferior blessings upon the higher gifts of spiritual life, we shall pray that light may be given us, and righteousness, and mutual harmony, and self-control, and power to aid other nations and Churches, more earnestly and with more satisfaction than we shall pray for an abundant harvest or for a new development of trade.

It doubtless has occurred to the recollection of the reader that, in thus exalting spiritual objects as the proper objects of our prayers, we are but following the example which our Saviour expressly gave us to follow, when He said, "After this manner pray ye," and then recited the prayer in which we ask the Heavenly Father of all to cause His name to be hallowed, His kingdom to come, and His will to be done, before we speak of ourselves at all; and then only pray that our daily bread may be given us — this bread itself including unquestionably spiritual food — and pass on to petitions for forgiveness and for deliverance from the dominion of the evil one.

If our prayers be in their nature strictly co-ordinate with our desires, and if both our prayers and our desires should be governed by these principles, — that in all we wish for or ask we should be careful (1) to cherish a willing submission to the Divine will, (2) to bear in mind our own insignificance in relation to the natural order, and (3) to lift up our aspirations to spiritual objects, it will assuredly follow that petitions for physical objects of desire will become less and less acceptable to us, and will tend to disappear from our habitual prayers. Our feeling about them will probably be that they belong to an early stage of spiritual and intellectual growth, in which they are natural and wholesome; but that they are scarcely suitable to adult age. But we shall continue to pay deference to instincts and necessities of nature; and, when the pressure of suffering and alarm extorts a longing and an appeal, we shall not pronounce in the name of either reason or religion that the appeal shall not take form in words of prayer addressed to the Father or the Saviour. If we are to cry out at all, it is in every way best that we should cry to God. An earthly parent might desire that the wishes and

requests of his little child should gradually be disciplined by knowledge; but he would not repulse the child, and bid him carry elsewhere than to *him* his childish petitions. Unless our relation to God in heaven be altogether a fiction and a delusion, it is impossible that He should not desire that our deepest feelings should be turned in trust towards Him. And, to those who contend that laws of nature make such appeals unreasonable, we have a right to say, "You, who tell a mother that it is useless for her to pray for the recovery of her sick child, tell her also that the longing she cannot suppress is an illogical anomaly: you, who say that a nation, in the agony of a struggle, should not ask God to bless its arms, say also that all the yearning sentiment which is roused into life by the struggle is futile and irrational."

It is right to state plainly the conclusion, from which some perhaps might shrink, but which seems to follow from the above considerations, that the *forms* which prayer may take, as they must be unimportant in the eyes of God, are also comparatively of little importance for us. The *spirit* of prayer is that which is really acceptable to God, and therefore really efficacious. That spirit may find expression only in unspoken groanings. It may address petitions to God as unreasonably as when a child asks for the moon. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." But the prayer will be weighed and estimated, not by its form, but by its essence. There is some danger, let it be admitted, in what may be called the laxity of such a view concerning the utterances of prayer. But we cannot avoid danger, though we may in some degree guard against it. And, in the deeper matters of faith and worship, the true view generally seems to be that which is not unreasonably suspected of being dangerous.

And, though it is right to speak decidedly of the *comparative* unimportance of forms of prayer, it does not by any means follow that they are entirely unimportant; still less that we can dispense with them. It should be regarded as a solemn duty — and it is one which easily commends itself to the conscience and the judgment — to throw the spirit of supplication into the most rational forms which our knowledge enables us to create. It is surely a mistake to force ourselves to pray for things which do not impress us as fit objects of deliberate desire. Liberty in this respect should be allowed to individual consciences; and at the same time it might be hoped that tolerance, a reverent tolerance unmixed with contempt,

should be shown by more cultivated and philosophical minds towards the humbler prayers of the more ignorant.

For they who recognise in any degree the nature and relation of man as a son of God can scarcely fail to admit, that it is well for a man to bring *all* his thoughts, whatever they are, into the presence of his unseen Father. It is better, a thousand times better, that he should put the most foolish and irrational desires into prayer, than that he should throw himself into the same desires without remembering God. Not that no praying can be bad. Prayer may be bad, it can hardly be good, when it is addressed to a capricious being, to a tyrant who may be coaxed or soothed or bribed, in order to obtain some private advantage. And there is room for earnest thought and endeavour in the effort to keep the image of the Fatherly will of God pure and clear before the mind. But, if it be remembered who and what God is, then, I think, it may be said without limit, it is good for a man to bring all his desires to God and to turn them into prayers, that God Himself may teach him what desires are worthy of a child of His, and from what he needs to be purged.

After all, I may seem to have evaded the question as to the *efficacy* of prayer. Can we expect that God will do what we ask any the more for our asking? Are we ready to bring this question to the practical test of experiment? I confess to a shrinking from such an inquiry, as from one which it is neither reverent nor useful to prosecute. But that this feeling may not be reasonably attributed to the consciousness of a bad case, we are bound to try to justify it. Let due consideration, then, be given to the fact, that prayer, when it comes to be regarded as *efficacious* — that is, as a machinery for securing results — is beginning to pass into a hurtful and irreverent superstition. No doubt we here confront a paradox. We are taught to believe in the efficacy of prayer; we may be satisfied that prayers have brought down definite blessings from heaven: but, the moment we begin to act in a business-like manner upon a theory of the efficacy of prayer, we cease to pray acceptably. This, let it be borne in mind, is not a mere makeshift of an argument, introduced to cover a weak point; it is a first principle in the doctrine of prayer. If, therefore, specific fulfilments were fixedly or even abundantly assigned to human prayers, a great evil would almost inevitably be created. Prayer would cease to be, in the deepest and truest sense, the prayer of faith, and would become the prayer of cal-

culatation; and the spirit of it would evaporate. I should be sorry to say that no good is done by appeals to instances of prayers answered by direct gifts; we have some such appeals in Scripture. But I think a reverent mind must experience some shock to its delicacy from a contact with such appeals; I can almost imagine that it would rather hear nothing of such answers. It scarcely raises our idea of the character of God, to be told that He has caused some little thing to come to pass just because So-and-so asked Him. What we want to feel assured of is, that God *hears* our prayers; that if we pour out our hearts before Him in childlike hope, He is pleased, and helps forward the cause into which we have thrown our sympathies. In this way, we may thankfully believe that our prayers are always efficacious. And, inasmuch as very little matters enter into the scheme of God's Providence, and are to be deemed worthy of the Infinite Being because He is infinite, we may also venture to take comfort from any incidents which come to us like signs that God has heard us, and to read answers to our prayers in the most ordinary occurrences of life.

POSTSCRIPT. — The following sentences occur at the end of an essay by Professor Tyndall, on 'the Constitution of the Universe,' in the *Fort. & Jolly Review* for December 1st, which has appeared since the above pages were written: — "Prayer, while it is thus impotent in external nature, may react with beneficent power upon the human mind. That prayer produces its effect, benign or otherwise, upon him who prays, is not only as indubitable as the law of conservation itself, but it will probably be found to illustrate that law in its ultimate expansions. And if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life." This unspeakable gain, then, which we should all alike desire, is made dependent by Professor Tyndall upon the devising of some new form of prayer, — whether by our spiritual authorities or by others would not, I presume, be of any consequence. I wish he had given us at least some hint which might help us to conceive what the nature of such prayer, satisfying both to the heart and the intellect, would be. It seems natural to suppose that he had in his mind some idea, — if only a vague, undefined idea, — of a pos-

sible prayer. But, as his words now stand, he ascribes an extremely high value to prayer, condemns the prayers hitherto devised, and gives no help towards discovering the right kind of prayer. If he is satisfied with any existing type—say with that of the Lord's Prayer, which has been largely imitated in the Christian Church—it would have been more natural to ask our spiritual authorities to abstain from devising new forms, than to represent so vast a good as depending upon their power to devise another form. And the whole passage suggests a doubt, whether "the man of science" would consider a prayer for moral or spiritual good consistent with science. Mr. Tyndall does not contrast "external nature" with the realm of the spirit. He knows that the two cannot be severed: indeed, he intimates that the reflex effect of prayer upon the mind—as spiritual a process as we can imagine—will probably be found to illustrate that law of the conservation of energy which makes prayer impotent in external nature; and therefore it is clear that he would include spiritual relations within "the economy of nature."

I gladly recognise however that Professor Tyndall does not teach that we must pray *for the sake of the benefit we derive from the act of praying*. He would admit, I am sure, that the only prayer which can possibly produce a "benign" effect upon him who prays is the lifting of a voice "as unto *One that hears*." He desiderates a genuine prayer, but one that will not aim at affecting the course of nature.

The question I would again ask is this: Whether, in using the unchangeable economy of nature to condemn prayers for physical objects, philosophers are not really assuming a system of fatalism, and binding down the free action of spirit under a fixed mechanical necessity? If this is so, the controversy might as well ascend at once from the discussion of forms of prayer to a still higher region.

---

From Good Words.

#### MY DERVISH LIFE.

In the evening of the 27th March, 1863, my noble patron, the Turkish ambassador in Teheran, received me at his table for the last time before my departure. It was said (but this, of course, was only to frighten and dissuade me from my adventurous

scheme) that I was, on this occasion, for the last time in my life to partake of European fare, served up in European fashion. The elegant dining-room at the hotel of the Embassy was brilliantly illuminated, the best dishes were placed before the guests, the best wines were passed round; they wanted, in short, to send me forth on my arduous journey haunted by recollections of European comforts. My friends sought all that evening to trace in my features some traitorous indications of the excitement within. They were, however, greatly out in their anticipations. In a state of ecstatic enjoyment I lay buried in my silk-velvet arm-chair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty-four hours afterwards, in the evening of the 28th March, I was in the middle of my mendicant associates, on my journey to Sari. We had taken refuge in a half-ruined mud hut, named Dagarn. The rain fell in torrents. Tolerably well soaked, we hastened, all of us, to shelter ourselves under the dry roof. The space was small, and it was my destiny this very first evening to find myself in the closest contact with my travelling companions, whose tattered clothes, giving out at no time any very fragrant odours, in their present wet condition emitted a vaporous steam really curious to observe! It was not, then, surprising under such circumstances, that I had little desire to assail the large wooden dish from which the famished Hadjis extracted and devoured their supper, splashing about as they did so with their hands in the common receptacle. Besides, I was at the moment less tormented by the pangs of hunger than exhausted with fatigue and uneasy in my wet dress of rags, to which habit had not yet made me familiar. Huddled together in a ball on the ground, I sought to abandon myself to sleep; but sleep in such confined space was impossible. Now I felt my neighbour's hand, now his head, whirled over me; at another time it was the foot of a *vis-à-vis* which was extended to scratch me behind my ear. With the patience of a Job I had to defend myself against all these offices of questionable amiability. I might even then have contrived to snatch some moments of slumber, had it not been for the snoring dialogue kept up by the Tartars, and more especially for the loud cries of suffering that a Persian mule-driver, afflicted with rheumatism, emitted in his agony.

Finding all attempts to close my eyes fruitless, I extricated myself from the midst of the heap of human beings spread around

in chaotic confusion, and set myself upon my legs. The rain continued to fall, and looking out into the deep and troubled obscurity I thought of where I had been twenty-four hours previously, and of the sumptuous parting entertainment at the splendid hotel of the Turkish Embassy. All seemed to me like a dramatic representation of the "King and the Beggar," in which I was myself playing the principal part. The sentiment of reality produced, however, upon me not so bitter an impression, for was I not master of the position? was I not he who had worked this sudden metamorphosis? had not I myself imposed my fate upon myself?

The task of conquering my own feelings, however hard, did not occupy me more than a few days. With respect to externals, I soon made myself familiar with all the attributes, movable and immovable, of the state of Dervish — its filth and other etceteras. The best garment that I had brought with me from Teheran, I presented as a gift to a poor infirm sick Hadji, and this act of beneficence won me the hearts of all. My new uniform consisted of a felt jacket, worn by me without any shirt, close to my skin, and a Djubbe (upper garment)\* tied round my loins by a cord. I had enveloped my feet in rags, and covered my head with an immense turban; the latter served me as a parasol by day, and as a bolster by night. Like the rest of the Hadjis, I slung around me a sack by way of cartouche-box, containing a voluminous Koran; and then contemplating myself thus accoutred for grand parade, I felt authorized to cry out proudly, "Verily, I am a beggar born."

The external, the material part of my "disguise," was easy. The moral, the inner part, presented more difficulty than I had contemplated. For many a long year I had had occasion to study the contrast between European and Asiatic modes of existence; the critical position in which I was forced me to be on my guard, and yet I could not help committing many gross blunders. It is not merely in language, features, and dress that essential differences exist between the two races. We Europeans eat, drink, sleep, sit, and stand otherwise than the Orientals, — nay, I might even say, we laugh, cry, and wink differently. These are little points, evident at once to the senses, and still difficult enough of imitation: and yet what is the difficulty of sur-

mounting them, in comparison with the trouble that it costs to metamorphose sentiments and feelings! One is always more excited and observant, and more disposed to play the critic, during journeys than on other occasions of everyday life; it requires an unspeakable effort for an European to conceal the curiosity, wonder, and other emotions which the contemplation of the all-indifferent, the energiless Oriental excites in his mind. The object, however, of the journey of my friends was to reach their homes; my object was simply the journey itself. The peculiarity of my character interested them only in the first moment of approach, theirs on the other hand was an object of continual study to me; certainly the idea never could have occurred to any one amongst them, that my mind was employed upon a twofold task, even when we were jesting and chattering in the most familiar terms of companionship.

Any one who has the smallest practical or theoretical experience of the East will understand how hard it is to adapt oneself to these remarkable idiosyncrasies. The happy result that attended my "disguise" may appear surprising, but still not a subject of extraordinary astonishment, when I lay before the reader the key to the secret in the following observations.

First. Only one of my travelling companions had ever seen Europe or had to do with Europeans: this was Hadji Bilal, who may perhaps have known a few Greeks or Armenians passing for Frenghi. Even Stambul, and the mode of living amongst the Stambuli, were but imperfectly known to them. My transgressions against custom and usage did not pass unobserved, but met with the ready excuse: "Stambul kaidesi sundekek iken." "It is the custom at Constantinople." They regarded, therefore, the particular offence as a mere solecism.

Secondly. The consciousness of the imminent danger that threatened me when once beyond the circle of my companions, disposed me to make the greatest sacrifices. I soon was aware of the high value of their friendship, and did everything I could to win it. In spite of my admitted superiority to them from being a Mollah, no one in the Karavan, in purse, clothes, or food, was poorer or worse off than myself. I submitted to all, and was ever ready to render a service or do an obliging act; and as they really all were at bottom straightforward and honest men, I saw at once that they

\* This is called Hirkai Dervishan: even the richest Dervishes are bound to wear it over their clothes, in however good a state these may be.



would not fail to protect their friend and fellow-traveller, who was a universal favourite.

Thirdly. And this perhaps may be regarded as the main cause: my poverty and my bodily infirmity beyond dispute were my principal safeguards. Amongst the Turkomans, and especially in Etnek, the Hadjis not being in much respect, I ran considerable risk; but at the current market rate for slaves of inferior class, I was hardly worth more than three ducats — not so valuable, in fact, as a stout ass. I could only be used by private individuals to turn a millstone or take charge of camels: trivial services these, hardly on the one side worth the cost of my maintenance, and on the other not possessing sufficient force of attraction to tempt the superstitious Nomad to commit a sin. Again, in Bokhara the emptiness of my purse was of more help to me than all the learning of Islamism. My character of Mollah and Devotee made me certainly safe from any public attack, but had I been in the possession of visible property, it would not have secured me from the underhand proceedings of secret enemies. Strangers in Bokhara, objects of suspicion, have in other cases excited cupidity by being known to be possessors of money and other articles of value; whereas I was not only a beggar, but an urgent one, from whose importunities all men carefully sought to escape.

Such were the causes which prevented my disguise from having any evil consequences, and made it happily contribute to the ends I had in view. But every one will understand that whilst I was actually occupied with my journey, I was only half conscious of the efficacy of these causes, and so could not place any entire confidence in them. Habit too enables us to endure a life subject even to constant perils: still it is remarkable how long and violent the struggle is which the soul, in its recklessness and its callousness, maintains with the hope of an existence beyond this world. To guard against every event, it was long before I ventured to make a hearty meal at my supper: for I dreaded lest an overloaded stomach should lead to dreams, and dreams to the utterance of foreign European phrases. I laughed at my pusillanimity, and blamed myself, but still I persisted, particularly in the first months, in my ceaseless measures of precaution.

What pain these phantom terrors occasioned me! how they persecuted me, when I sat alone in the immense desert away from

the Karavan devouring my unleavened bread, mixed with ashes and charcoal, and washed down with a few mouthfuls of foul-smelling water, — a refreshment that those thoughts would not even allow me to partake of in repose! "All slumber, no eye beholds thee," I said to myself. Yet no: the hills of sand in the distance seemed to me to be spies on the watch to catch me omitting the Bismillah, or breaking or eating my bread in other than right Mohammedan fashion.

Often did it happen, and the remark applies particularly to Khiva, that when I was lying all alone in the dark and closed tent, the cry to prayers reached my ears, and made me spring hurriedly up from my couch, and apply myself to the fatiguing operation of the thirteen Rikaat (genuflexions). At the sixth, seventh, eighth, I said to myself, "Surely it is enough, for no eye beholds thee." Not at all, for I could not divest myself of the idea that prying eyes were regarding me through the crevices, and so I continued until I had conscientiously completed the prescribed number.

Perhaps the expression, "measures of precaution," may be regarded as inappropriate, and my whole proceedings be ascribed to want of courage. Now I will not deny that, seeing with what suspicion I was at first regarded, and in how wild and anarchical a state Central Asia was, I did not feel in any great spirits for my adventure. But this discouragement did not extend beyond the first month of my disguise. In the others, from the moment when I had turned my back upon Bokhara, I was really metamorphosed into a poverty-stricken Dervish, who, as he himself gradually forgot the assumed part that he was playing, ceased to excite suspicion in the minds of others. When I now, in the centre of European civilisation, reflect upon my position at that time, I cannot refrain from laughing at what habit and necessity were capable of making of me in so short a time. That life of Dervish began even to have charms, it procured me many a moment of great enjoyment. Without feeling any especial aptitude to play the part of the Russian Count who, weary of a life spent in saloons, retreated to one of the valleys of Cashmere, I felt often an inner sensation of satisfaction as I warned myself to my heart's content in some ruin or other sequestered spot by the temperate beams of the autumn sun. And then it is beyond expression sweet to know that one can, without money, position, or business — and yet free from all care, agitation, and exciting

impulse — rock oneself to repose in the soft cradle of Oriental indifference and tranquillity!

Of course for us Europeans such enjoyment must be of brief duration; for let but our thoughts flee away towards that remote West that is ever active and ever moving, and the great contrast of the two presents itself to us in the clearest light. European enterprise and Oriental repose are the two problems that occupy the mind: need we do more than glance at those ruins lying everywhere scattered in the East, to see on which side is the true philosophy? Here everything tends to destruction and slavery; there, to prosperity and world-wide dominion!

But these enjoyments of the "state of Dervish" were in my case prevented, by my strong European temperament, from being more than glance at those ruins lying everywhere scattered in the East, to see on which side is the true philosophy? Here everything tends to destruction and slavery; there, to prosperity and world-wide dominion!

But these enjoyments of the "state of Dervish" were in my case prevented, by my strong European temperament, from being more than short-lived and transitory. My disguise, however, furnished me with another of a far more elevated description — the enjoyment, I mean, derived by me from being able, as an accomplished Dervish, to hold free and unconstrained intercourse with those strange nations. Was it an innate talent, or a particular predilection for the status, which enabled me soon to outstrip in *Fakirship* even my preceptor in the art? I know not. When in the cities or amongst the Nomads I undertook the part of levying contributions, my friends felt at once assured that I would return with my bags well crammed. Of the tribes of Central Asia the Ozbegs, from their straightforward and honest natures, possess hearts most accessible and most easily won. At one house in the vicinity of Khiva, where I spent several days, they tried even forcibly to detain me; nay, even to marry me — at least, the head of the family, representing his daughter, had already made me a declaration of love. The honest, unsuspecting people saw, as they thought, in me a poor Garib (stranger) whom his passion (arman) impelled forth into the wide world, and so they took a real interest in my fortunes. In their opinion the travelling Dervish is a sort of wandering Jew in miniature, in whose ear some spirit abiding within keeps whispering those ominous words, "On, on!" and who can never rest until he has reached the goal prescribed by fate.

This childish simplicity, these characters

and manners, which have remained in stereotype there for so many years, one might even say for thousands, have left upon my soul ineffaceable impressions. After being with the Nomads some hours, they often began to converse with me in the most confidential tone of the rearing of cattle or some other subject of domestic economy. A husband would speak of the peculiar qualities that distinguished one of his horses, of the sons of the famous chieftain N. N., of the failure of a predatory expedition undertaken by this or that tribe, &c. The wife would question me whether in my country this year the Rugar (a sort of red root) had a similarly pale colour, whether the camel's hair was there as bad, and so on. How little likely such people were to have any notion of the meaning of an academical mission the reader must easily see, and will as easily divine what was the nature of my answers to each particular question!

However incredible the avowal may appear, I will nevertheless make it openly, that the very extraordinary condition in which I found myself during my time of disguise was far from being attended by as much hardship and fatigue as many Europeans may fancy. At this moment, it is true, I find my health somewhat impaired, and my former acquaintances do not affect to conceal from me that I seem grown much older; but during the journey itself I did not experience the slightest sensation of exhaustion or uneasiness, excepting of course when I was suffering from the torments of thirst. Was it the continued state of excitement that lightened the burden which I had to endure; or was it the ever-fresh, free air of the desert that imparted a giant energy to my stomach, enabling it to assimilate and digest such dough kneaded with sand and ashes as even my camel found too bad to touch? This still remains a riddle to me.

Certain, however, it is, that at this moment, in the midst of the civilised life of Europe, I seem somewhat to miss those active movements of body and soul; and who knows if I shall not in my later years dwell often upon that time when, although covered with rags and having no roof to cover me, I tramped sturdily and of good heart through the steppes of Central Asia!

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

From Good Words.

## ON THE ENFORCED PAUSES OF LIFE.

It seems that in old Scandinavia there were trolls, or lubber dwarfs, who were always busy; who *never* knew what it was to repose. A country fellow — as I remember the story, which I quote upon the strength of a child's recollection — employed one of these trolls to assist him in stealing a quantity of wheat from another countryman's barn. "Take a little more, Mr. Troll, take a little more," says the thief, "by-and-by you shall have some rest." So the troll takes a little more, saying, however, "Rest, rest! What is rest?" Off they go, the pair of them, carrying heavy loads of the stolen goods. When they are at a safe distance from the scene of their theft, they sit down for a rest. "Oh," says the troll, "if I had only known how good rest is, I would have brought away the entire barn!"

Most of us know how good rest is, and are ready enough to take it, though not always when we need it: on the other hand, it is sometimes forced upon us in a way that teaches more than one lesson. We find, in the compelled pauses of our lives, that the world can do without us, and that it is a good thing to be occasionally cut off from it. How nice it is to *let alone*; how nice to *be let alone*!

Nearly all forms of travelling give us some degree of this kind of feeling. Not, of course, riding in an omnibus, for there is no telling whom you may meet in it; but in some degree riding in a cab, and in a considerable degree, riding on the railway for any distance. In a cab you may lean back so that nobody can see you; and you may shut your eyes upon the hard faces, and squalid dresses, and filthy gutters, and frowzy corners of the streets. Nobody is likely to stop the carriage, — and nobody can stop a train! So that, unless you have unpleasant fellow-travellers, you are comfortably shut up from the rest of the world, with a delicious sensation that there is no drawbridge. It is an old remark that, from a similar point of view, a sea-voyage is delightful. Nobody can knock at the door. If you are ill, nobody can look in, to condole; and how delightful *that* is sometimes — to escape being reminded that you are not well! On the other hand, you have your own delicious incapacities. You cannot knock at anybody else's door. If something nasty occurs to you, you cannot write it, and post it to a friend — who would be vexed by it. A masterly inactivity is forced

upon you. Your whole being lies fallow. Ceasing to plague and to be plagued; knowing that the great world gets on without your fretting and fuming about it; and yet retaining a keen sense of your own vitality, — oh, it must be a pleasant situation. A keen sense of your own vitality you *must* have, for the mind puts forth an immense fresh elasticity of power in the presence of vast suggestive spaces, and magnificent sights and sounds, such as are round it on the great deep: and yet there is rest, and a triumphant immunity.

The forced repose which accompanies very severe illness, or confinement to the house on a wet day, or the recovery from a swoon, brings with it something of the same soothing effect. In the midst of a heavy personal trouble, or a serious enterprise, which seems to demand the most strenuous effort on your own part, you are suddenly stricken with illness. The oars drop from your hands, and the boat — does it stop? No, thank God, it pulls through, it gets safely past the rapids, and you have to reflect, amid the fretfulness of returning health, what a useless, unimportant fellow you are. Or again. For days past you have been earnestly working your affairs up to a certain point for a certain day, "sharp." Perhaps you have even fixed the hour at which a particular iron shall be hot, and shall be struck by your energetic hand. On that day it comes on to rain, thunder, and lighten so furiously that all the world stays indoors, and you, not being quite well, feel that you must. The next day, you go out with the intention of taking up the broken thread and working it into your scheme, but find that the course of events has superseded your ingenious activity, and your efforts are not required. Not unfrequently the new turn which things have taken is felicitous, but let it be clearly understood that this does not condemn your activity, or show that it could, have been spared. It may not *appear* to have any connection with the result, but you and I do not know quite everything, and there may be a real though invisible connection between things the most remote.

Taking care not to draw the false moral from anything of this kind that happens in our lives, we may yet draw the right one. How much have we all suffered, as some French epigrammatist says, in rhyme, from evils that never occurred! How exaggerated are some of our strivings! Napoleon, as we have all read, used to leave his letters unopened for days, and then find with cynical joy, on breaking their seals at last, that

the majority had answered themselves. Of course this might and would happen in more ways than one. For instance, the poor sick man's letter, begging the loan of a sovereign to buy food with, has clearly answered itself, if at the end of a week you find the sick man is dead and are quite sure the widow will not come to ask you for a sovereign towards the funeral expenses. But, in the majority of the instances in which the letters no longer want answering, it is pretty certainly because the writers were over-urgent about things which have arranged themselves without interference. The fact is, we get upon inclined planes in our little affairs, and become heated with the "wind of our own speed," and then of course we exaggerate the consequence of our own efforts, and of what others can do for us. But we must not allow this sort of reflection upon life to suggest the foolish and wicked paradox that indifference stands as good a chance as energy. Nobody who loves the truth ever pushes this suggestion beyond a joke. Drunkards and fools do escape strange pitfalls, and do fall into the laps of easy fortunes: but the very surprise the thing occasions is enough to indicate its place in the classification of events.

Scarcely anything in life is so sweet to me as the repose of Sunday—the soothing suggestions of its devouter offices, its silence, its calm, its immunities. Defoe, when he was in difficulties, was called the Sunday gentleman, because he only went abroad upon the day on which bailiffs had no power; but others, not in difficulties, may be permitted to rejoice in the certainty of being let alone on Sundays. For my part, I have never, since I can recollect at all, awoken on a Sunday morning without a sense of triumph in the quiet hours that were before me. Sunday was always the day on which I rose early, in order to have as much as possible of its peace and sweetness. It is still the same with me. No postman comes to-day, with his double knock. No butcher rings the bell for orders. No carts go clattering through the streets. Even the doctor seems to find less to do. And now, in these soft, unfretted moments, causes of irritation seem less than they did yesterday; we pause upon the momentous step: the bent bow of half-angry energy is relaxed: the mist of passion has time to thin away a little: we come to the end of the gentle day with a pang, and go to bed with a regretful thought that to-morrow is Monday. I say *we*, feeling sure that my own experience cannot be solitary—but it is mine, and much more keenly mine than the pen can

tell you. The influence of an enforced pause in clearing the mind may be great. How often does it happen that we fail to see because we look too hard. We *look at the picture*, or the landscape; we attack it, so to speak, with our eyes; and we miss the beauty of it. But another day, when we are a little relaxed in our will, the landscape or the picture is permitted to look at us, and the calm receptivity of a languor, enforced it may be by illness, takes in the loveliness we missed when we were at pains to see.

These things are commonplaces of human experience, and to speak of them is not to teach, but to recite what is known. Not less familiar, and not less interesting as a topic of meditation, is the importance of placing a solid block of oblivion, if possible, between any great shock of pain or disappointment, and our next effort. True or not, that is a good story which relates how some one, suddenly overthrown and baffled in his career, told his valet to give him forty drops of laudanum, and let him sleep till he awoke of his own accord. That sounds very like suicide; but the truth is, if short enforced pauses could always be secured, the temptation to suicide would be removed. Believe it who please, I do not believe that the science of anaesthetics is even in its infancy, as yet. Not opium nor chloroform, not poppies nor mandragora, not drowsy syrups; but something, something has yet to be won from the secrets of the borderland upon which Psychology and Physiology knock their heads together in the twilight. It is, doubtless, a most shy and recondite something. The mesmerist, the hypnotist, and the magician have not hit it. Nor did that celebrated gentleman, an Indian officer I think, who had acquired the knack of stopping the beating of his own heart, and at last performed the experiment once too often. But when, upon my pronouncing the exquisite word *anodyne*, some rude fellow speaks of ether on lump-sugar, or an opium pill, I own I feel a little insulted. I did once begin a recipe—*Take equal quantities of rippling water, true love, falling rose-leaves, firm faith, sweet music, swan's down*—ah! I shall never finish it till some enforced pause in my affairs gives me the requisite leisure. But that so beautiful a word as *anodyne* must have an equivalent in fact and nature, is so highly probable that one cannot easily relinquish all hope of finding it. Can it lie concealed in the crypt which hides the squared circle, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life? There *was* a charm—but Merlin told it to Vivien in



Broceliande! There *was* a charm — but it was a charm to waken, and not to soothe; so she awoke, and went across the hills with him, leaving the story of her slumber to fascinate the sweet poet: —

“Well, were it not a pleasant thing  
To fall asleep with all one’s friends;  
To pass with all our social ties  
To silence from the paths of men;  
And every hundred years to rise,  
And leave the world, and sleep again,  
To sleep thro’ terms of mighty wars,  
And wake on science grown to more,  
On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
As wild as aught of fairy-lore;  
And all that else the years will show,  
The Poet-forms of stronger hours,  
The vast Republics that may grow,  
The Federations and the Powers; . . .  
So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
Thro’ sunny decades new and strange,  
Or gay quinquennads, we would reap  
The flower and quintessence of change.”

There is a too-daring luxury in all this! There is an excess of certainty about it; and yet a terror of uncertainty. As for me, I should never sleep if I knew I was wound up, like an alarm, to wake at a given time. On the other hand, there might be a mistake: the prince might never find his way to the palace. No: my anodyne must be something far simpler. It must be uncertain in the duration of its effects, but it must not last longer than while one might stay in an easy-chair, or in bed, with decency, and without exciting the coroner to hold an inquest. As for sleeping a century, or five centuries — a “gay quinquenniad” — it seems absurd to go to bed for that: one ought to have a proper vault in a cemetery. Let us, as Sydney Smith said, take short views. Nathaniel Hawthorne maintained that what the world at present needed was a nap; and that moderate expression just lifts off the purpose for which I want somebody to discover an anodyne. In the meanwhile, I am not always thankful to those who, in their anxiety to “save time,” are skilful in shortening the enforced pauses of life. I am by no means always desirous to make a journey short; on the contrary, I often wish it to last as long as possible; and as for Sunday — if anybody could succeed in turning the one which will dawn to-morrow into a sabbatic year, I should thank him with every pulse of my being.

From the Examiner.

*English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity.* By W. J. C. Moens. In two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

MR. MOENS tells, in this book, of his life among the brigands in the mountains near Salerno, as their prisoner until the payment of the heavy ransom asked for himself and his friend, Mr. Aynsley. The captors having abated of their first demands, the ransom finally paid, in equal shares by himself and Mr. Aynsley, was 5100*l*. Mr. Aynsley, as everybody knows, was the one released to find the gold, for payment of which to the banditti, Mr. Moens was retained as hostage. Here then is a man with a good story to tell. It does not follow as a common law of nature that he happens to know how to tell it; but for the comfort of all who would like to make an honest story about robbers, full of adventure, recent and quite true, part of their Christmas reading, be it known that Mr. Moens does know how to tell his tale. He tells it faithfully and simply.

His preface wins the reader by a reality of tone free from all *fanfaronnade* of the bookmaker. He disclaims literary pretensions of every sort, only he has something to tell, and has endeavoured, he says, to tell it “as simply as possible.” But he has also friends to thank for sympathy and aid, and these he thanks in his preface genially, adding naturally: “When I calmly reflect upon the truly noble and unselfish acts that have been done in my behalf by so many persons, I feel inclined to rejoice in my past sufferings and misfortunes.” The sufferings were at the time often sore and perilous, but Mr. Moens tells his story without any feeble self-commiseration. His account has the fulness necessary to the giving of a true impression, but there is not a line in the book of fine writing. He has something to say, and says it without waste of energy upon digression into irrelevant facts or far-fetched ideas; and that is the only way to make a good book, whether one do, or whether one don’t, lay claim to special literary skill.

Mr. Moens is joined in the telling of his story by the wife, who in her suspense during his days of peril, shared his suffering, and was at the centre of the efforts made for his release.

First, then, it is Mrs. Moens, who tells in a chapter or two how their Italian travel was begun in Sicily. She records what she had heard in Palermo, of the audacity of the Sicilian Banditti, and tells how on the very day after their trip to Monte Pellegrino, a Sicilian gentleman driving with a friend on the same road, was carried off by brigands. From Palermo the travellers went to Messina, Mr. Moens amusing himself with photographing. While they were at Messina there was an eruption of Etna, and Mr. Moens becomes now the diarist of two ascents of Etna. On the second ascent while taking, from Monte Crisimo, an old crater, some photographic views of the two craters that were belching steam and smoke, Mr. and Mrs. Moens were accosted by Sicilian bandits. Seven or eight of them armed with guns, says Mr. Moens, "came and stood close behind me as I had my head under the black cloth, while developing the view of the lava I had just taken; and I do not think a photograph was ever taken under more disturbing influences." However, they preferred learning the travellers' route, and catching them when they had more profitable luggage than a photographic box. Warned next day of the ambush prepared for them, Mr. and Mrs. Moens changed their route, carefully concealing until the last moment the fact that they designed to do so.

Now it is Mr. Moens who tells how they went to Catania, and thence by steamer to Syracuse, where they first met the Rev. J.C. Murray Aynsley and his wife. From Syracuse, by the weekly boat, Mr. and Mrs. Moens and Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley went together to Girgenti. Soon afterwards they left Sicily for Naples, and thence on the 14th of May went by rail to Salerno, for a visit to the ruins of Pæstum. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Aynsley being still in their company. It was between Salerno and Pæstum in a carriage with three horses and jingling bells, and on a road traversed daily by parties visiting the temples, that Mr. Moens and Mr. Aynsley fell among brigands. Two Italian gentlemen had been captured on the same road only a week before, and on the way to Pæstum some Italian soldiers, without giving any warning of a special danger, joined the carriage and rode by its side. One of the soldiers remained with them during the day while Mr. Moens amused himself in taking photographs of the temples. The carriage came, nearly two hours later than it had been ordered, to take the party back to Salerno, and by that time the soldiers were all gone. So they drove homeward, jesting about brigands, and af-

fecting terror at all gloomy corners of the road till they were weary of the subject. Then Mrs. Moens, who is journalist here, fell asleep, and was roused by Mrs. Aynsley's exclamation, "Here really are the brigands at last!" A band of thirty of them pointing their guns, were closing round the carriage from the fields on both sides of the road. They required the two gentlemen in the carriage to come down, and when they had done so gathered about them and marched off with them. Then we read of the anguish of the wives. The brigands had promised to restore their husbands to them in a quarter of an hour. Sometimes, having extorted promises of money, they had soliberated captives. The carriage remained on the spot. At the end of a quarter of an hour, there came up a troop of thirty mounted soldiers, to whom the forlorn wives cried, "The Brigands have taken our husbands!" Having learnt which way to go, the soldiers galloped off in hot pursuit. Time passed and the ladies took refuge in a room over the stables of a wretched house, from the curious crowd of excited peasantry; among whom was the village doctor — true Galen of Italy — vehement in his desire that they should let him bleed them.

The diary of Mr. Moens is continued then to the deadly disappointment of seeing Mr. Aynsley return unaccompanied. What story he had to tell is told in the first pages of the diary of Mr. Moens, which now follows, and which begins the very interesting tale of life among Italian banditti. The captain of the band was Gaetano Manzo, and it was not till next day, when he had marched his prisoners, with two others caught in the fields almost at the same time, far from the place of their capture that there was a council held upon the subject of ransom. Says Mr. Moens —

When we heard the sum demanded, we looked at each other with horror — 100,000 ducats, equal to 17,000*l.* After a few minutes' conversation with Sentonio, a tall clumsy ruffian with black eyes, hair, and beard, Manzo reduced it to 50,000 ducats, or 8,500*l.* This sum, we said, was ridiculous, out of the question; but we were told, in spite of our protestations to the contrary, that we had 2,000,000 ducats each, and that we were great lords. We declared it was no use to trust to our wives to raise the money, as they did not speak the language, and that there were few English people at Naples, and no one would trust them as foreigners.

They then agreed to let one of us go for the money, and wanted us to decide which it should be; but we, knowing that whichever offered himself would be kept back, were silent. At last

we proposed to draw lots, so I took a small twig and broke it in two pieces, a short and a long piece, and we arranged that the holder of the short one was to remain with the band, and the holder of the longer piece was to go and get the money for both. I took the pieces of wood, and holding out my hand before me, I said to Mr. Aynsley, "Draw." He drew one, and left the other (which was the shorter of the two) in my hand. I must confess I felt as if I had been drawing for my life, and I had lost.

I had to make up my mind to my fate at once. Mr. Aynsley told me he did not know whether he could pay so much. I told him that I could, and that I would advance his half for him till arrangements could be made. I told him to apply to a friend whom I named, a member of the Stock Exchange, for 2,500*l.*, which I had left in his hands. I gave him other little directions, and told him to do all he could for my wife, placing her under his care. Our conversation was interrupted by the captain being called by the sentinel to come and look at about 100 soldiers walking along the road below. After a few minutes Mr. Aynsley and two men, to whom the letters of Luzzo and the other captive were given, were hurried away, Mr. Aynsley having to write to Luzzo's house.

I was put under the charge of four or five men, and ordered off to the rear. I turned round and saw Mr. Aynsley and his two guides walking down the hill. It was a trying moment. I was now driven on at a fast pace, and in a minute heard the report of a gun, the bullet whizzing over my head. This was from the soldiers whom Mr. Aynsley met almost immediately after leaving us. The brigands answered this, and there was a brisk fire. I tried to go off to the right, thinking an escape possible, but was turned immediately; my foot slipped, and I fell down some depth, for the mountain was very steep, and all the stones loose. I was very much shaken, and I thought my arm was broken. I could hardly move it, but I was made to get up, and to the cry "*Corre, corre,*" on we went.

The hill was very high, the base of it covered with fir-trees. I looked up, and saw the rest of the band lining the top of the hill in skirmishing order, firing as fast as they could. The shots of the soldiers now came rattling round us as we passed from bush to bush one by one; and for a quarter of an hour we had to run the gauntlet. At last we got to the bottom of the mountain, where we found a rushing torrent ten yards wide; the fire was too hot for hesitation, so one by one the brigands waded over. I had to follow; on I went, the water up to my waist, rushing, foaming over the stones, and the bullets splashing into it on all sides of me. I do believe the soldiers took special aim at me, the tallest of the party. My death would no doubt have saved them considerable trouble. Had it not been for my stick, I should have been carried away by the force of the stream; as it was, I had to cross in an oblique direction, landing on the other side only two yards above a waterfall of some height. The brigand who followed me was washed down, and went head over heels

over the fall, but he was not much hurt, and scrambled out below. The others passed over safely, and we hurried up the steep ascent over the other side for some considerable distance till we were concealed among the trees, and safe from the fire of the troops. I thanked God for my escape from my rescuers, and felt anything but charitably disposed towards their rulers, who ought years ago to have cleared their country from these ruffians, instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman.

We rested among the trees until nightfall. At sunset we saw about two hundred soldiers in a body ascending the opposite bank by a path from the stream. They cheered as they marched along. I turned to the brigands and said, "You have lost some comrades." They did not choose to admit this. After dark some more shots were heard, and the band was surprised again. The other prisoners managed to escape — lucky fellows — they were but small fry, and were forgotten in the excitement of the fight; but the greatest care was taken of me. I was never allowed a chance for a moment.

We shall not spoil the interest of the book by telling the adventures and experiences it relates so well. One illustration we may give of the degree of hardship endured.

The first week we were supplied at intervals of two or three days with a small quantity of meat half cooked. I came in for the under-done portions, for nothing an Italian dislikes so much as crudely cooked meat. No bread was procurable, with the exception of a very small piece of rye bread. This tasted to me most delicious, for with the exception of two mouthfuls of maize bread, we had had none for a fortnight. There was great grumbling at the diet, for we only had enough just to keep us from starving. I thought that here I might manage to wash a little, and commenced by taking off my boots in order to begin with my feet. I had washed one and was doing the same to the other, when that wretched Scope rushed at me and began hitting me with a stick he picked up, because I did not immediately put my sock on to my wet foot. I did not pay the slightest attention to him, and wiped my foot dry, and then put on my sock and boot, he continuing to strike me all the time. I told him that it did not hurt me, and I supposed it amused him (remembering an anecdote told once by a noble earl in the House of Lords with excellent effect), and I recommended him to take care what he did or I should complain to the captain. The others took my part, and though he did not repeat the offence he often threatened me, and I really was frequently in fear of my life by reason of his brutal disposition. One blow raised the skin on my forefinger, and I suppose the stick must have been in contact with some decayed matter. The wound became troublesome, and did not heal for three weeks, when I got some bread and made a poultice for it. The captain did not return at the end of the week, as he had promised; all the money was

gone, and no food came for three days. I was so hungry that I begged for some of the raw fat, three weeks old, that they had kept for the purpose of greasing their boots! This I forced down my throat, after masticating for a quarter-of-an-hour, but at the end of that time it was just as clammy as at first. I three times ate a little of this fearfully rancid stuff. At last one night, half a sheep was sent up to me, which four of the men took down again to cook, for Pavone, who stopped with me, would not have a fire made where we were. The greedy wretches cooked and ate nearly all of it, putting a quantity away in their pockets, and brought up a little to Pavone, but only gave to me a scraped legbone which Scope threw in my face, hurting me a good deal, it was perfectly raw, and had but very few signs of meat about it. I gnawed at this in the dark like a dog, eating as much of the sinewy appendages as I could manage to find and to bite; I then put it by also after the manner of dogs, till the morning, being too famished to lose so precious a morsel; but that dear brute Scope seeing it, took it away to see if he could make anything of it, though he had plenty of meat in his pocket, and finding nothing on it threw it at my head again. Not a morsel would the others give me; for two more days I had to go without food, or to take the raw and stinking fat again! Each day I had been getting weaker, and weaker, till at last my voice failed me, and I could only speak in the lowest whisper, as at last I lay stretched on the ground praying for death. On the morning of the 30th July Malone and Vicenzio were sent to get food at all hazards, for they saw I was in a bad state, and they all (particularly Pavone) were getting very queer for want of something to eat, but no one was so ill as I was. At about ten o'clock we heard a low whistle above us, and I saw Antonio coming down with something in his handkerchief slung on his gun. When he came to where Pavone was sitting he turned two loaves and a number of pears out of his pocket. I was so excited at the sight of this that I burst into tears at the goodness of God in sending food when I had quite given up hopes of life. I was too weak to go to the bread, and Antonio brought me three pears. I tried to say "pane," but I could not manage it, so pointed at the bread, which they gave me immediately; and by eating a small quantity at a time I soon felt better, and by the evening recovered my voice.

And here is an account of the passing of the prisoner out of the hands of his captors:

Though I had been promised that the guides would come at daybreak to take me away, five, six, seven o'clock came without their appearance, and I was in despair. Guange and Cane were with me, the former asking me not to speak of him at Naples, for he was well known there. I told him he need not fear my saying anything that would hurt him, for the authorities knew much more of him than I did, as I

did not know whether he was called by a nickname or not.

All at once, at about half-past seven, to my intense joy, Tedesco, Visconti's old shepherd, walked up from the place where Manzo and the others were. He was so pleased to see me that he would kiss me, and I had not the heart to refuse him. My first question was to inquire all about my wife, and I was deeply thankful to learn that she was quite well and had escaped all malaria fever, which is so prevalent in Naples in summer. He told me that he had been hunting everywhere for the band since the night of Sunday, the 20th, when the 3,000*l.* were paid. He had a companion to help him to carry the money, which weighed nearly forty pounds, and was as much as they could carry up the mountains; and that it was a most dangerous task, although they had been promised the protection of both the Italian and English Governments. They had run the greatest danger from the troops, who would certainly, he said, have shot them had they caught them carrying money to the brigands. He told me that he was worn out with the fatigue and hunger he had undergone during the last six days, not having slept once in a house all that time; and that he would have given up the search for the band had he not fallen in with them this morning, though he had vowed not to return without me. Last night he had slept on the other side of the mountain opposite us, not having the slightest idea that we were so close to him.

He now went back to Manzo, and sent an old woman, who proved to be Manzo's mother, to me; she had brought a small loaf of white bread and a little omelette for me, which luxuries seemed to be most delicious after the coarse fare I had been subjected to lately. It seemed very curious seeing any one in woman's dress, to which I had been a stranger for so long a time.

When the old lady went away, Manzo came to me, and sitting down, asked me what I should say to the Prefect when he questioned me about his band. I told him that I should tell him that he and his band of about thirty men had been a match for an army of 10,000 men, and that he had proved himself the cleverer of the two. This pleased him immensely, and he quite rubbed his hands with glee, and immediately gave me two rings, which I put on my fingers in brigand fashion. Contrary to his usual practice, he did not caution me against telling about the band and their proceedings, which greatly surprised me, for the Viscontis had been cautioned and threatened in the most violent manner should they say a word.

He now returned to his men, and I heard the chinking sound of their counting money, which I suppose was the sum he was to receive, which I heard mentioned the day before. At about eleven o'clock Manzo asked me if I should like to go; so I threw away all the warm clothing I had been carrying about with me so long, tied up in a handkerchief, and which had served me as a pillow at night since the 19th June. In



answer to my inquiries, Manzo informed me that he was well satisfied with the amount we had paid him. My macintosh coat I put in my pocket, and refusing the proffered kisses, shook hands all around with them, they parting with me in the most friendly way possible. Generoso added another to my stock of rings, making the number five. I recommended Manzo, for the future, not to take foreigners, but to confine his attention to his own countrymen, which would prove far better for him; for when a foreigner was taken it was in all the papers in the world and it compelled the Government to send so many soldiers that the brigands had very little chance of escaping capture.

I now stepped forward, accompanied by Tedesco and the mother of Manzo, all the brigands wishing me a pleasant journey, waving their arms to me while in sight. They were soon lost to view in the wood, and I walked on a free man, having been a captive in their hands 102 days, all which time I never entered any description of house, sleeping always in the open air on the hard ground!

It was one of those fearfully hot days, when, in a southern clime, everything looks copper-coloured, and when the slightest motion requires great exertion; but we had a long journey before us, and it was desirable to get to Giffone before dark, so on we went in the broiling sun. I felt this very much, for when I was with the band I had never *walked* once in the sun. Walking in the daytime was only attempted when in a dense forest, where it was impossible for the rays of the sun to penetrate. Up hill and down dale we walked; it seemed so curious to be able to walk in so open a manner, and from habit I kept looking round to see if any one were watching our motions. Tedesco gave me a piece of chocolate, which my late brother captive, Visconti, had kindly sent to me. He had often done so before, but the brigands had always eaten it, and never told me anything about it. Shirts, too, were sent up two or three times; but these in the same way had never reached me, but were worn by the lucky men who fell in with the guides.

I was in a desperate plight as regards dress; and though I cared little about my appearance when in the woods, I did not quite like showing myself at Giffone. I had, however, to put on a good face, and make the best of it. My trousers were all in tatters from catching in the brambles and bushes, and hanging in ribbons at the feet. My coat was covered with the fat and grease of the meat that I had had to carry in the pocket; and all the lining of the skirts was torn to shreds; while constantly sleeping and lying on the dirty ground had quite changed the original colour and pattern of the cloth. My wide-awake was dirty and torn. My shirt I had worn day and night since the 19th June; and my boots were all broken, and many of the seams unstitched. I am quite certain that none of my friends would have been able to recognize me; but I

cheered myself [with the news that a large warm bath would be ready for me on my appearance at Signor Visconti's house, where my friends had sent everything that I might require in the shape of dress.

It is almost unnecessary to describe the state of my body. I was covered with sores from the effect of the vermin, through the brigands having steadily refused to allow me to remove my clothing for washing purposes, and never allowing me to stop at a stream, for fear of the troops coming upon us before I could rearrange my dress.

From the Saturday Review.

#### ALPINE TRAVELLING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

NOTHING is more common in the upper valley of the Rhone than to pick up English money of all dates. It is, indeed, not English money alone that is picked up, as no country supplies a richer field for the numismatist who is curious in the coinage of any European country. The reason is plain; the Simplon was one main road for pilgrims going to Rome, and, as usual, they left coins of their several ages and countries on the way. Now in these days we look upon the passage of the Alps as quite a holiday business; we climb over them or drive over them; we expect soon to be whirled through them by an express train. It was not so in past times. Doubtless the business was then a much more serious one. That there was no passable road could be no matter of just complaint, ~~when~~ there was probably nothing that we should call a passable road between any two towns of England, France, or Germany. But, whether just ground of complaint or not, certainly the lack of roads must have made all travelling a more formidable business than it is now, and must have made Alpine travelling the most formidable of all. But this is not all. The taste for such travelling had not arisen; nobody crossed or climbed the Alps for pleasure; those who did it, did it as a hard necessity; the affairs of their nation or their community, or the welfare of their own souls, led them to the effort, but, as far as any pleasure was concerned, they would much rather have stayed at home. Here lies the main difference between modern and mediæval travelling; the one is a matter of pleasure, the other was a matter of business. The nations of Europe had, in those days, in one way less,

and in another more, intercourse with one another than they have now. Setting aside mercantile travellers in both periods, there can be no doubt that the number of persons who travelled then because they had real business to travel about was much larger than it is now. Diplomacy then required much more moving about than it does now. Much that can be done now by a single messenger carrying a bag by railway, sometimes even by a single flash of the telegraph wires, then involved tedious journeys to and fro on the part of diplomatic agents themselves. Kings too, at least in England and Germany, never stayed long in one place, and ambassadors had sometimes to hunt them from one corner of their kingdoms to another. Again, when the King of England was sovereign of nearly half France, when the King of Germany was also Roman Emperor, a vast deal of going to and fro followed between people who, though in a manner fellow-subjects, were not, any the more for that, fellow-countrymen. But the main causes for going about in those days arose out of the ecclesiastical condition of the times. The doctrine of pilgrimages did a great deal. The belief that it was a good work to go to Jerusalem or Rome or Canterbury or Compostella took a great many people to all those places who now would not travel at all, and caused a great many others to travel, as a matter of the gravest business, who would now travel only as a matter of amusement. But even more was done by the dependence of all the churchmen of Western Europe on the See of Rome. It was the policy of the Popes to draw the ecclesiastics of all nations as much as possible to the common centre. Archbishops, for instance, were made to go in person to receive the pallium. All sorts of suits and appeals came before the Pope and the Papal Courts, and involved a prodigious amount of going to and fro. The great principle of Papal government — one perhaps not peculiar to Papal Government — seems to have been to be always inquiring into everything and never to settle anything. The unlucky disputants had to send deputies after deputies, the Popes themselves sent legates after legates, till half Europe had been traversed a score of times in some dispute between this and that monastery, or between this Bishop and his Chapter. When we remember how the ecclesiastical corporations of those days were always quarrelling, and how every quarrel involved running backwards and forwards from Rome to Scotland or Norway or Portugal, we shall easily see that the amount of

travelling with real business in view was incomparably greater than it is now. The men sent on such errands were very often shrewd and observant persons who made the most of their opportunity. They did not travel, as men do now, for amusement or because it was the fashion; they did not travel, as men did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the set purpose of improving and enlarging their minds; but there can be no doubt that their minds were greatly enlarged and improved by the process. It was then impossible to scamper through a country, and the very tediousness of the journey rendered it more profitable. The churchmen of Western Europe formed one great brotherhood, and the English monk or canon who had business at Rome was entertained by, or fell in with, numbers of his brethren in France, Burgundy, and Lombardy. The most intelligent classes in each country were brought far more into contact with one another than they are now; and the common use of the Latin language made them hardly strangers to one another. There was more mutual ignorance among the mass of each nation than there is now; but there was far more mutual knowledge among those who mainly engrossed the learning and transacted the public business of the age.

But of pure taste for the picturesque, at any rate of taste for mountain scenery, we find not a trace. Indeed this whole class of feeling is very modern. Lord Macaulay has some remarks upon the subject which are true as far as they go, but which do not touch the root of the matter. He graphically contrasts the horror with which people looked at the Scotch mountains a hundred and fifty years back, and the delight with which people look at them now. People could not admire them as long as, besides the risk of breaking one's neck, there was the further risk of being robbed and murdered by Highland marauders. No doubt this is perfectly true as regards a large class. But it is not the whole truth. First of all, there is now, and there was not then, a class to whom the risk of a broken neck is positively attractive, and whom the risk, in some parts of the world, of being robbed and murdered, does not wholly deter. Secondly, in cases where mountain scenery could always be admired without danger, people used not to care about it, and now they do. Save when the French armies were there in 1798, there has not been for ages any risk of being robbed or murdered on the Minster Terrace at Bern. People of all classes and all nations stand there and ad-

mire the Alps. But the old Bernese patricians did not care to look at them. They made their windows look into the street, and turned the less honourable parts of their houses towards the Jungfrau and her companions.

Alpine travelling then, in old times, was in no way a pleasure, but pre-eminently a toil. A mountain was a thing which it took a great deal of trouble to get up and down, and where, when you had got to the top, you were frightfully cold. One need not pick out an exceptional case like the terrible passage of Mount Cenis over the snow of January by the Emperor Henry the Fourth, his Queen, and her new-born child. He would be a hardy mountaineer even now who would undertake such a journey, unless a soul or an Empire were at stake. Take more ordinary cases. In 959, Ælfsige, Archbishop of Canterbury, set out for Rome to seek for his pallium. Our best historian tells us, in a matter-of-fact way, that he died of the ice and snow among the Alps. There is some American story in which "another Judge has been lost by bees" is recorded as the most commonplace event in the world. Perhaps in the tenth century, "another Bishop has been lost in the snow" struck people as not a whit more wonderful. To be sure, later and more romantic writers make a miracle of it. The Archbishop had trodden irreverently on the tomb of a sainted predecessor; so his feet got so cold that nothing could warm them except being plunged into the bowels of newly-slain horses, and even that could not save him. But let us take the feelings of an Alpine traveller in the twelfth century as recorded by himself. John of Bremble, Monk of Christ Church, a clever man of business, a shrewd observer, and a humorous describer, goes to Rome, and that not once or twice merely, in the course of the interminable quarrel between Archbishop Baldwin and his monks about the foundation of the College at Hackington. Brother John writes to the Subprior, and sets forth how he felt at the top of "Mons Jovis" or the Great Saint Bernard. He looked up indeed to the heavens of the mountains, and looked down on the hell of the valleys, and so far felt himself nearer heaven, and thought that his prayers were more sure to be heard. But let no one fancy that Brother John looked on the mountains as heavenly, or like heaven, in any sense but that of physical elevation. Not at all; when he begins to pray, he uses the exactly opposite comparison. He prays that he may be restored to his brethren that

he may warn them never to come to this place of torment. "For I may well," he goes on, "call it a place of torment, where the marble of ice makes a pavement of the stony earth, where you cannot plant your foot firmly, where you cannot set it down at all without danger, and in a wonderful way, you cannot stand on the slippery surface, and you fall down on certain death if you slip." John of Bremble, though an Alpine traveller, had certainly no claim to a place among the members of the Alpine club. He was a man of business, going across the Alps on business, and, even on Mons Jovis, he wanted to write home to his brethren at Canterbury. So he put his hand in his bag to take out his inkstand; but his ink was all frozen, and his hand was too benumbed to write. His beard was thick with ice; his very breath was turned into ice as it came out of his mouth. So he got away from the place of torment as fast as he could, and his spirits seem not to have come back to him till, after going, as he says, through a thousand deaths, he found himself at Rome.

Now it must in fairness be added that John of Bremble's journey, like the Emperor Henry's, was made in the winter; but there is surely here enough to show that he would not have greatly enjoyed an Alpine ascent, even in the midst of summer. But then Kings of the Romans and Monks of Christ Church, travelling with serious objects in view, could not choose their time like holiday travellers, and had to cross in winter or summer as might happen. Frederick Barbarossa crossed, in quite another part, and in an opposite direction from either Henry or John of Bremble, in the beginning of September, on his return from his coronation at Rome. In this case Lord Macaulay's view is fully realized. We do not know what Frederick or his historian Bishop Otto might have thought of the Alps if they could have contemplated them in safety; they clearly looked on them with simple horror when they were set upon by robbers or patriots, as we please to call them, in a narrow pass not far from Verona. The mountains are to Otto in such a case something very dreadful indeed. We hear of the "*fauces montium, saxumque fortissimum prope in declivo rupis inaccessibilem servans viam*;" of a "*rupes, eminentia sua terribilis, et fragosis locis saxorumque asperitate quasi inaccessibilis*." The same rock again is held to be "*cunctis mortalibus impermeabilis, solis avibus pervia*"—"tanta fuit saxi eminentia, tanta fuit hispide rupis scabrosa malitia." No doubt all this

was very awkward when military operations had to be carried on in such places, and when Caesar and his fortunes depended on the result of those operations. Bishop Otto does not seem, like Brother John, even to have felt for his inkstand; the Alps were to him simply a place from which it was a great matter to get away alive.

Yet these men were the very opposite to stupid or unobservant. The wideness and keenness of Otto's view of things is wonderful in his age, and would be honourable in any age. And, if any man ever went through the world with his eyes wide open, it was John of Bremble. He may be said to be the hero of Mr. Stubbs's second volume of documents of the reign of Richard the First. He is one of those writers who, by their fierce denunciations of the iniquities of the Roman Court, make us sometimes wonder that the Reformation did not come sooner. As with every other honest Englishman or German, as with St. Thomas of Canterbury among the foremost, the name of Roman is, as in the days of Lindprand, a synonym for everything that was bad. Exeter Hall itself might learn new flowers of anti-Papal rhetoric from many a devout monk or priest of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But the truth is that this vehemence of language proves nothing, or rather it proves the intense faith with which they believed in the ideal Papal supremacy. They took the divine authority of the See of Rome so thoroughly for granted, it so little occurred to them that it was a thing which could possibly be spoken against, that

any amount of reviling of the concrete Pope, and still more of his concrete ministers, in no way affected their devotion to the ideal Papacy. It is the old story of Papirius offering Jupiter the cup of mulled wine; irreverence, whether in a Papirius, a John of Bremble, or a Spurgeon, by no means implying unbelief, but rather the most undoubting faith. They are all so sure of their position that they may take liberties. For it is not only with the Pope that John of Bremble takes liberties. He was undoubtedly a devout man, but he jokes on the subject of his very prayers, and brings in a Scriptural allusion on a very solemn subject in a way which many people would now think highly irreverent. He did not really think that he was nearer heaven, or that his prayers were more likely to be heard, on the top of the Great St. Bernard than on the level ground of Canterbury. Our modern notion is to treat religion and all that concerns it with a kind of distant respect. To a mediæval monk religion and all that concerned it were his profession, the daily business of his life, something that was anything but distant to him. If a good man, he believed fervently and practised conscientiously; but his religious belief and religious practice had nothing mysterious about them; they were everyday matters of which he was always thinking and talking, and on which he could therefore venture a joke without danger to his soul's health or the possibility of scandal among his brethren.

#### LITTLE FEET.

LITTLE feet, so glad and gay,  
Making music all the day;  
Tripping merrily along,  
Filling all my heart with song;  
Well I love your music sweet;  
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know  
Just what way these feet must go;  
Praying oft that all be fair,  
No thorns, no roughness anywhere;  
That flow'rs may spring their steps to greet  
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod  
Through thorns and briars the nearer GOD;  
Though weak in faith, still I would dare  
To offer up the earnest prayer  
That CHRIST would choose what'er is meet;  
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night,  
And kiss them with a new delight,  
Believing that where'er they go,  
My tender LORD will lead them so,  
They'll walk, at length, the golden street,  
Patter, patter, little feet.

ROCHESTER, NOV. 12, 1865. *Rural New-Yorker.*



From the Churchman's Family Magazine.

MR. AND MISS SEWELL.

AUTHORS OF HAWKESTONE, MARY HERBERT, ETC.

THOROUGHLY to appreciate the influence which has been exercised upon religious creeds by works of fiction, it is necessary to go back about one quarter of a century, when a party was flourishing in the Church of England peculiarly adapted to receive aid from the hands of the imagination. We mean the Anglo-Catholic party; which, based on a solid substratum of historical truth in the teaching of men of sense and learning, was nothing more than a society for the promotion of classical *tableaux vivants* and ecclesiastical masquerades among empty-headed young vicars and sentimental or designing young ladies. The whole of this section — the dressy section of the High Church party, as it may be called — dwelt with fervour upon the piety and poetry of the middle ages; and filled their minds with images of knightly saints and holy abbots; of consecrated maids and pale young priests; of picturesque monasteries, deep hidden among woods and waters, and wave-washed convents, on the rocks "of Holy Isle or Lindisfarne." As auxiliaries to this wing of the Anglican host, uprose on every side a multitude of ecclesiastical novels: like the minstrels, the jugglers, and the fortune-tellers, who followed in the wake of a great feudal army. Foremost among the writers whose amusing and interesting stories were dedicated to the surplice and the altar, were the lady and gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. But before we proceed to give an account of their contributions to the cause, we may be permitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of that celebrated man the Rev. William Sewell, formerly senior Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, subsequently the Principal of Radley College, an institution which he himself founded, and now, with blighted hopes and broken fortunes, gazing sadly upon the wreck of that noble vessel, of whose crew he was so zealous a member.

We remember Mr. Sewell well. Twenty years ago he occupied as influential a position in the University of Oxford as any man then living. He was senior Tutor and virtually Dictator of one of its largest colleges. His undoubted eloquence, his unerring logic, which *would* not be denied, and his general intellectual powers, more than justified the admiration entertained for him by a host of undergraduate disciples. His conciliating manners, when he chose to assume them; his native humour, which was

considerable; and a reputation for austerity, which was never proved to be groundless, added greatly to the strength of his position, and caused certain minor deficiencies in both his scholarship and his judgment to be generally overlooked. In philosophy he was a staunch Platonist, and from his favourite author had derived, not only the foundations of his own religious creed, but even a manner of speaking, and we might almost add, a peculiar intonation, which all who knew him must remember. When he laid his hand upon the shoulder of some favourite pupil, and spoke to him in that appealing and persuasive voice which he could command at will, none who heard him could fail to be reminded of the well-known 'ἀλλ' ὁ φίλε Πλάτων in which Socrates so often addresses his disciple in the dialogue "De Republica." In theology, Mr. Sewell was the champion — perhaps the greatest champion it has ever had — of that *via media*, the history whereof has lately been written by Dr. Newman. Far more than either Pusey, or Palmer, or Wilberforce, or Keble, or Williams, did Sewell for the cause he loved. But it was no use. The stone was doomed to be rolled down the hill again, as often as it was rolled up. The Anglican idea, after struggling manfully to take root in this inclement climate, confessed itself a practical failure. The fact is, it was too true to work. There was not sufficient alloy in it to make it a current sovereign. It was so narrow a path that only ecclesiastical bricklayers could walk along it without becoming giddy. And it has now given place to a debased but more useful working form of High Churchism, which it is greatly to its credit to have made possible, and to have prepared men's minds for accepting. It was, however, at the moment when this *via media* seemed upon the point of triumphing, that Mr. Sewell did that which alone entitles him to a place in this article — he wrote the novel of "Hawkestone."

This work was published anonymously; and it is a curious circumstance — curious, at least, when we think of this gentleman as he now is — that it was generally attributed to Mr. Gladstone. Those were the days when "Gladstone upon Church and State" was still a text-book with the High Church Tory party; and it is, therefore, not surprising that a tale which represented their ideal both in religion and in politics should have been assigned to its author. However, the supposition was an error; and the truth gradually becoming known, added greatly, of course, to Mr. Sewell's reputation among all those persons whose views.

coincided with his hero's—the pattern Christian gentleman whom “Ernest Villiers” was intended to represent.

If “Hawkestone” was unduly admired at the time as a perfect exposition of the Anglican theory, and of the duties of laymen towards the Church, it has been unduly neglected since, regarded purely as a work of fiction. The plot, indeed, is too intricate, and too imperfectly worked out, to be entitled to the highest praise. But in the course of the story occur passages of as brilliant writing, and scenes of as strong dramatic interest, as are to be found in the best contemporary novelists. The hero is a young English gentleman, heir to an entailed estate, who at the opening of the novel is residing in Italy in close attendance upon his invalid father, General Villiers, a man of irritable and despotic temperament, who tries his son's patience to the utmost. While in this situation, young Villiers falls in love with, and privately marries, the daughter of an Italian market-gardener, who is made a reduced nobleman to accommodate the fastidiousness of Villiers, who could never have cast eyes of affection upon any one but a born lady. It so happened that before Villiers became acquainted with her, she had been beloved by his father's valet, an Englishman, but a Jesuit spy of the worst stamp, who, rendered furious by the loss, swears the most deadly vengeance against his master's son, which he is occupied in carrying out to the last day of his life. He begins well by spiriting away Villiers' infant child, after his mother had died of a decline, and thereby throwing the unfortunate widower into a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. On his recovery he returned to England, and his father, who had been dead some time, having disinherited him, he took service in the army. But this episode of his life is very briefly hurried over. The disinheriting turns out to be illusory; and the second act of the drama finds Villiers seated on his ancestral acres at Hawkestone Priory.

During Villiers' sojourn in Italy, he had been exposed to all the artifices which the Roman Church knows how to employ for the sake of gaining converts. But he had stood firm against them all, and was only the more penetrated with a profound sense of the dishonesty and wickedness which Popery in its worst forms encourages and uses. At the same time, there is a certain Lady Eleanor, a beautiful cousin, residing not far from Hawkestone, and still a member of the Romish Church, between whom and Villiers some love passages would seem to have

passed, before he fell in with the fair Pauline, and who, now that the latter is dead, appears to be in a fair way of resuming her sway over his heart. She, however, will not marry a heretic, nor he a Romanist. It is on Villiers' supposed attachment to her, that the emissaries of the Church of Rome still rely for effecting his conversation.

The town of Hawkestone is described as a prosperous manufacturing place, in which all things most hateful to the Anglo-Catholic and Tory mind, do flourish and abound: Dissent, Evangelicism, Romanism, commercial speculation, radicalism, Peelie conservatism, and Mechanics' Institutes. Nor far from the town lies “the Forest,” formerly what the name implies, but now given up to iron-foundries and other works; inhabited by a race of men little better than savages, churchless, godless, and lawless. Such is the neighbourhood which Villiers is to reform and regenerate. All these elements of evil are sketched by Mr. Sewell with a master's hand. His sarcasms upon popular Protestantism are perhaps too bitter. His invectives against the Church of Rome are perhaps too violent. But it is impossible to deny the wit, the power, and the general fidelity of the whole picture. The rector of Hawkestone is a paralytic. The curate is a Low Churchman, one Bentley, a well meaning but weak man, who is the innocent cause of Villiers becoming mixed up with an outbreak in the forest aforesaid, where he is besieged by a furious mob for five hours, and is ultimately rescued by a troop of dragoons, just as the floor of the room in which the little garrison is assembled is burning under their feet. The whole of this scene—the events in the forest which led to it; the meetings of the rioters; the attack and defence of the inn; and the escape from fire which concludes it—are, we make bold to say, equal to anything of the kind in the English language. We are sure our readers will thank us for giving them a few extracts in confirmation of this eulogy. We are to suppose the mob—not indeed a mere mob, but to some extent drilled and disciplined—drawn up in front of the hotel and demanding the surrender of certain obnoxious persons sheltered within it. Villiers has spoken to them, at first with some little effect, but finally to bring upon himself only a tempest of stones and hisses.

“ ‘Now then,’ he said to Brown, ‘all of you to your posts!’ He drew his head within the window, closed down the sash, and begged Be-

van to put up the mattresses against it again, so as to leave a space from which, with his own pistols, he could command the entrance. It was the only window in the house where this was possible. 'Now go to the side walls. Charge the men to keep their fire as I have ordered, and on no account to fire promiscuously, where they may hurt women or children. Ask Mrs. Bonsor to come to me: it will initiate her in her duties to put a little lint on this hurt, which is a mere trifle.' It was done chiefly to relieve her mind by giving her some occupation; and the poor woman was aroused from the stupor of terror into which she had fallen, and began to bustle about, with Mary, for lint and rags, pleased with the thought of being useful, and relieved from much of her apprehension for the future by finding that the wound was of so little moment. Meanwhile, the firing of the pistol was the signal for the first attack. Twelve huge savage foundrymen, each wielding an enormous crowbar, with which they break open their furnaces, detached themselves from the front of the mob, and advanced to the door. Two blows were levelled on it, but failed to demolish it, but as the third man was poising his bar, and levelling against the lock, eight tongues of flame leaped out of the side walls, amidst a volume of smoke and discharge of musketry. The smoke cleared off. Six of the ringleaders were dead upon the ground: two others had been wounded; and amidst a yell, partly of terror and surprise, and partly of fury, the whole mass of assailants had recoiled, and left the space in front of the inn quite clear.

"I will make one more effort," said Villiers, gazing from the window on the sad sight beneath him. 'They have obeyed me well — have singled out the ringleaders, and marked them. It may be that Heaven will still touch their hearts, and we may be spared more of this frightful bloodshed.' He threw up the window again, and endeavoured to make himself heard. But the moment he appeared the uproar became terrific; several shots were fired at him, amidst a volley of stones; and Bevan dragged him back into the room.

"It is hopeless," he said. 'When blood has once been shed, a mob becomes a monster of ferocity. The battle must be fought out. Bear me witness that I have done all in my power to spare life.'

"He had no time, however, to say more. The assailants had consulted together, and gathering themselves in a dense column, they rushed, with a hideous cry, up to the front of the house. Once more the fire from the flanking walls opened upon them, and every shot told. Villiers himself, from his post at the window, fixed upon the most conspicuous of the assailants, and his aim rarely missed. From the attics the boys hurled down their paving-stones upon a mass of heads, on which every missile did execution. The women themselves, kindled with the excitement, now joined in the defence; and arming themselves with kettles of boiling water, and pails of scalding liquor from

the brewhouse, poured them upon the eyes and faces of the pitmen, till they shrieked with agony. Body after body fell, and was trampled on by the advancing column, who, untouched as yet by the fire of the musketry, were not aware of the danger of approaching till they were close to the house, and there, excluded from retreat, aimed their ineffectual blows at the doors and windows, and then sank and were trodden down in a mass of carnage. Pressed and jammed together, they were unable to use their arms or to receive orders. In vain Wheeler, and others in command, endeavoured to make the advancing body recede, that there might be scope for a more regular attack. Everything was confusion and uproar; howlings of the wounded and dying; shriekings and horrible imprecations, as the torrents of boiling stuff were poured suddenly on their upturned faces; blasphemous outcries, which none but demons would have uttered; and rising above all, threats of the most horrible vengeance against Villiers, and all around him. At last their efforts succeeded. The panels of the door were smashed to atoms; the windows, the shutters, framework — all were demolished. A breach, it seemed, was made into the house; but to the disappointment of the attackers, both the passage and the rooms had been so filled with mattresses, drawers, and chests, and light chairs piled up to the ceiling, over which it was impossible to climb, that they were as far removed from their object as at first. Wheeler himself, furious when he found himself thus baffled, at last succeeded in forcing his men back from an unavailing attempt, in which life after life was sacrificed without their being able to touch the defenders of the little fortress. Once more the mass recoiled; the space before the house was cleared; and as Villiers looked down upon it again, now piled with corpses and heaps of mutilated and wounded bodies, groaning with pain, the clock struck four. Two hours were past of the four on which he had calculated to hold out. There was a pause — a silence as awful as the dead, breathless calm between the bursts of a hurricane. And Villiers sank into a chair, and burst into a flood of tears."

After the rioters have drawn off, Villiers and his party are left in the upper rooms of the burning house, from which there is no escape but by the windows, and there is nobody to set up a ladder for them.

"A few minutes more must bring the troops to them, but the delay of a minute might be fatal, and it might be some time before they could be discerned; and Villiers rose to go to another window, and endeavour to enlarge the opening to give more air. As he looked out from it he observed the leaden cistern. It was a considerable distance beneath him; but he resolved to venture. The cords of the bed were taken out, knots were tied in them, one end was made fast round a bedstead, and in the midst of the inexpressible anxiety of all who gathered to watch

his descent, he climbed through the window and slid down the rope. It swung fearfully as it received the weight; but he had been accustomed in youth to gymnastic exercises, and, setting his feet against the wall, he contrived to land himself safely on the brickwork edge of the cistern. But his foot had no sooner touched it than he endeavoured to spring up again, and hold by the rope. His ankle had touched the brick, and was blistered with the heat, for the store of wood and coal which were deposited in the place underneath had been set fire to, and had acted as a furnace. He clung to the rope with all his strength, as it swung backwards and forwards violently over the cistern; and as his eyes turned down they saw a sight enough to appal the stoutest heart, for the bottom over which he was swinging was full of melted lead. Even now his presence of mind did not forsake him. As the rope swung over the edge he arrested it with his foot, landed on the narrow brink, all but lost his balance, and fell backwards into the cistern; but with a desperate plunge he recovered himself, and the next moment threw himself on the ground. He fell upon his face, half-stunned, shattered and bruised, but with his senses still awake. As he rose upon his feet, he heard the dragoons galloping into the street, and a shout from the window over his head told him there was not a moment to lose. In an instant he was in front of the house. Some dragoons had dismounted. Together they rushed into the yard, and the ladder was raised to the window from which he had himself descended; it was the only one accessible. He would himself have mounted, but was conscious that his wounded arm and bruised frame rendered him less serviceable than others. The sergeant, therefore, ascended the ladder. The women were placed on it and reached the ground safely. Bonsor and Brown were preparing to lower Bentley from the window next, but just then a part of the floor began to give way. Bentley entreated them to save themselves; he was prepared for his fate. He would wait till the last. He entreated them not to think of him: and had nearly persuaded them to let the boys escape next, when, from the corner of the room in which he had been crouching, Wheeler sprang forward and thrust them aside. He leaped upon the window like a maniac escaped from his keeper. A prospect of saving his life was once more opened, and he threw himself upon the ladder — his foot missed — he strove to recover himself, but in vain. He tottered — staggered — clung to it, but in vain; and Villiers saw him fall headlong into the cistern. There was a cry such as no one then present had ever heard before — one of such unutterable horror that for years afterwards Villiers would wake up in the night, as he fancied he heard it in his dreams, and the cold sweat would stand upon his forehead. Villiers sprang upon the ladder. The miserable being had fallen upon his hands and knees in the pool of molten lead! He saw Villiers, and shrieked to him to save him. He called him by his name; but it was hopeless. He offered

worlds to save him! 'Take me out! take me out! It is a hell. I will tell all; I can tell you all. Oh, Mr. Villiers, help me! I can tell you what you would give worlds to know. I have seen your papers; I know where your child is. Help me, help me!' And as Villiers, struck to the heart, was almost plunging in to rescue him, the poor wretch fell upon his face. It was all over. Bentley, Brown, all of them, descended the ladder. They were saved — saved as by a miracle. They gathered round Villiers, who had saved them; but he had fallen against a wall like one petrified. 'I have seen your papers,' 'I know where your child is.' The words rang in his ears — 'I know where your child is.' Once more he sprang upon the ladder, in the vain thought that all might not be lost; but he was dragged back by Brown and Bevan. There was a crash — a shock — the roof fell in — and all was over.

"I always thought," said Bonsor to his wife the next day, 'that that leaden cistern had been built for some purpose.'"

After these specimens the reader, we should think, will agree with us that Mr. Sewell's powers as a "sensational" writer have hardly met with due recognition.

Villiers now settles down at Hawkestone, intent only on the discharge of the duties which belong to him as the chief landed proprietor of the neighborhood. To elevate the condition of the poor, to extirpate Dissent and Popery, and to exhibit "the true image of the Church in all its beauty to the poor as well as to the rich, not only by an individual, but by a body," are his three objects. And to this end he restores to the church whatever lands his ancestors had received out of her spoils at the Reformation, and builds near Hawkestone an institution which is neither a monastery, nor a college, nor an hospital, but partakes of the character of all three, where a small body of clergy reside permanently, conducting daily choral service in the adjoining village, and of course in the college itself, and doing all which the circumstances of modern life permit of to realize the ideal of Laud, and to make the Anglican theory a reality. His efforts in this direction are crowned with success. All opposition gradually dies away before his perseverance, and he is left at the end in the full enjoyment of all that satisfaction which is due to disinterested virtue, and sacrifices founded upon principle. He has, however, one more severe trial to undergo before he is finally at rest. The Jesuit vallet, Pearce, who was, of course, at the bottom of all the Hawkestone riots, has brought up Villiers' son a rank Papist, and ready brawler and rioter. In a fresh outbreak, he is wounded and taken prisoner by Villiers



himself, and is left lying in the county gaol under sentence of death. Just at such an hour in the morning as he calculates will make it impossible for Villiers to reach the county town in time to see his son alive, Pearce, a prisoner at the Beguinage, reveals the secret to Villiers, who reaches the fatal spot — too late indeed to have stayed the execution, but to find that his son has taken poison, and that, though not dead, he is too ill to be hanged. Some affecting scenes follow between father and son, who, however, dies ultimately in a state of penitence, while a most horrible fate has overtaken Pearce, the villain of the story, who, in trying to escape from his confinement through an underground passage, is devoured by a tribe of rats.

The reader may now form some idea of the kind of frame in which Mr. Sewell's controversial work is set — a frame more valuable than the picture. Not but that the controversial writing in "Hawkestone" is extremely able; but the writer was in our eyes defending an untenable position. Villiers' arguments with Macarthy, the priest, at Rome, and his subsequent conversation with clergymen in England, bring out in the clearest and most advantageous light in which they are capable of being placed, the salient points of the Anglo-Catholic scheme, as revived by Newman, Keble, and Faber. But the book was so unswervingly and mercilessly just to the follies, weaknesses, and crimes of all parties alike that it made enemies in every direction. Of course the Evangelicals and the Romanists winced beneath the lash that was applied to them. But the High Churchmen also felt that Mr. Sewell was too hard on the amiable extravagances and youthful indiscretions of the weaker brethren; and on the whole, we should say that the great mass of his readers, if convinced by his reasoning, were repelled by his severity. In truth, as we have already said, Anglicanism "pure and simple" is a hard saying. Bearing all the odium of being Popish, without the compensating attractions of costume, candles, and genuflections; sacrificing much for the real liberty of the Church, and for individual freedom, yet for ever being taunted as the sworn foe of both; devoid of the popular charms of either Popery or Dissent, it had from the first a desperate fight to maintain single-handed against a multiplicity of foes, till at last it was compelled, as it were, tacitly to make terms, to abate somewhat of its pretensions, and to admit within its pale men by no means warm sympathizers with the hopes of its first founders. "Hawkestone" was a

great blow struck upon the losing side; but on the whole the losing side it was. And if we commend the polemical portion of it to our readers at the present day, it is because they may therein study for themselves more agreeably than in any other work with which we are acquainted, exactly what it was that the men of 1833 proposed to themselves to accomplish, may see it set before them in a living dramatic shape, and carry away an impression of it not likely to be forgotten hereafter.

Miss Sewell's novels were not, as may be supposed, of so directly controversial a nature as her brother's. They sought rather to insinuate than to inculcate what were called Church principles; and we use the word insinuate not in any offensive sense, but simply to denote the indirect as distinguished from the direct method of instruction. In "Amy Herbert," in "Gertrude," in the "Experience of Life," and in most of her other well-known tales, the authoress always takes care that the exemplary heroine shall be a sound Church-woman, and shall at proper intervals throw out hints of the comfort and support which she derives from the Church services. But beyond this she does not generally go, though there is one exception, to be noticed hereafter, in which she does plunge into the thick of the controversy. Generally her advocacy is negative, rather than positive. Her characters, when in trouble, do not console themselves, as Low Church people would do. Their talk is not so much of faith, of election, and reprobation, as of high principle, of duty, and of the blessings which are in store for those people who use "the appointed means of grace," who seek for no irregular spiritual gratifications, but are contented to bathe in the waters which Providence has clearly designed for them — the Established Church, to wit, of England and Ireland. The sin of presumption is the deadliest sin of all in Miss Sewell's catalogue.

Her stories enjoyed at one time a very extensive popularity; and, as tales for "young people," are, without doubt, highly to be commended, irrespective of their religious bias. They show great knowledge of life, and more knowledge of human nature than is to be found in "Hawkestone." They do not as a rule rest on artfully-constructed plots or ingenious problems of psychology. Such would, in fact, be somewhat inconsistent with her main object; but they narrate, in a simple and engaging style, the fortunes of some ordinary people, of whom



a few are good, a few bad, and the rest indifferent, alternating between the other two extremes according to the preponderating influence of the moment. They are not works of profound wisdom or sagacity; they have none of the humour of Mr. Sewell, nor do they display any of that intellectual power which is possessed by several of our leading lady novelists. But they are thoroughly lady-like, refined, and pure; books, in a word, of which it may be said, with absolute truth, that if it is unlikely they should do any good, it is impossible they should do any harm. They are stories which the youth of both sexes, between sixteen and three-and-twenty, might be much better employed in reading than in imbibing the depraved atmosphere which surrounds "Lady Audley's Secret," "Guy Livingstone," and "Recommended to Mercy."

Of their effect, from an ecclesiastical point of view, we should say that it was widespread and lasting, if it did not cut so deep as "Hawkestone." Miss Sewell, we should say, exercised a sounder "moral influence" than her brother, and thereby strengthened and steadied the theological ideas which she hatched in her readers' minds. Mr. Sewell was all history, philosophy, and logic. A resident fellow and tutor to the age of fifty, he broke down upon domestic life. Here his sister went ahead. She could bring to bear upon her favourite religious notions all the subtle influence which emanates from well-drawn pictures of home life, from love, courtship, marriage, and the daily joys and sorrows of a household. There are certain medicines which are efficacious in proportion to the thoroughness with which they can be got to amalgamate with our ordinary food, and it is the same with political or religious "views." Get them inextricably associated with persons and scenes which have warmly affected the imagination, and dwell agreeably on the memory, and the battle is more than half won. Scott, it is said, made many more Tories than either Pitt, or Alison, or Eldon, or the "Quarterly Review," or the "John Bull." And novels undoubtedly will make more converts to particular kinds of opinions than set essays. But then they must be novels. And herein is Miss Sewell's special excellence; in her tales the story is never overlaid by the purpose. They are novels: whereas in "Hawkestone" the good that would be done to the High Church cause would be rather in spite of than because of the fiction. In spite, also, of the splendid writing that we have quoted and referred to, Mr. Sewell

hardly interests us in his characters as human beings. We can hardly fancy any young man wishing to be a High Churchman because Villiers was a High Churchman; but we can fancy young ladies wishing to think as Amy Herbert and Gertrude thought, simply for the sake of being like them. So that, although Miss Sewell did not, with the exception presently to be noticed, lead her readers into the controversy between Dissent, Anglicanism, and Popery, she yet contrived to leave a well-marked impression on their minds that the Church was the right thing, and that all people who were "nice" were Church people.

"Margaret Percival" is the exception to which we have referred. The heroine of this story is represented under the influence of temptations which would try the strongest natures. She contracts a warm attachment for a young lady who had married an Italian nobleman, and on his death had returned to her native country, and settled on the estates which she possessed near Margaret's home. She is, of course, a Roman Catholic, and is accompanied by the regular Roman Catholic confessor of this school of fiction—learned, devout, zealous, sincere, and in a general way high-minded, but where the interests of his Church are at stake, unscrupulous. Father Andrea and the Countess Novara between them shake to its foundations Margaret's allegiance to her own Church. The society of the Countess becomes in time her sole pleasure, and her only refuge from the petty cares and troubles of a somewhat uncomfortable home. The Church of England is not represented to advantage in the parish of Dering; and the one frail tie which still holds Margaret within her pale is the respect with which she looks up to Mr. Sutherland, her uncle, an English Churchman of the model Anglican type. He it is who at last determines her wavering footsteps in the right course, and gives to his own creed a logical and a moral triumph over its rival. Margaret is convinced by his reasoning that Romanism in England is schismatic, and is likewise brought to see that she herself has been guilty of that dreadful sin of "presumption."

The arguments by which the various participators in the controversy sustain their parts are the same as in the pages of "Hawkestone." The following extract will convey a fair idea to our readers of Miss Sewell's mode of viewing the Romish method of proselytism:—

"Italy was now become a familiar land to

Margaret, and by degrees she learnt to regard it in the same light with the Countess, not merely as the focal centre of historical associations, but as the seal and fountain-head of Christianity; for if it were enjoyment to enter into the Countess's feelings when she spoke of human acts and institutions, still more delightful was it to share the spirit of her devotion when she spoke of the Romish Church. Upon that subject, above all others, Beatrice loved to expatiate, yet not without prudence and forethought. She did not enter into argument, but she took pains to open Margaret's eyes to many of the exaggerations which hitherto had warped her judgment when thinking of Romanists. Instructed by Father Andrea, the Countess was careful to set forth the theory rather than the practice of her Church, and this in its mildest form. Margaret learned that indulgences were a remission of temporal canonical punishments, and supposing this to mean simply the remission of ecclesiastical penances, she inquired no further. Nothing was said to her of such inscriptions as that in the church of 'S. Pietro in Carcere,' at Rome, which grants every day to each one who shall visit it one thousand two hundred years of indulgence, doubled on Sundays and festivals, and moreover every day the remission of the third part of sins. She was taught to regard the titles of 'Ark of the Covenant,' 'Gate of Heaven,' 'Refuge of Sinners,' by which the blessed Virgin is addressed by Romanists, as founded entirely on the worship of Him who condescended to be born of a woman; and she did not seek to know whether such titles were sanctioned by the Primitive Church, and whether they do not presuppose a knowledge — only to be obtained by revelation — of what the present state of the mother of our Lord now is, together with her possession of that attribute of omnipresence which shall enable her to hear the prayers of all at all times. So again Margaret was informed that the Romish Church was infallible; but she did not ask that which nobody has yet been able to determine, where the infallibility lay. She heard it asserted that the early heresies were denounced by the Catholic Church, without pausing to doubt whether Catholic and Roman Catholic were synonymous terms, or whether the Bishop of Rome was at that time the head of the Christian Church. She heard the Council of Trent placed on the same footing with the first General Councils, and it did not enter into her head to study its constitution, or to question how it could be a general council when so large a portion of the Christian world as the Greek Church was excluded from it. She was told that Romanism was identically the same with primitive Christianity, and knowing little of either she took the assertion for granted; while at the same time she was unconsciously guilty of the gross unfairness of judging Rome by her theory, the English Church by her practice."

It would be a departure from the precise object of these articles were we to take up these several positions one by one, and examine them in detail. But we may express an opinion on the fairness and practical utility of this general estimate of Romish controversy. There is no doubt that the oversight described in the last of this long list of charges is one of which many persons in the English Church are guilty, while in the same frame of mind as was Margaret Percival. They judge the Roman Church by its theory, and the English Church by its practice. And more than this, they will not believe facts unfavourable to Romish practice, however public and notorious. Mr. Sewell himself has not exaggerated this foolish incredulity. "No," said Pearce, "this would not do in England. But they may do what they like in Ireland. People here believe nothing they hear of it." "No," replied O'Foggarty, "I heard some one in Oxford mention this very fact in the set with whom I was staying, and they turned up their noses, and declared that it was false; it must be false though the relator saw it with his own eyes." Every delinquency and short-coming of the Anglican Church is seized upon by minds in this diseased state, and greedily accepted as evidence against her catholicity. Every apparent excess, extravagance, or imposition of the Romish Church is either explained away, or remonstrants are told that there is a good explanation and justification of it if we only knew what it was. To contend with reasoning of this kind is like fighting with the wind. Such persons have for the time being made up their minds; and all are foregone conclusions with them. They have determined to take the word of Roman Catholic clergymen for whatever seems objectionable in their system, and to reject the word of Anglican clergymen for whatever seems objectionable in theirs. Still of course it is only fair to them to ask by what means they have brought themselves or been brought into this state of mind. And we do not think it is always done by the means here described by Miss Sewell. That many of the dogmas and assumptions of the Romish Church may be thus glossed over, or misrepresented, to the ears of willing hearers, we readily allow; but something more than this is needed in many cases to create the willingness. There are persons with stronger minds than Margaret's, who tell you that they acknowledge what is bad in Rome, and appreciate what is good in England. But they regard the

latter somewhat in the same light as that in which the Thirteenth Article regards "works done before justification." The errors of Rome are the exceptional frailties of a person in a state of grace. The virtues of Anglicanism are the sour and unprofitable fruits of an unregenerate nature. In other words, they contend that the Church of Rome has about her all the marks of a true church; and that such a church, though she may be mistaken as to means, can never go wrong as to ends; that the Church of England, on the other hand, has not these marks; and, consequently, that it is safer to err with the former than to be right on any special point with the latter. The depository of truth in the world must, they argue, have authority to proclaim and protect that truth. Any other supposition is repugnant to common sense. The Church of Rome has that authority. The Church of England has not. If she ever had it, she has now lost it. Consequently they are compelled on this *à priori* ground alone to accept Rome, and to swallow at one comprehensive gulp whatever may be wrapped up within the ample theory of development. There can, we fear, be little doubt that recent events within the English Church have terribly strengthened their position. The best mode of assailing it is to point out first that in spite of the want of discipline, and the silence of authority within the Anglican pale at present, no Catholic doctrine has yet been *lost*; no essential article of faith, or even practice, been dropped out of her creeds or formularies; and, to urge in the second place, that half a century or so is nothing in the life of the Church; that it is a short time even as a period of trial and purgation; and that if we can be satisfied on other grounds of the integrity of the Anglican title, we ought not to believe on this alone, that she has been permitted to lapse irrevocably out of the Catholic system. To the particular state of mind on which these topics are intended to operate, neither Miss Sewell nor her brother have addressed themselves. In their day, no doubt, the difficulty was one of a different kind. The movement of 1833 had created a taste for greater splendour of ceremonial, a thirst for greater formal demonstrations of ecclesiastical power and prerogative—had, in a word, kindled the *imaginings* of the rising generation of Church people. Rome took advantage of that state of mind then, as she takes advantage of the dissatisfaction felt with the helpless state of the English Church now. But of course the

two kinds of danger arising from these two different sources must be met by two distinct modes of treatment. What we had to fear then was a vague and roving sentimentalism which affected great numbers of the young, but which was in itself a comparatively mild complaint, and under judicious treatment did not often end fatally. What we have to fear now is a prejudice which has its roots in the reason; a disease which drives its fangs into the logical powers, and which as it comes home only to fewer and older persons, is deeper and deadlier in proportion. "Hawkestone" and "Margaret Percival" are as powerless over *this* disorder as magnesia is to cure the cholera. But we cannot blame their authors for not providing medicines for a future and as yet unforeseen development of the Romish fever, besides devising remedies for that which raged before their eyes.

The change which has come about in the relative positions of Rome and England since 1840, is, indeed, extremely curious and interesting. We do not participate the absurd expectations entertained by Rome herself of the work that she is to accomplish in England. But we fear that, just at the present moment, she is in a better position than she was twenty years ago. The causes of the change are some of them obvious, and some only to be seen upon reflection. Among the first is, of course, the temporary weakness inflicted on the Church of England by the loss of so many able men as accompanied Newman in his secession. A still more influential one is the knowledge which Rome in turn derived from her converts; a knowledge we mean of England and the English character which she never possessed before. She has turned this knowledge to marvellously good account. She now keeps much more in the background than she used to do the more offensive elements of her system. She consults to some extent the simplicity and severity of English taste. She has been warned of the acuteness of English common sense, and has renounced, in great measure, that palaver of liberalism which once used to render her so hateful. These are two of the causes to which Rome is indebted for the more favourable position which she now occupies. A third, and more deeply cutting one than either, lies in the extraordinary and rapid evolutions of English theology within the same period of time. Shut our eyes to the fact as we will, the tendency of these movements has been to mark men off more and more into two distinct camps, with a natural tendency on

both sides to espouse the extreme view. There is the side of authority and the side of freedom. The first feeling itself driven more and more every day to look out for some visible depository of the trust committed to the Church, some rock amid the waters on which it may repose with safety; the other losing faith every moment in all theological dogmatism, and all ecclesiastical government, and drifting rapidly to the conclusion that the gospel is nothing more than a slight improvement on the "Ethics," and that Christianity was not so much a revelation as the infusion into the world of what is called "a better spirit." People are growing impatient of compromise, and of that view of things according to which the greater the compromise the greater the truth. Men's passions are embittered, and the exhortations of Anglicanism are now as powerless to restrain them as were those of Latinus to restrain his countrymen from war.

"Major martis jam apparet imago."

And in this situation of affairs Rome has a great advantage. We cannot pursue the subject at present. It is sufficient for us to have sketched the gulf that intervenes between the ecclesiastical "situation" in the days of "Hawkestone," and that which exists now.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

ABIGAIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDERER.

THE distinction of the Howes' drawing-room was its old fashioned rosiness: wreaths of rose-buds, with a border of tiny rose leaves on a white ground for the paper on the walls; little groups of roses in imitation moss for the design of the carpet; rose-coloured damask, and rosewood furniture, and dried rose leaves in pink china bowls on the card-tables.

A drawing-room where 'I'd be a butterfly' might have been sung appropriately, as like our grand-mother's pretty hacknied idea of a rose bower as possible.

There was a little reflection of the rosiness, full-blown and of the cabbage-rose variety (but the rose by the name of cabbage does not fail to smell sweet, in fact

smells sweetest of all), on Mrs. Howe's matron cheeks; and the olive moire gown which she wore on the occasion of a dinner-party, given by the first attorney in Ashley to a newly-married couple, stood for the green leaves.

There was no rosiness about Mr. Howe, displayed on the hearth-rug — like the carpet, a mass of roses — composing his mind to his fate as host, except that he was just the bald, bent-headed, pale-complexioned business man in irreproachable black broad-cloth, watered silk vest, neat pearl pin, and large white cornelian seal at his watch-guard, to own a rosy drawing-room.

The girl in the black lace dress, one of those happy dresses which have a simple, graceful character in all ranks, with the little refined, intelligent face, delicate nostrils, sensitive mouth, fine low brow, and brightly bronzed hair (the one thing bright about her), a more refined and intelligent than blooming face, was also the girl, by several steps more advanced in cultivation than her father and mother, likely to be the daughter of a rosy drawing-room.

One might as soon have expected to find a grave in a flower-garden as the trace of a tragedy on the stage of the rosy drawing-room, among the *dramatis personæ* of a harmless, respectable family group. But there are social tragedies performed in honest circles, from the queen's court to the cook's kitchen. A poor little woman's happiness had been murdered in the rosy drawing-room as certainly as ever hapless elderly gentleman was knocked on the head in a railway carriage. More than that, the breathless corpse was buried in the familiar haunt; and the three persons present were treating what was no secret according to their natural instinct. Mrs. Howe was covering the grave and pretending it had never been, as a daisy will perk up its head on the turf by a path no longer trodden, and a kettle sing by a hearth when other songs are silent. Mr. Howe, whom Mrs. Howe had lived with in the nearest relation for five-and-twenty years, and knew no better at the end of them than to declare of him that Mr. Howe, like all other married, middle-aged men of business, had not a particle of sentiment (it is to be conjectured that Mrs. Howe associated sentiment with down on the upper lip, fancy straw hats, shooting and yachting jackets, and mutinous assertions of 'I won't go home till morning'), planted his square-toed, glossy black feet, doggedly on the trampled down, withered spot. He had never praised his daughter to her face in



his life, hardly ever behind her back; but he had rated his girl so highly in the shrine of his thoughts, that he would have had it an honour for the first man in the country to win her regard. He would have had her stand so far above every man that she should have shown favour to none except upon a humble and assiduous suit. He had been in his gruffness silently, austere, chivalrous on the points of women and love affairs; and he had not wished his only child, for whom he had provided, and who was the light of his eyes, married away from him. But the customs of society and women were against him. Now he stood there prepared to shake the hand, and share his bread and salt with the man who had wronged him in the tenderest quarter, and not with any feeling of forgiveness, but in self-defence and to prevent scandal, like the coarse handling of a wound. He had never mentioned the subject to his daughter, hardly ever to his wife, to his mind there was degradation in the idea; but as he stood there in his plain quiet pride and bitterness, he whom Mrs. Howe would no more have suspected of match-making than the judge on the circuit, or the bishop come for a confirmation, he was turning over impatiently in his thoughts whether there was any young fellow about Ashley who had ever shown incipient symptoms of admiration for Abigail, which might be fostered and developed, if the young fellow were only manly and upright, though his wordly position was but tolerable, into a grand passion and a declaration of marriage. A speedy marriage with a man who would love and cherish her, was the thing the most to be desired for Abigail and them all, and he had lived long enough to welcome it.

For Abigail Howe, the girl in the black lace dress, with the little refined face, she sat and listened to her mother remarking how well she was looking, and running over the names of the young people who were expected along with the married couples, and foretelling how much they would enjoy themselves, ignored the grave which concerned her so nearly, but sat and looked at it nevertheless, with a keen intensity of vision, like an additional sense, while she was professing to draw on her gloves; and at the same time felt inconsistently as if the corpse that grave contained were again led out alive to be shot and stabbed.

The first ring at the door-bell brought not the Bingham from the Hanger, Humphrey used to be first, but Humphrey Bing-

ham's partner in the factory. Tom Prior was a man thirty-three years by the register, but much younger-looking, the son of an old confidential clerk of the Binghams, with a great, honest admiration for Humphrey. He had frank and genial qualities of his own when he was quite at his ease; but he was seldom at his ease in company, otherwise he was a quiet gentlemanlike fellow where his shyness did not get the better of him, and he made a desperate, unsuccessful, unbecoming effort to conceal it by being noisy, doing his mind an injustice as he habitually did his body, tall and swinging, by dressing half in a shabby, half in an outré fashion, and by wearing a tremendous black beard and whiskers—one of these hairy adornments being more than sufficient for his dark, thin, persistently boyish face, with its gentle mouth and pair of earnest, eager eyes. After paying his respects incoherently to Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Tom Prior drifted rather wildly towards Abigail and settled beside her, giving her the trouble of making conversation for him, while she saw him already putting forth his restless, uncanonical hand and disarranging the dahlias and ferns she had grouped in the flower-glass. He answered her in monosyllables, till all at once he dashed into extravagant encomiums on Mrs. Humphrey Bingham, and called on Abigail to second his admiration and confirm his opinion that Mrs. Humphrey was the very wife for Humphrey, worthy of Humphrey, and Humphrey worthy of her.

Abigail did not attribute her companion's talk to malice; she was aware, with all Ashley, that Tom Prior was the greatest blunderer as well as the cleverest fellow in the town; extraordinarily obtuse on some points, exceedingly simple on others, liable to obstinate delusions and odd vagaries. She did not take it ill in Tom Prior that he should thus taunt her. She knew that he saw nothing wrong that Humphrey did, that Tom was content to be the working partner in the factory, and had a genuine pride in the country-gentleman pursuits and accomplishments which came as naturally to Humphrey Bingham, as if he had been born to them. 'Have you seen Humphrey's bay horse, Miss Howe?' Tom used to ask, breathlessly, before Humphrey had a wife to be praised; 'well, did you ever see such an animal? Steps as high as my head, and Humphrey manages it as if it were a donkey.' Abigail was not angry; she answered Tom in a soft, gracious manner, which brought a dusky flush into all that was seen of Tom's cheek, caused him to



champ the ends of his whiskers and beard fiercely, sent his wistful eyes to the toes of his worn boots, that had a trick of protruding in an ungainly manner from his dress trousers. These trousers, with his coat, had been so ingeniously ill-folded, they were creased from wrist to heel; he might have been sleeping in them for a week; they might as well have been out at the elbows and frayed at the feet, for any effect, either of a fine income or a careful toilette, they were calculated to produce on the public. At last Tom brought the conversation to an abrupt full stop as impulsively as he had begun it.

The next ring ushered in the three Miss Mainwarings — old friends of Mrs. Howe's — ladies of a certain, or rather an uncertain, age, — who had been kind to Abigail from childhood, and were without reservation excellent women, for it was not their fault that the established costume of the day would not suffer them to cover their poor, bald, and grey heads decently, and that their single state and narrow income forced them to have many masculine cares and small worries, and shut them out from wide interests, bright, breezy, crowded prospects in life; so that their voices had now a sharp, now a thin tone, and their chat was of Ashley — mostly what could be seen of it from the Miss Mainwarings' windows, — dribbles of chronicles local and domestic, such as that Mrs. Leech's sister had arrived by the train that afternoon after all, and not put off her visit another week as Mrs. Leech had feared; and it was to be apprehended old Mr. Reeve's cough was worse, for his little boy was heard ringing Dr. Lewis's surgery-bell as early as seven o'clock that morning. Blameless, contented woman! yet it recurred to Abigail's mind with invincible repugnance that one of the Miss Mainwarings was said to have met with a 'disappointment' in her youth; and leaping to a conclusion, Abigail speculated in the intervals of her halting conversation with Tom Prior, whether she too would draw down and drag in her upper lip, or put up her handkerchief to her mouth every time that she laughed to hide her two false teeth, like Miss Bella Mainwaring; or stiffen her front fingers past the second joints with the hereditary rings of the Mainwarings, and feel as confident that they compensated for, and cast a distinguished lustre over, a second-rate, ill-made, drab poplin gown, as Miss Mainwaring.

The Miss Mainwarings were followed in quick succession by Mr. and Mrs. Porteous — a rich, retired couple, who had come to

Ashley Lodge, and grumbled loudly because they had more money than they could spend and no children to spend it. Little Mrs. Dudgeon and her husband, who occupied Ashley Cottage until old Mr. Dudgeon should die and vacate the Bank House, and groaned deeply because they had not enough money to live upon and no end of children to make away with it, but did not think of presenting any of the olive-branches to the Porteouses, as the world sardonically suggested. Mr. Bellairs, the scrupulous vicar, thin-lipped, weak-eyed, white-eyelashed — so engrossed with the anise and cumin of minor forms and creeds that it was morally impossible, reckoning by the average age of man, and not by the centuries of the patriarchs, that he could, in the course of one life, arrive at the weightier matters of the law. Mrs. Vallance, the rich widow without an encumbrance, whom everybody in Ashley barefacedly and unblushingly courted by a kind of superstitious idolatry, expecting no gain from her spare cash (and those most attentive who needed her money least), since she was neither hospitable, handsome, witty, nor amiable, but oppressively pompous and dreadfully slow both in body and mind. The two Lewis girls, Abigail's companions, whose father, the old plodding doctor, was called to the country as usual.

Abigail felt most uncomfortable with respect to the Mainwarings and the Lewises. When Miss Margery Mainwaring, the fat sympathetic sister of the spinsters, sat close to Mrs. Howe and whispered confidentially to her, glancing significantly at Abigail, how could Abigail tell that Miss Margery was only observing that dear Abigail was looking lovely to-night — that black lace dress never got a bit worse, and hinting, with preventive caution, that Mr. Tom Prior seemed much struck by her; he would not get up from his seat by the young lady of the house; he had not offered to relinquish his chair to any of them, and if Mr. and Mrs. Howe did not approve of attentions in that quarter — though Miss Margery was disposed to regard Mr. Tom with favour as a very fair rising fish, particularly now that other fish were out of the sea — the present was the time to nip them in the bud. Abigail was terrified lest Miss Margery should be taking advantage of old friendship to presume to pity her and dare to abuse him with, 'How well she is keeping up, poor dear!' and, 'I wonder what the fellow will think?'

Then the Lewises were in reality principally taken up with the bride — what she would wear; it was said she had brought

over the most *recherché* gowns from Paris, but perhaps she would think them too good for an Ashley dinner; whether she would be frank and good-natured as well as beautiful, and a fortune, and have people at the Hanger, and chaperon Ashley girls occasionally to assize balls and breakfasts? If Abigail had been able to call all her wits about her, she might have judged that the story of Humphrey Bingham and Abigail Howe was already out of date to girls who had their own destinies to settle, and their own fortunes hanging in the balance. If they had been jilted they would either have refused to meet the jilter, fallen ill and had the diversion of being ordered away from Ashley for change of air and scene, or they would have paraded their carelessness and made a dead set with their hearts on the rebound, as indeed they were doing without their hearts having been bent, at Humphrey Bingham's partner. But though Tom Prior was unheroically fond of being made up to, drawn out, met half way, it saved him such laborious exertion and agonies of nervousness, and was in danger of being boisterous with accommodating girls in Swiss bodices and Jenny Lind curls, like the Lewises, he did not respond to their advances to-night, but hung back, and, as the Miss Mainwarings expressed it, would not give up his seat by the young lady of the house, and his opportunity, if Mr. Howe did not name another man, of taking her down to dinner.

If Abigail, for her self-respect, had but been able to forget how the Lewises had been given to teasing her about Humphrey Bingham — to coming in with intelligence that they had met Humphrey Bingham with his skates over his shoulder, or his cricket-bat in his hand, and he had stopped them to inquire whether there would be any ladies on the pond or in the field, and they had replied they were going to Church-street and they would speak of it to Miss Howe, and he had charged them to do so, and he would be on the look-out to take them on the ice or into the Gate, — sure that the news would be acceptable, and it had been acceptable. Abigail had been angry at first, and she had never felt inclined to tell the Lewises her secrets, but she had ended by liking nothing better than such idle, half-jesting communications. She had been so foolishly fond of Humphrey Bingham that the mere sound of his name, and she could detect it across the hum of a crowded room, had been welcome; it had been pleasant, however idiotically pleasant — pleasanter than anything would ever be

in the world again, — to hear Criss or Sophy Lewis so much as wind up their rambling descriptions of places they had been at with, 'and your friend Humphrey Bingham was there.' And in the end it would have been a blessing if Abigail's memory had been as short as Humphrey's and the Lewises.

At last came the carriage from the Hanger, and the couple were half-way up the staircase, while Criss Lewis was commenting that new masters — or mistresses in this case — made new laws; Tom Prior was springing up to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bingham, as if their host and hostess were not sufficient; Mr. and Mrs. Howe were coming forward — Mr. Howe ceremoniously, Mrs. Howe really cordially — she could not be anything but cordial, as the cabbage-rose could not do anything but smell sweet; and Abigail was rising, with her head swimming, her hands growing cold as ice, her very lips feeling cold as they whitened. But it was a wise, stanch head, which she must hold high and carry bravely, though the Spartan boy's wolf was in her woman's breast, under the folds of the black lace; and there were two mocking voices, one at each ear, telling her in different tones, 'Oh fie, Abigail, to fear to meet a married man!' and 'he never said in so many words, "Abigail, will you be my wife?"'

Humphrey, with his wife on his arm, unchanged, only blushing a little as he caught Abigail's eye; big, broad-shouldered Humphrey, who made Tom Prior look like a lath beside him; Humphrey, with his masses of tawny hair and beard, sunlit like Abigail's, which had set the fashion to Tom Prior, but which caused Tom's facial forest to look grim by comparison — a great blue-eyed fellow with a presence full of strength, frankness, and kindness, and the inconsiderateness of a child, owning plenty of sense and an intellect not without a heavy trenchant power, but reflection, talent, and penetration, except by instinct, null. There was the murderer with his murder sitting lightly upon him, as may be the case with most murderers, remorse being probably a popular fiction like poetic justice; and certainly if no evil intent could bring down the accusation against him to manslaughter, Humphrey was entitled to the commutation. It was trying — the first shaking hands with Abigail Howe: when the last time he had clasped the cold fingers he had detained them in his broad palm, in that rosy drawing-room too, under the impression that he would hold them thus, figuratively, through

life, and he was sure Abigail had known what was in his mind. But if so, why had she not done anything to detain him? A straw would have kept him by her side then, a word caused him to commit himself; or why had she not gone on that visit he had wished her to pay to the Southcoates—friends of both of them—when he would have joined her, and almost to a certainty declared himself, beyond recall, before following his mother and sisters into Green-shire? Instead of that she allowed him to go away among influences confessedly hostile to her, well aware all the time that he was an easy-going fellow, who would do anything for peace: some women were so cold and prudish, and they must take the consequences. Then he met Alice, his beautiful high-spirited Alice, who made no bones of bringing him to her feet, and there was the end of it. He supposed most men found it awkward to meet some girls after their marriages; for his part there were other girls in different parts of the country he would not care to see, for an interval, any more than Abigail Howe; though he was thankful there was no one else who could somehow cut him up in the middle of his happiness, and cost him a horrid disagreeable incomprehensible feeling as if he regretted what he had done, and yearned for something different, when he had been very proud and glad to win Alice, and she suited him perfectly, enabled him to quit the Factory any day too, and go in for no end of improvements on the dear old Hanger. He was a fool for his pains. Abigail Howe was far too strait-laced, too delicate-minded, too good and guileless, poor soul, to waste regrets upon a married man; she had never cared much for him, or she might have had him, that was the fact; he was willing to acknowledge it, mortifying as it was to his vanity. She had been too good for him—not that Alice was not good, but Alice's goodness was more like his own, more in the way of the world.

There was Humphrey's manly, comely figure and face lighting up Abigail's eyes, and his ringing voice making music in her ears, as they had ever done; and Abigail's crown of sorrow was that they could not darken to her gaze and make discord of sound, or cause her to hate him. For what? There had been no deliberate treachery. It had been in the essence of Humphrey's constitution to be light and fickle, to forget and amuse himself, to desert and replace her by another. He was the same Humphrey whom Abigail had all along known and loved; it was her own fault if she had loved

him, being unworthy; and how could she begin hating him now simply because the defects of his character had been directed against her and had reduced her to despair? In place of hating him, it gave her exquisite pain, as a consideration by itself, that Humphrey should be vexed and abashed to come to Church-street, that he should keep away from her, dislike to encounter her; that he should begin to hate her, when she would do anything in the world at this moment to spare him pain, to save his little finger from aching.

Neither could one little ceremony, however sacred or fatal, reverse the tide in which her nature had been flowing for many months, and efface all accumulated influences and associations. He would have been Humphrey Bingham to Abigail all the same though he had become Turk, and been privileged to appear with a hundred wives—the man Abigail had thought of and dreamt of, and been foolishly glad to meet with, and foolishly sad to part from, during two of her twenty years of life. There was Humphrey, and there on his strong caressing arm was the woman who had supplanted Abigail, she who filled the proud and happy place from which Abigail was shut out, to continue the much-thought-of daughter in the dull, stifling house in Church-street, and grow in time old, narrow, and loveless, a great deal worse than the Miss Mainwarings—for there were three of them.

Mrs. Humphrey had thought it worth while to dress well. She wore a pink silk trimmed with black velvet, and a set of topazes on her neck and arms. The soft pink, so much more delicate than the rosiness of Mrs. Howe's drawing-room, and the black velvet, became her beauty admirably. She was a beautiful woman of one and twenty, with the silkiest black hair, large, well-opened, dark-grey eyes, and a rich creamy white and pure pale pink complexion. She had a tall, elegant figure, rounded and undulating in its slenderness, and was a handsome creature, even to the daintiest tapering hands and most arched and fairy feet. She was lively; the waiting company could hear her voice chattering and laughing with Humphrey before the door was opened, and she soon showed a habit of arching and depressing her somewhat marked black brows, and shrugging her sloping shoulders, which the Ashley people in their primitiveness called French-looking. But there was no affectation about her; there might be a little air of self-satisfaction, an anticipation of the sensation she would create when she entered the room, as if she claimed it as a right—

nothing more. She was very self-possessed for so young a married woman, more so than Humphrey for a married man — but then there were drawbacks where Humphrey was concerned, — and very affable for a beauty, an heiress, and well born as she was wealthy. There was no haughtiness about Mrs. Humphrey, and she intended to make herself agreeable: perhaps the intention was a shade too apparent, but that was an amiable weakness; and all the eyes upon her noted that she was particularly friendly to her husband's partner, Tom Prior, as he made reverent salaams before her, and betrayed an ardent desire to kiss the ground she and Humphrey trod upon. In short young Mrs. Humphrey Bingham came, saw, and conquered the little circle she chose, like an acute young woman, to conquer. Abigail Howe was ready to gratify Tom Prior by assenting with quiet conviction to his fervent and exulting protestations that Mrs. Humphrey, take her all in all, was the most charming woman he had ever come across, and Mrs. Humphrey was Humphrey's.

Mrs. Humphrey had no objection to being Humphrey's. In her conversation — and she talked a great deal in return for Mr. Howe's polite monosyllables on the one side of her, and Miss Mainwaring's little speeches on the beauty of the neighbourhood, the convenience of the markets, and Dr. Lewis's disinclination to be questioned about his patients, on the other — there were incessant allusions to Humphrey, or "my husband," or the Hanger. She appealed more than once to Humphrey as to an authority at her command. "Humphrey, please tell Mr. Howe how they dredge for oysters on the French coast." "Humphrey, you remember the name of the gentleman connected with Ashley, who crossed the Simplon along with us?" Abigail had it dinned into her ears that Humphrey belonged to another; but it was the strangest of all to hear the favoured stranger alluding to persons and things about Ashley of which Humphrey had told her, and making garbled statements of the events of the past year which Abigail knew a thousand times better than she knew them. "That Aberwich road where Mr. Bingham met his fall following the hounds." Pooh! it was not the Aberwich but the Haverton road which it had turned Abigail sick to pass weeks after the accident. "The week my sister Millicent spent at the Hanger last winter," — when it was not Humphrey's sister Millicent, but Fanny, who had stayed ten days at Batchelor's Hall, as Humphrey had called it, and begged Abigail to keep her company

part of the time, and professed to like Abigail very much as her friend, though she opposed her with all her might when there was a chance of Abigail being her sister. Not that she and the women of the family were in any way dependent on Humphrey, but because the match with Abigail Howe was not one projected by Humphrey's sisters, Fanny and Co., and because he might do a great deal better — and he had done a great deal better they would reflect triumphantly. Abigail wondered with a vague wonder whether she would thus have publicly asserted her possession of Humphrey, and if by any chance she could have as glibly mangled similar carelessly picked-up details.

There were two particulars Abigail discovered of Mrs. Humphrey before the company rose from the dinner-table. First, that the young wife had a great deal to say which was not very much worth hearing, unless because it was the generally inoffensive and occasionally airy gossip of a pretty, pleasant, cultivated woman; and second, that although her dialect was refined and her articulation correct, there was something slightly harsh in the tones of her voice, bass like a man's, which might form a good second in a song, but were a little startling and not without a strain of coarseness in the beautiful, elegant young woman, who was so insensible to her own gifts except as means to an end, yet who enjoyed with a keen appreciation being a bride, — Humphrey Bingham, the handsome, hearty young squire of the Hanger's envied bride.

As the dinner wore on, the constraint of the principal persons in the party lessened. Even Abigail felt as if she had grown accustomed to the scene, as if it were not only a necessity, but the natural order of things, that she should be sitting there answering intelligibly, now and then to Tom Prior's eccentric spurts of conversation on factories, Shakspeare, fieldfares; attending as far as she could manage to the entertainment of the guests; venturing a smiling word up the table to draw Miss Bella Mainwaring and the scrupulous curate into a nearer approach to social intercourse; gently arousing Tom Prior to the knowledge that he was turning his back on Sophy Lewis, pouting and eating her pheasant behind that section of him, sufficient to throw her into the shade.

Abigail felt that she ought to be flattered when Mrs. Humphrey selected her as her companion in the drawing-room and poured into Abigail's ears all her good-humoured,



well-pleased, half-girlish, half-womanly stories. If Abigail was not angry with Humphrey, far less was she angry with Mrs. Humphrey. She had even a pitiful sense of Mrs. Humphrey's ignorance of the pain she was inflicting, at the very moment that Abigail was experiencing that there are worse deaths than those of shooting and stabbing, namely, those of being pricked and probed by inches, or tickled into convulsions, as Mrs. Humphrey ran on about her home at the Hanger, with which Abigail's imagination was familiar as with Paradise, the gate of which was shut on the first woman. — (But she had a great compensation, Adam went out with Eve).

Mrs. Humphrey questioned Abigail about the capabilities of Ashley for gaiety, and then followed rapidly, "Humphrey told me he gave a ball last year. Oh, you must have been at it; tell me all about it."

What a vivid comprehension Abigail had of the impossibility of the request and of the astounding endless information she would have had to give! It was then she had been staying with Fanny Bingham, to help her with the preparations; and Humphrey, too, had helped so zealously, that Fanny was constantly scolding him away from departments in which he could have had no experience, and where his presence could be of no possible use. Even after the company were ready to assemble, he would not let the ladies away to dress, or get up himself from what Fanny described as a gipsy tea in the library, until she employed sisterly diligence on him; and after that he came and knocked at Abigail's door with her bouquet. (Was it wrong for her to keep some of the American primroses pressed and dried yet?)

"It was a very successful ball," Abigail answered, discreetly; "Miss Pierrepont was the beauty."

"And Humphrey danced a great deal with her? I know he has a weakness for beauties," exclaimed Mrs. Humphrey, with a little conscious laugh. "He was always admiring the pretty women we met; but I would not pay him the compliment of being jealous."

No, Humphrey had not shown his weakness on the night in question. In spite of his duties as a host, he had danced oftenest with a girl who was better than a beauty to those who could read her little delicate face, but who was not an acknowledged beauty amongst girls.

Mrs. Humphrey's chat went off upon her wedding tour in foreign countries, which Abigail had craved to visit when her heart

was a living, craving heart, of which Humphrey had told her much; for he had been fond of making rushes to the Continent as Tom Prior had afforded him the leisure to do. How familiar the name sounded! — the Louvre, Versailles, Strasburg, the Drachenfels, the Castle of Heidelberg, Lausanne, Geneva. How familiar, yet with what an altered signification, since Humphrey had spoken of them with a decided implication that they would one day visit them together! Never, now, never!

Mrs. Humphrey travelled back — with words in which there was a weary murmur of other times — not so distant in space, but so wide apart in sensation, arrived at length at the great event of her life, her wedding, and was proceeding on more and more dangerous ground, with Abigail quite incapable of stopping her, when Humphrey and the other gentlemen came into the drawing-room. Even the most independent young wives of the most gallant husbands look a little put out when they are caught in their favourite narrative within three months of the event. It was an unspeakable relief to Abigail when Mrs. Humphrey said hastily, "I'll tell you it all another time, Miss Howe," blushed, and was actually silent for three minutes, turning over a book of engravings.

Humphrey had got up his spirits. It is only the first step which pains, and to him the first step was taken. All the torments of reminiscences were done and over for him, when they commenced afresh, with redoubled force, for Abigail. For it was in the rosy drawing-room — when the rosiness now so artificial seemed natural, but was neither of earth nor sky, and certainly not of the mock-pastoral sort, as displayed in antiquated upholstery (there was as great a difference between the two as that between fading roses fresh with dew, and unfading roses sticky with gum) — he spent most time when he was courting her. There he had leant against the work-table, and looked at her making believe to work for an hour at a time. Some of the books were on the tray which he had so often turned over as an excuse to detain him a little longer; but Humphrey was not a book-man, and had doubtless forgotten their names and covers. Among the flowers in the stand was the very wavy-leaved fern he had sought and brought for her all the way from the Irish lakes. What a happy evening that had been, when he had gone straight to Church-street, brown and travel-soiled, in place of going home to the Hanger; and the two had planted the fern, and he had stayed to



supper and returned to his own house and his house-keeper, after his three weeks' absence, at twelve o'clock at night! Well, the poor wavy-leaved fern was not to blame, and Abigail had never found it in her heart to cast it from her stand. Mrs. Humphrey had everything: might not Abigail have a fern and a few withered primroses?

But Humphrey remembered none of these things. He was frank and accessible by nature; and, a rolling stone going about the world, he was constantly making friends and constantly making use of their friendship. Good-hearted as Humphrey was, perhaps the bloom of his heart had been rubbed off in the friction of many slight ties—perhaps it had never really had any bloom so fine as to be rubbed off. Without doubt he had passed through a crowd of impressions. The only perfectly fresh ones which he had received since he grew up first, and which were inevitably of greater depth and importance than any he had received for a long time, had been made between that date and the last year.

So there Humphrey was addressing Abigail and his wife in the same breath, forbidding Mrs. Humphrey to sing any more because her chest had not been strong since she caught a bad cold at Munich. 'You know, Alice, I can't have you ill again.' 'Nonsense, Humphrey,' Alice protested, in comical indignation, 'it was the merest touch of bronchitis; why, auntie herself would not have been frightened. Could you have guessed that a great big fellow like him would have got nervous, and plagued three people, himself, the doctor, and me, for six coughs?' •

Humphrey was too much of a gentleman and a man of sense to make a fool of himself and his wife, and affront the company by a display of matrimonial felicity. But straws show how the wind blows, and he showed his feelings naturally to demonstrativeness. It might have been patent to the most indifferent observer that Mrs. Humphrey's fortune had been the least of her attractions in her husband's eyes. He was both proud and fond of his wife, and triumphant in his success. Abigail, who said to herself she had a hundred ears and eyes to-night, noticed that he applied with his eyes to his wife some of the songs which Tom Prior insisted on Abigail singing, standing by her and neglecting to turn over the pages of her music, while Humphrey lounged against the piano, his side to Abigail, his face to his wife. Mrs. Humphrey put a stop to the proceedings by instituting a par-

allel between herself and Abigail. She took up the sheets of music.

'My name begins with A too, Miss Howe, and I write it short also, "A. Bingham," as Humphrey writes "H. Bingham." I don't see why I should be at the trouble of writing "Alice," when he does not put "Humphrey," although he says it as if the A stood for Alick or Antony, and I were his brother; and he scolded me before we were married for not signing my full name at the end of my notes—do you remember Humphrey? I see you write "A. Howe" in the same way.'

Not in the same way. Alice and Abigail were very different names (to Abigail it seemed the difference was significant), and she had learned to make Abigail A., not in merry mischief or to copy a cherished example, not even to save trouble, but when as a foolish girl she had been a little ashamed of David's wife's name, appropriated by Mrs. Masham and the entire class of waiting-maids. She felt as if her very name had been against her, yet it had not sounded amiss—not in its Americanism when Humphrey had audaciously shortened it to Miss Abby, and she had fancied it would have a redeeming glory as A. Bingham. Alice had robbed her of her very name.

The last glimpse Abigail had of Humphrey was bending forward to the laughing face, so lovely in its scarlet hood, while he wrapped Mrs. Humphrey in her rugs as the carriage drove off and disappeared in the dusky darkness of the September night. Paradise vanished with them to Abigail. The Miss Mainwarings walked home under the wing of Tom Prior, their little maid walking demurely behind them. The Lewises pulled each an arm of their patient father,—turned up from his last country call. Mrs. Vallance deliberately composed her share of the one solemn sentence she was to exchange with the Vicar in two streets' length. Mrs. Porteous and Mrs. Dudgeon strove in vain to enlighten darkened minds (each working on her friend's husband) on the respective burdens of childless ease and many-childed struggles, and entered the lodge and the cottage, Mrs. Porteous to discover that the evening post had brought her the overwhelming disappointment of an apology from the friends whose visit she had counted on for helping her and Porteous to get rid of the burden of their autumn; and little Mrs. Dudgeon, that her absence had put the head sheaf on her stack of worries—so disproportioned to the size of the woman; since her fourth boy, Alger-

non, had taken the liberty of falling down a flight of stairs, and little Charlotte had been so lost to propriety as to swallow a pin.

Abigail's strength failed her in an instant, and she crept with slow, lagging steps, without saying a word, to her room for the night. The terrible ordeal of forming the target to be shot at by the flights of arrows of common curiosity, commiseration, and a little contempt, and the silent, single, more deadly darts of retrospection, longing, despair, was over. But Abigail had lived long enough to know that the worst was to come. Woman's griefs are like ghosts, which wait for the dark night or the grey morning to troop round her soul. They drove Abigail from her sleepless pillow, compelled her to pace up and down restlessly but stealthily, for fear of disturbing her father and mother, first huddling on her dressing-gown and slippers, because she must not on any account be ill at this period of her life, and then, 'walking up and pacing down,' living all the purgatory of the evening over again with a tenfold life. She, the pure, tender girl, reproaching herself, hating herself because of her human nature, praying to God to forgive her, rocking herself wearily, wringing her hands in anguish, writhing with shame, crying dumbly, 'Oh! Humphrey, Humphrey; neither in this world, nor beyond the stars. Given up by you, of your own free will, another woman your love, your wife; and I loved and love you, Humphrey, — how much — your mother, who hated me without a cause, might, no other woman, not the happy woman you love, could fathom.'

And Humphrey was sleeping the sound sleep of health, content, and an easy conscience.

While Tom Prior was walking up and down before his lodging door, puffing smoke into the early morning air, recklessly risking his character as an unexceptionable young man, by staying abroad till his footsteps might be heard contemporaneously with the cock-crow, restless like Abigail Howe, but restless not with misery but bliss, such as had not yet exalted and humbled his fervid soul.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VICTIM BROUGHT TO LIFE AGAIN.

THE rosy drawing-room was rosier than ever on a long day in June; but the tables and chairs were literally loaded with drapers' parcels, milliners' band-boxes, ornamental pieces of china, and small pieces of

silver plate, with bits of strings entangling the hands and feet everywhere. Abigail Howe stood in the centre in profound calculation, with long streamers of white ribbon on one arm, and her hands full of little sprigs of artificial flowers, white flowers, jessamine. Her dress was in contrast to her occupation. She wore a faded muslin gown, two summers old, ready to be laid aside, like the worn-out garments of her maiden life, and her bronzed hair tucked tightly out of the way, back from her little thin face, as if she had dressed it in the pre-occupation of much to do, with no thought but to dispose of it so as to lighten the temples and give the least trouble to preserve the glory in order. But she did not fail to have the lace at her throat gathered together by a little cluster of leaves in dead and glittering gold, and to wear on one of her fingers a changing coloured opal ring, both indicating the taste of a man whose untutored artistic fancy went beyond his means, and his appreciation of the money value of ornaments.

Mrs. Howe entered the room, her bluff, cabbage-rose face beaming with delight; and though it was evening, a white apron over her gown, white cuffs drawn up to her elbows, and the strings of her cap pinned carefully over her shoulders, to hang behind her. She never trusted any one but herself with her jellies, and this was an epoch for the most anxious experiments with her confectionery.

'My love, I have been making a trial of a few of these moulds, as there must be some additions to the dinner to-morrow, on your aunts' and uncles' account at any rate. I think, let cook say what she will about pyramids being newer, I prefer my old turtle-dove. She has come out to the life, only her beak broken, which will never be observed, and I am just going to supply the cloves for eyes. I declare, when the jelly shakes, you would think she was shaking her wings to rise and fly off.'

'I don't think that would be a desirable effect, mamma.'

'No. But you will know better what the weight of jellies is on one's mind, when you come to give your first dinner. To be sure you will have me to apply to for many a long year, I hope; and I dare say you will take in a jobbing cook, as so many of the young housekeepers do now. But I trust you will never put your dinners into the hands of the hotel-keepers, or confectioners — such disgracefully extravagant, lazy, and indifferent behaviour, I could never countenance it, Abigail.'

'I wish you would wait, till I give a dinner, mamma.'

'Of course you will give dinners, child. Where would be the use of your best dinner china, if you did not give dinners? I warrant he will care for such things, then; all married men do.'

'I must have faith in my good stars that he will not.'

'And if he do not care for dinners, which is not to be thought of, you will put your pride in them.'

'My pride in dinners!' ejaculated the bride, still in half-amused incredulity.

'You might put your pride in worse. You will not go gadding about to dancing parties and picnics after you are a married woman. Not that you ever were a gadder,' taking back her words penitently, 'but as good and quiet a girl as ever I saw. But where would your bit of pleasure be then, Abigail?'

'I am sure I don't know,' answered Abigail in a staid, tired tone.

'Don't stay any longer poking about here, my pet,' her mother enjoined her hastily. 'Brides should leave all trouble to ordinary mortals; it is not lucky to do otherwise. Go and be happy and admired and adored while your day lasts. He will be here presently, I suppose, and you will be too late to dress for him. We are going to have an early tea in the dining-room to-night, that Sarah may clear out this room, the last tea papa and you and I will take together, before your uncles and aunts arrive. There, I ought not to have said that, to tempt you to break down.'

However, Abigail did not break down. She merely said, with a wistfulness which took away the ungraciousness of the words, 'Then I wish he would keep away when it is to be our last tea. He would have done it, if I had only asked him.'

'No, we could not expect that,' Mrs. Howe warned her daughter. 'Were you looking out for him?'

No. I never look out for him,' confessed Abigail, candidly, 'because he comes at all times; so that looking out for him would be no sinecure. And I am dressed already if you please, mamma. I am not going to do any more in the way of dressing to-night.'

'It is not as I please,' hesitated Mrs. Howe, a troubled expression stealing over the bright roundness of her face, 'but as he pleases.'

'Oh, I need not dress for him,' Abigail assured her mother, with a little nervous laugh, the first she had given. 'I am certain he never sees what I wear; I might put a helmet on my head, like Minerva, or

a coal-scuttle, it would be all the same to him if it were I who wore it. Queer, is it not, mamma?'

An event was about to happen in the domestic economy of the Howes which was sufficient to overturn even the simpering, decorous, rosy affectation of the drawing-room. Abigail Howe was to be married in a few days to Tom Prior. Everything in the household was exceedingly uncomfortable, and everybody much put about; but from Mr. Howe, to the under kitchen-maid, who was given to pounding sand to apply to her floors and tables at all hours, as an apothecary's boy pounds his drugs, and was hurt in her feelings (as an apothecary's boy rarely is) when she was stopped and taken away to less serious and urgent occupations; everybody was mild and complacent in the chaos, under the reflected honour of a marriage in the family.

The gain to Mr. Howe was very small and entirely honorary, and counterbalanced by the loss of his only child, the paying down of half of her portion (with the precaution of setting it on herself), the liberal furnishing of his grateful son-in-law's house — the old house in Mil-street which the elder Bingham had occupied in the good old days of cotton-spinning before they grew grand and went out to the Hanger. The old house had always been thought a good family house, though it was venerable and shady, and stood alone in its grade in old-fashioned dignity and usefulness near its factory; and it was, as Mr. Howe was furnishing it, a handsome house for a young couple, the head of whom was only the junior partner in the factory.

Mr. Howe gave his full consent to the marriage; and Mrs. Howe, kind woman, was infinitely more elated than the bride herself at having her daughter married as she deserved to be before the Lewises, and not long after Mrs. Leech's sister — that lady had come to Ashley for a fortnight's visit and snapped up the scrupulous Vicar, who either laid aside his scruples under the pressure of circumstances, or found he had so much to do in controlling the outer courts of men's consciences, that he was obliged to slur over the important step, to himself, of his own marriage. But Mrs. Howe did not blame Mr. Bellairs, it was Mrs. Leech's sister whom she, generally the most indulgent of women, could not forgive for being so grasping. As if marrying men were as abundant as acorns in an oak coppice at Ashley, and Mrs. Leech's sister had not come from a large town where she might have had a choice of men ten years young-

er and a little better off than the Vicar; but she had a mind, like the old Romans, to abandon the palaces of Rome for the huts of Britain out of sheer fickleness and love of conquest. Mrs. Howe went so far as to liken the benighted Vicar—benighted where the interests of his parish were concerned—to the ewe lamb, and Mrs. Leech's sister to the rich man of the same parable. And the aggressor would repent at leisure and be punished for her unprincipled poaching in her neighbours' preserves, Mrs. Howe reflected with acrimony, not that she had ever entertained an idea of the Vicar for Abigail, but she was a true Ashley woman, and Mrs. Leech's sister, an interloper, had no business to marry Mrs. Howe's Vicar.

Of course Abigail's marriage would have been a far more splendid affair had Humphrey Bingham been the bridegroom, and the Hanger the bride's destination, as Mrs. Howe had once had good reason to expect; but it was a wise fisher's adage 'better small fish than none;' and a girl was so liable to go off in her looks and in the public estimation after she had been jilted as poor Abigail had been by that half-innocent, spoilt scamp, Humphrey Bingham; though Mrs. Howe dared not make the most distant allusion to the fact, not even to Mr. Howe, so that the other partner (Mrs. Howe always called Tom Prior 'the other partner' now, as if there was equality between the two, though Tom Prior would have been the last man to acknowledge such a thing) coming on promptly was a stroke of compensation and good fortune of which Abigail was well worthy. And Mr. Prior was passionately in love with Abigail—there was no mistake there; and Abigail had uniformly expressed a great esteem for Mr. Prior, and insisted that he would get on in the world, sly puss! Then there was the great pleasure of having her daughter settled near her. Altogether Mrs. Howe was very happy herself, and convinced that the young couple had a fair prospect of happiness.

Abigail was very still about her marriage. She knew she was not over wise, though she had been counted a clever girl, nor over strong, though she had a woman's power of endurance. She had long-d for any change after the violence of the blow she had received had subsided into a dull ache, any interlude on the monotony of a life which was crushed and deprived of colour and fragrance; something different from the small gaieties of Ashley, over which, whenever they were of a lively description, the Bingham of the Hanger presided. She had felt her wounded pride soothed by Tom Prior's

blind passion; she thought it was blind in Tom. She would rather he had not been Humphrey's partner, but Humphrey was nothing to her except in the past, and he would be less than nothing when she was Tom Prior's wife; neither need she see any more of him in Tom Prior's house than in her father's: the men met when Humphrey went to the factory, in their counting-house, their wives would be at the head of very different establishments.

Humphrey had sent his partner's bride a goodly wedding gift (the silver tea vase on which Mrs. Howe set such store), but he was not to be at the wedding—he and his wife were up in London.

It might be weak in Abigail, but marrying Tom Prior seemed less hard than being a lonely old woman like the Miss Mainwaring, or sought after for her poor little fortune like Mrs. Vallance. These terminations might be far in the distance; but the principal chapter of her life written, read, and closed, it seemed to Abigail as if the rest of the volume must be compressed into small bulk and speedy accomplishment. It was like a certain chapter in Genesis, in which the old man Jacob sums up his life to his favourite son into the two events—God met him at Bethel; and he buried Rachel on the way to Bethlehem. Abigail had buried her Rachel; and the rest, be it short or long, would be easily summed up and was at hand. Her father and mother were pleased, and she thought she could make Tom Prior happy.

To do Abigail justice, her greatest doubt had been for Tom's sake. But he was an unexacting, single hearted, generous fellow, who regarded her with romantic devotion, and was enchanted at her accepting the offer of his life. Poor Tom! but she really liked him. She had always liked his clever impulsive sayings and doings, though she had laughed at their drollness; and since they were engaged, she had been more interested and amused by him than ever—it was something now to be interested and amused.

At the same time Abigail had a strong suspicion that she had always looked forward to being married and having a home of her own, and receiving her father and mother there as honoured guests, without continuing in leading-strings to them to ripe middle age. And so far she had not been wrong to look forward to the white *muiré* and floating lace of her marriage dress, and the twenty or thirty guinea shawl in her *trousseau* to be worn on occasions for the rest of her life—such a shawl as few girls, however well off, wear. It was not the dress or

shawl, but what they represented, that Abigail cared for. She would have minded little though the *moiré* had been muslin, and the shawl dwindled to plaid; but she wanted to gather the blossoms and fruit of a complete life, to claim the spotless robe of her virgin innocence, and the matronly dignity of a man's honour and happiness, and a family's well-being in her trusted and safe keeping.

Abigail did not question herself whether it was right or wrong to stretch out her hand to what was left her of these gifts, and whether she was not more grasping than Mrs. Leech's sister. The question was a hard one, but may resolve itself into the problem—Abigail had been badly hurt, and all who loved her suffered from her hurt. How many had a right to suffer, and was she at liberty to give the right to any one who begged and pleaded for it?

Abigail had tried to say to Tom Prior, 'Tom, do you know I once cared for Humphrey Bingham when I had reason to think Humphrey cared for me?'

And Tom had stopped her with the eager assurance, 'Yes, dear, and it was natural—he is a fine fellow, Humphrey. It was very natural in Humphrey; but then his mother and sisters came over him; he was always a great family man, with all his spirit; and their groundless opposition would have been disagreeable for you: besides, he was too generous to take everything. You care for me a little, and trust me—it is better as it is, Abigail, a world better for me.'

There was a confusion in Tom's mind whether he seriously believed that Humphrey had resigned Abigail with an ulterior view to his—Tom's—benefit, at least he managed to preserve his allegiance both to his mistress and his friend, because it would have been great pain, in some respects hardly possible, to him to give either up. He continued to combine the contradictory dogmas, that Abigail was perfect, and that Humphrey had not sinned beyond forgiveness.

The man who paid his visits so pertinaciously, and would not have heeded though his mistress had hid her head in a coal-scuttle, came this evening, and laughed with almost childish glee at the disorder of the house, laid himself out to bestow excellent advice in the arrangements for the collation and the packing; to Mrs. Howe's mingled edification and scandal, lifted some of the heavy articles of furniture with his own hands, and took down and re-hung the Howes' family pictures to make room for the large photograph of Abigail, which she

was to leave a shadow on the wall, above her empty place, as the house's daughter, doing it with a hundred times the neatness of an upholsterer's man, Abigail smiling quietly at him the while. He was entitled to rest and be thankful and be waited on afterwards; but he scarcely took time to drink tea, though he could have come triumphantly through the ordeal of sceptical matrons. He only failed on one point, he let his cups be cold. He would toss off as many as Mrs. Howe could conscientiously fill out; more, indeed, for she had held back the last till she had made a little deprecating, defensive speech.

'I am afraid, Mr Prior, it is a little pale in the colour, not quite so good as the first. The—ahem—third rarely is.'

But Tom put aside the objection in the politest, best-tempered manner.

'Don't speak of it, Mrs. Howe,' and plunged afresh into the milk-and-water stream, and into the conversation, while Mrs. Howe folded her hands behind the teapot, and assured herself, 'What a treasure that man is! what will he not be content with on a washing-day,—boiled rice and cold pie (now Humphrey Bingham was nice in his eating); but Tom Prior will spoil Abigail, that is certain.'

Tom was speaking of the Scotch Highlands, which Abigail and he were to see during their fortnight's holiday, dwelling with boyish spirit on the northern routes, the unpronounceable Gaelic names, the purple mountains to be climbed, the golden oat-fields to be strolled through, the blue lochs to be rowed upon, his keen face flushed, his very hands full of action, until the details were rich and luminous with a young fellow's genius, and his gladness.

Mr. Howe, under his stoical bearing, was impressed and a little uneasy.

'He is wonderful, after all, that lad Prior—I hope he is not going to turn out anything miraculous—an inventor, an author in the bud, with an awful development before him. No, he is crazed, as happy as a king. I wish he would take his happiness quietly, though. Does the young fool never think no one ever married his first desperate fancy before, and never repented it when he did?'

However, Mr. Howe did not glance at the sweet cabbage-rose, Mrs. Howe, as if she had been his first fancy, at the same time he had never repented his choice.

But the women were touched without reservation by Tom's happiness—all good women are touched by the sight of great happiness, and the happiness of a bride-



groom is a special compliment to themselves. Mrs. Howe and Abigail could have petted Tom Prior with all the experimental dainties of the marriage collation, if he had cared for them, or patted him on the back and stroked his messed mass of sombre hair, through which he thrust whole hands and did not draw single fingers, after the careful, elaborate fashion of the 'Roman generalissimo and imperator Cæsar,' if it had been permissible to do so. As it was, they were flatteringly and sympathetically affected by his eloquence; and laughed and prattled, even Abigail, however much of her heart was reduced to ashes. Tom's inspired speech kindled some sparks on the cold altar; and the briefest sojourn in the Scotch Highlands had been a favourite vision with Abigail as a girl, when many a time she had exhausted all her girlish weapons on her father to procure its realization. Even Mrs. Howe wished she could have laid aside thirty years of her life, with their corresponding weight and stiffness, and run away to scramble among scenes of which she had read in her youth, when Ashley had heard of the poems of Mr. Scott, and the novels of the Great Unknown.

If Tom were to write his business letters at all that night (Tom, like all fellows fertile in resource, was desultory in his habits) he must go. He lingered to the last, alone with Abigail, after the two had subsided into stillness in the twilight of the long June day, as if they also felt that 'rest is sweet' at the very height of their jubilee.

Abigail had been carried away in spirit by her willing bridegroom, but now she was relapsing into the dreaminess of the last week — not the sunny mist of the most ordinary young bride, loving and loved, who is standing with her foot on so radiant a threshold that she looks round amazed and uncertain, to ask can the old world of sin and sorrow go on creaking and groaning in its old irreparable ruts, when she is to be married to her lover in three days? but the bewildered breaking up of apathy, the smarting of old wounds, the tardy gathering of clouds of doubt and dismay.

Tom Prior spoke at that moment with the pathetic mingling of humility and vanity which is so intensely human. He had asked no profession of regard from her before, he had been satisfied with her simple 'yes' to the generous ardour of his wooing, her simplest declaration of good-will. His eyes had sparkled and his heart had leaped on the faintest suspicion that she admired him, and was drawn to him. But now, on the spur of the moment, impelled by an irre-

sistible longing, he put it to her, 'You like me better than you liked him, fine fellow as he is, now, to-night, Abigail?'

Abigail shrank back, and her voice was low and trembled when she answered him.

'I was never going to be married to him in three days, Tom. He never stood with his arm round me as you are standing. He once clasped me in his arms, when we neither of us thought what he was about, but it was only for a moment, never again. I am to be your wife in three days, by my own free will, with — yes — with all my heart. But I warn you, Tom, I don't think I have so much heart as you have. The only thing that frightens me about you, sir, is your big, noble, warm heart, which I don't half deserve.' She cried for a moment on his breast, after she had been laughing just before. 'Of course I could never feel in the same way to Humphrey Bingham that I feel to my dear, good, clever lover and bridegroom, Tom.'

Such was the gentle answer for which the manly, gentle fellow was grateful; but was he satisfied? He had the unerring intuition of love, could he be satisfied?

#### CHAPTER III.

##### TEN YEARS AFTER.

In Tom Prior's drawing-room, surrounded by the modern chaste elegance of white watered walls, ebony-wood, and sea-green damask, like a marine cave than a rose bower, Mrs. Prior, a ten years' old wife, sat in a low chair reading by the fire, which competed successfully with the April sunshine and spring wind without.

Her hankering after matronly shawls had been rewarded, or punished, by having a shawl to wear for a perpetuity — at her hearth as well as in the streets or on the roads round Ashley. Mrs. Prior was an invalid, and was enveloped in a soft, warm shawl, — white, from a lurking, lingering, womanly inclination to what was most becoming. Her face had still the nameless sweetness and charm which remains in some faces when the beauty of form and colour is gone or going; but it was a worn, slightly pinched face for a woman of thirty, and the effect was increased by the old bright adornment of her hair being put quite away under a half handkerchief of lace, as if the hands were too weary to dress it and had done with the vanities of life. Something curious and subtle might be written on the connexion between the health and sickness of a woman's mind and her treatment of what St. Paul calls her

glory. It was not as a mere phrase that the maidens of old tragic ballads so often sang —

Nae mair I'll kaim my yellow hair.

About Mrs. Prior's invalidism her native town of Ashley was comfortably agreed. Mrs. Prior had sunk into a poor, selfish, sickly creature. Tom Prior was a lost man; a poor young-looking — in spite of his grey hairs — slim fellow, who slaved for his family, put a good face on his fate before the world, always assuring his acquaintances that Mrs. Prior was getting stronger, walked to and from the factory with his great boys hanging upon him as if he were the mother, while the mother dawdled and nursed herself at home with her two idle and spoiled servants, when everybody knew that Tom Prior could not afford to keep even two servants. And it might be all very well for Humphrey Bingham to speak of the Factory as a bagatelle, and to propose throwing it up, but badly paying as it was it must be a matter of life and death to Tom Prior, who was too manly to live dependent on his wife's small fortune, and who had nothing else between him and a manager's situation, or a situation of any kind, which he might have to go abroad to seek.

At the same time the Ashley public was in a great hurry to kill off Mrs. Prior, and had even appointed her successor. Not a second wife with a great deal more money or a great deal more energy, — but Mrs. Prior's mother, Mrs. Howe, whose husband was dead, and who had already removed with all the rosiness she could carry with her from Church-street, to a small snug house nearer her daughter, and who was so much attached, not only to her two grandchildren, but to Tom Prior — more like his own mother than his mother-in-law — a cheerful, hale old lady who would count it no sacrifice to keep her son-in-law's house, and then her independent income would be a windfall to poor Tom Prior.

Tom Prior had never contemplated the advantages of his wife's death, neither was there any reason why Mrs. Tom should die just yet, except her general air of fading and wearing away. Nevertheless, the Ashley public showed sound judgment, as it generally did when it was not dealing with the numerous cases of exceptions, in drawing the conclusion that though there was no violent disorder there must be great poverty of system in the young woman who caught every influenza which passed over the place,

and had soon to shut herself up for the depth of winter and the sharpness of spring, and adopted shawls and caps like a grandmother (grandmothers had a vast deal more spirit), and that the poverty tended as surely, though it might be more gradually, to decay.

Without being troubled either by Ashley's verdict on her character or its future arrangements for her family, Abigail stayed by the fire and read, worked, and thought. She was reading one of those excellent brooding classifying books, slightly unwholesome, on silver hairs and evening clouds — more acceptable than invigorating to their subjects, and whose estimation of middle life in women is singularly opposed to the rich fruitfulness and mellow brilliance of autumn in the natural world. They are addressed for the most part to single women, but some married women appropriate them. She was working at an embroidery of a jacket for herself, now that Jack and Joe were too big for tunics, and she was feeling an old woman, — twice as old as Mrs. Howe, and that might be the reason age, which sat so lightly on grandmamma, depressed her daughter. She was thinking of the journey into Lancashire which Tom had left her that morning to take. He had parted from her in the most off-hand manner; he was engrossed with the new machinery he desired to introduce into the Factory; he was more and more wedded to his trade: worldliness must be inseparable from elderly married Englishmen, when it had so crept and encroached on Tom that he was the most zealous business man in Ashley. She was thinking of the boys; and glancing round, she saw for the first time they had left a litter of chips of wood and bits of string (what did boys always find to do with string?), since morning, on the carpet, and rung for Dorothy — Dorothy taking her own time to answer the bell, to remove it. Since Jack and Joe had gone to the grammar-school they had grown rough and rude; and though they came to her yet with all their grievances, they seemed to consider, justly, their enjoyments out of her way. They carried the eager chronicles of their games and exploits to their harassed, busy father; and she knew that this would increase year by year till she should sit apart from her sons, unless God sent them suffering and weakness, which, might He in his mercy forbid! It was altogether natural, innocent, inevitable that they should go amongst boys and grow like boys, but she could have wished they had continued longer babies. They were so much her own then, and such pretty,

attractive little darlings. Their walks, their frocks, their diet, their play, had been such thorough occupations. She had been happier and busier then, and not so often ailing. But, of course, their babyhood could not last for ever—their progress could not be delayed; she was not so miserable a mother as to have sought it really, though the lads now belonged so much more to their papa and the Rector, to cook and Dorothy for the nursery dinners and the toilette, and in the last instance also to the best Ashley tutor. But if the boys had been girls their influence and companionship would have endured a lifetime. Mrs. Humphrey Bingham had girls as well as boys—a wise, arch little woman, who already sat with precocious demureness and restrained vivacity by her mother in the carriage, tripped out with messages to shops, delivering them far more intelligently than the footman, and would soon save her mother a wonderful proportion of the burden of a great house and the entertainment of guests—though a great house and guests were no burden to Mrs. Humphrey. And there was another little girl at the Hanger, one of those gentle, guileless, fair little children, like angels, who would long follow her mother's footsteps, look up to her, lean upon her, with a faith and devotion which create what they believe in.

Abigail read, worked, and thought, and occasionally coughed, so that had Tom Prior been as sensitive as Humphrey Bingham to a cough, and had he not been accustomed to the sound, that cough, unformed as it was yet, would have spoilt his ease.

Abigail was surprised to hear Mr. Prior's knock at the door, followed by his voice in the hall, when he had left her in the morning with the intention of taking the down train to Lancashire. There was no need for her rising and going to the door to investigate the reason of his return, when she had an incipient cold on her, by a succession of premonitory shivers, one of her very bad colds, probably bronchitis or pleurisy. Some trifle might have made him change his mind and come back; he was always forgetful and slightly Bohemian in his ways, though a steady, hard-working fellow after his kind. Presently, he turned the door-handle and looked in without entering immediately.

'Please, Tom, come in at once, and don't keep me in the draught,' said Abigail plaintively. 'I have been sneezing all the morning.'

Tom came in directly, and shut the door. 'I did not feel very well myself, Abigail. As you are sneezing perhaps the weather has something to do with it,' he added, with

an involuntary shiver; 'but I thought I had better put off the journey for a day. You see there is very little the matter with me, for I have walked back and carried my bag from the station.'

Abigail got up instantly, it was strange news to hear Tom Prior say he did not feel very well, and there he was white and weary, through his screen of hair, leaning against the door. She had no reason to suppose there was anything far wrong with him, though he tacitly admitted that he was not fit for business, and allowed her to send for Dr. Winkworth to put him to rights, while he was explaining away his illness, as if he were apologising for disturbing her with it; but it struck her curiously that she would repent all her life the small matter of how she had received him.

Before night Tom Prior lay flushed, panting, and rambling in his talk, in a high fever.

Abigail, in her thirty years of life, had never nursed a patient in serious illness; it happens so with some women. Her boys had been healthy, her father had died just after the younger child was born, and his case had been such as to preclude the alternations of hope and fear. Mr. Howe had been struck down speechless, and after a few hours' struggle against the deadly torpor, he had been mercifully spared farther suffering. Abigail might be thankful that her husband's illness was of a different character; but as she sat and gazed in blank consternation at the active, independent figure suddenly stopped in its activity and laid down in the humiliation of helplessness, and heard first with the pang, which the pang of no other calamity but that of death itself can surpass, the reasonable voice unreasonably disclosing to the idlest ears its jealously-guarded secrets, she did not know how to be thankful for anything.

Mrs. Howe arrived, hurrying to be of use, and to ascertain the extent of the evil. She was taken aback by the spectacle she met, and as Tom was dozing and did not see her, the tears poured down her cheeks.

'Poor fellow, he has worked so hard and been so worried. I would give every shilling I have in the world to relieve him and see him well again. Yes, Abigail, your Tom has been a good son to me.'

'What did you mean, mamma, about Tom having been worried, and about giving every shilling you had in the world to relieve him?' Abigail roused herself and questioned her mother in the course of the long night. 'I had my own pocket-money, and the supplies for the house never failed; he

was always ready with them. What did you mean?’

Mrs. Howe only comprehended in part, and wanted to repair what she considered her mistake. When Abigail was likely to have an anxious time with her husband's illness was not the season to fret her with worldly cares.

‘Oh, my dear, I meant nothing particular, except that no doubt poor Tom has business trials like other men, which men like our Tom bear on their own broad backs—not that his back was ever very broad, poor fellow—and don't shift on their wives' weak shoulders, especially if they are ailing shoulders.’

‘Do they not? Is that right?’ inquired Abigail, with sharp pain, awakened out of a dream.

‘Oh, my dear, don't distress yourself. I did not mean that he had run into debt, nothing of the kind. I never heard of such a thing.’

‘Never mind, mamma; I have more to distress myself about.’

Abigail had got the sum of the information she had expected, and it served to make her husband's unconscious speech plain to her. He spoke incessantly of his business, working away at his accounts, going over and over again the accustomed ground in the Factory with an earnestness and eagerness which contrasted broadly with his incapacity and inertness. His raving was as pure as the prattle of a child, he never said a word which could hurt a human being except when he broke her heart by running up accounts, comparing invoices, weighing bales, examining frames, arranging that a place should be kept for an old woman who had been a worker in her young days; and Bill Cobb should have his full wages, a man's child must be buried; the scapegrace was in real trouble this time, well, it might sober him. Sometimes he referred to his father's experience in the office, and established a hereditary connexion with the Factory. He said it all in a matter of fact, cheerful voice, only waxing hoarse and husky with much speaking and failing strength. He never alluded to disappointment or anxiety, smothering and strangling them to the last. He had his work to do, and he did it, lying there, as busily as ever he had done it in the counting-house or the Factory. If he were to die, Abigail would say of him, he had died as truly at his post as a sailor at the helm, or a soldier on the breach. For sitting there, watching Tom Prior's looks and words, the knowledge came irresistibly to Abigail, that they contained

the reflection of a devoted career, the essence of manliness. He did not say one directly religious word, though Abigail knew him to be a reverent, believing man; but the whole tenor of his business talk was religious, the evidence of a life spent in aiming at duty, a commentary on the text, ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.’

Tom Prior was not always unconscious, he would recognise Abigail, Mrs. Howe, the nurse provided for him. On these occasions he announced he was better, they were only making a fuss about him; were they looking after the children? bid Abigail lie down. Bad as it was to hear this when he was no better, and Abigail could no more have rested than she could have danced, it was not so bad as to have him toiling manfully and self-forgetfully on his sick-bed, perhaps death-bed. The very little boys felt this; and Joe confided to his mother, with a girl's burst of tears which smeared his bold, chubby face almost as black as his hands, he wished papa would only cry, oh dear, and say he could not bear it, and roar as he and Jack did when they had chilblains and nurse put the bottle on them, or they had gum-boil, and not go on working for them and the Factory people when he was lying so sick in bed. Could mamma not stop him, and tell him that Jack and Joe had made up their minds to spend all the Saturday afternoon in the Factory, and were prepared to help the manager to pay the hands if he would allow them?

‘We must let papa alone just now, my dears; he cannot bear to be meddled with.’ Abigail tried to comfort the children and herself. ‘When he is well again, as Jack and Joe pray to God to make him, we will do all we can to get papa to let us share his work.’

Dr. Winkworth, and the other doctors who saw Tom at the worst—and were the signal to Ashley that poor Tom Prior, with his wife and young family, was dangerously ill, and to the Miss Mainwaring's to send her little maid to the back area gate, with their compliments, and please how was Mr. Prior? twice a day—were hopeful of his recovery, though the symptoms were formidable. But Dr. Winkworth, not like cautious old Dr. Lewis, but an uncompromising man, told all whom it might concern, flatly, ‘Mr. Prior has not been using himself well; he has been overdoing himself, and he has not been taking sufficient rest and refreshment; the consequence is, he has made our office ten times more difficult and doubtful.’

Abigail looked back, that aching looking back, to ascertain all the recklessness of which he and she had been guilty. Tom had been absorbed in business, she had known that, but she had always thought it the love of business which comes to a man with years, when he has done with the fancies and follies of youth; and some envy of Humphrey Bingham's prosperity, with the fact that it rendered Humphrey more of a sleeping partner. Lately Tom had gone to the office after dinner, thus certainly curtailing his rest and refreshment, and sometimes worked by himself far on into the night. When he was very busy he did not come home to dinner, near as his house was, but had a sandwich sent to the office. Abigail had never prevented it. If Tom chose to give himself up to business it was his own affair. She had never dreamt of injury to his health, certainly (as if she held a monopoly of illness). Mrs. Howe had occasionally remonstrated, but Abigail had joined Tom in saying the remonstrance was stuff, and laughing at it.

Very likely, though Abigail had resisted Tom's malpractices, Tom, with his horror of milksops, and his doggedness where his own ease and comfort were concerned, would have resisted and overcome her; but Abigail had not resisted him, she had aided and abetted him in his great carelessness. Abigail had not had any conception of such sudden and terrible disorder of functions and faculties as had punished Tom for his ignorance and imprudence, well-informed, sensible fellow as he was. Her own illnesses had all consisted of weakness and irritation of the chest, prostrating and ominous in their way, but so bearable, above all to a retiring, languid woman, that now and then, when she was taking herself to task, she had accused herself of making pets of her illnesses. Now she witnessed in grief and terror an illness which struck root and branch, and clutched its victim — the head of the family, its natural star and crown — of whom no prophet had foreboded the remote decay far less of the crashing fall.

'If Tom die, I have helped to dig the grave of the only man who would have killed himself, and who has killed himself for me,' Abigail told herself in her despair, dealing to herself the hard lines that noble natures take as their portion, when their eyes are opened and they have come to their right minds.

At last the fever slackened and the disorder yielded. Dr. Winkworth pronounced that Mr. Prior had turned over a new leaf, and he expected would be sensible when he awoke next morning.

'But you must be very careful, Mrs. Prior; you are not to expect that he is to come out of this attack a strong man, and you are not to encourage him to make exertions. He will begin to worry about his business presently — men are bad patients in that respect. If you can tell him anything that will set his mind at ease, do so; but nothing that can vex him. Say that I distinctly forbid that.' And the Doctor, exceedingly shrewd in his physical line, walked off with as silly a speech, morally, as if he had forbidden the tides to obey the moon; but as he observed to himself shortly, 'It is not my business but hers to find a way to keep her husband quiet.'

Abigail stood and looked at her husband before he awoke next morning. The little solid flesh he had possessed had melted away like the wax of the figures which witches placed before slow fires. All his tangled hair and growth of beard, fast growing grey, could not conceal the hollows in his face. But Abigail for the first time in her life thought Tom Prior very handsome — all coarseness refined away from the haggard face, a certain sternness lent by its sparseness to its pleasantness, but the most manly, the truest of faces.

'What holes papa has got in his cheeks,' remarked a boy with something like awe, stealing on tiptoe into the room after his mother.

'Papa had always holes in his cheeks, boy, only they used to look more like dimples,' his mamma explained softly. 'We must make them look like dimples again.'

She went and chatted cheerfully to the boys when Mrs. Howe had gone to sit with Mr. Prior. The boys had taken to their mother since they were seared by the atmosphere of pain and fear in the house; and now that she made them parties to her reviving hopes, and was merry with them, they were enchanted with her as a new acquisition, and were loth to part from her.

'Don't go, mamma; it is so nice to hear you laugh — almost as jolly as having papa downstairs again. Why do you laugh so seldom?'

'You don't know what you are saying, child. I laugh as often as my neighbours — my grown-up neighbours, I mean. I must go now; don't detain me, you two rogues, I am going out. I have not been out since poor papa was ill.'

They were so perverse, they wanted to walk with her, though a fortnight ago they would have resented it as an approach to the insult of walking with their nurse.

'This is a wonderful accession of gallantry. I see if I am not to pestered by the



attentions of two young men, I must exert a little lawful authority. So off with you to school, Jack and Joe, and be sure you take a message from me to the Rector, that I hope the usher canes you when you are late.'

Mrs. Howe was delighted that Abigail should think of breathing the fresh air, and quite certain she could keep Mr. Prior from fretting while his wife was out.

'But though Tom is amazingly better, don't stay away long, dear, on your own account, for this is a most deceitful day; there is a great deal of May sun, but the wind is right in the east, and you know this is the time of the year when you are particularly liable to your influenzas.'

Abigail smiled and sighed, and begged her mother not to weary for her. But she did not say she was going to stay away two or three hours at the shortest computation. She was going to take a drive of six miles and back. She was going to hire a Cab from the Royal Hotel, and drive to the Hanger to see Humphrey Bingham. He had sent regularly, and had even come personally to the house more than once to inquire for his partner, but he had never asked to go up to Tom; kind-hearted as Humphrey was, he was not fond of witnessing scenes of distress, and the feeling was growing upon him; but his old mistress was going out to the Hanger to see him.

Abigail had been very seldom, and for mere short ceremonious visits, at the Hanger since Humphrey's marriage and her own; so that in thinking of it at any time, and seeing it again now, her mind recurred to the time when she had known it best—the days she had spent there with Fanny Bingham, in the year when she had regarded it as her future home. It was what its name implied, a prettily-situated country-house, on the slope of a wooded hill now green and fragrant in early summer. Humphrey had added to it; until what with its colonnade, which carried off the monotony of the long line of the billiard-room; what with its clock-tower, which contained only a smoking-room, it was an imposing mansion: it was in keeping with Humphrey's fortune, which had increased, as wealth begets wealth, by the death of Mrs. Humphrey's sister and coheir, and by a rich old uncle of Humphrey's appointing Humphrey his chief heir and residuary legatee.

Abigail thought less of the extensive building than of the hyacinths which made the sides of the avenue blue, the crimson tassels which tipped the feathery foliage of the larch, the chorus of birds' songs almost overpowering her with their gaiety and sweetness, after the old shady house in Mill-

street, to which children would only return for meals and bed if they had their will; and Tom's dark sick-room, with its smell of vinegar and its muffled foot-falls.

The servant who opened the door was not an Ashley man, and did not know Mrs. Prior, so that when she asked to speak with Mr. Bingham he showed her into the library, which his master used as a business room, and told her that the family were at luncheon in the dining-room, but as soon as they had finished he would tell the Squire. The library was the room in which Humphrey, his sister, and the young lady staying in the house had taken the gipsy tea on the night of the ball; but what was of more consequence now, it formed a suit with the dining-room, and there was a door between them standing a little ajar, so that Abigail sitting down in the first study chair, had but to turn her head to catch a glimpse of the party at luncheon and hear as much of their conversation as she cared to listen to, while they were too well employed, and making too much noise with plates, glasses, and conversation to notice her entrance.

They were a large party, including not only Humphrey, his wife, and their elder children, with their governess, but a specimen of the constant succession of visitors who stayed with the Bingham when they were at the Hanger.

The Bingham had been absorbed into the county set, for which their means and manners had qualified them. But Ashley people blamed Mr. Humphrey for Humphrey's desertion of the town. Affable as she had shown herself on her introduction to it, she found no difficulty in giving up her Ashley acquaintances when it suited her, not with offensive slights and cuts, but with sufficient decision. Mrs. Humphrey was so led by the gentry that she assumed their very failings. She had an eye glass fixed to the end of her driving-whip, like Lady Metcalfe, though Mrs. Humphrey's short-sightedness had not been heard of at an earlier date; and, as the Miss Mainwarings observed, while old age did not come alone, nobody sported it at the end of a driving-whip, and it was absurd to mention old age in the same breath with a young creature like Mrs. Humphrey, notwithstanding Mrs. Humphrey's memory had failed her where the Miss Mainwarings were concerned. Mrs. Humphrey made greater concessions to rank than losing her full power of vision,—she dropped her girlish, well-bred periods of speech, and adopted whatever expressions were slangy and horsey, though her ears had not been early trained to the language of blacklegs and grooms,

like those of poor Lady Antonia Vesey. The Vicar had spoken to Mr. Bingham, on the racket which was suffered at the Hanger on Sundays, yet Mrs. Bingham, in place of being educated in a foreign convent like the young countess at Oakdale, was brought up by an aunt who was Low Church and Evangelical.

There was a report that Humphrey would stand for the county at the end of the present session, when it was expected that the old member would retire; and it was understood Mrs. Humphrey was so zealous for her husband's election that the motive would induce her, if anything could, to renew her connection with Ashley, though no doubt on a different footing. But Mrs. Humphrey was a good wife to Humphrey Bingham in her own way, and though she did not remain at home from the county races to nurse her children through measles, saying audaciously that she had no fear of them — she was sure they had inherited good constitutions and would recover splendidly, she did remain at home and nurse Humphrey affectionately when he stood hours with wet feet, duck shooting, and had an aggravated quinsy afterwards.

Some excursion for which there was little time was in prospect for the family and the visitors at the Hanger, and the ladies were luncheon without ceremony in their spring bonnets and hats, while the gentlemen attended to them with the little stir and glee of a cause for dispatch, and a whet for wit as well as appetite.

Mrs. Humphrey was conspicuous among her children and her guests — a beautiful woman still, her tall slender figure grown a little too large, and her delicate complexion lost; perhaps her deep voice not sounding softer and lower, and with not more repose though with more style in her gestures; but a handsome, brilliant matron, on whom Humphrey had never ceased to cast his eye in admiration and fondness as she sat opposite him, the ample folds of her cashmere falling about her fine shoulders and bust, a youthful — not too youthful — looking — velvet hat, with its curling white feather turned up above her plump, bonnie, blithe face.

Humphrey's back — and it had grown a very broad back — was towards Abigail, but she could hear the old ringing familiar tones of his voice rising over and giving cheer to every other.

'No, no, Eddy, lobster salad is not for a puss like you.'

'Just one bit, papa.'

'Let it be but one then, you little gourmand.'

Abigail could fancy the group: Hum-

phrey's far-forward, arch, demure little daughter — dark-haired, like her mother — perched on one side of him, and on the other his fair daughter, with a dash of her father's tawny, which insured a balsam complexion and sapphire eyes. Humphrey named the little girls *Rouge et Noir* teasingly, and then consoled them by bidding them fly and find their hats, and he would beg Miss Bertram to grant them a half-holiday, and mamma to stuff them under the seats of the wagonette. But what would be one of Humpty Dumpty, the last baby brother, in their absence? Was he to sit on a wall till they all returned, and if he got a great fall should they bargain that he was to break no bones?

'Now get along Humphrey, and don't chaff the children when you know that they don't understand it. You'll have Minnie crying and not able to say whether she will go or stay, if she thinks baby is to come to grief in her absence, though, indeed, there is no occasion for the little girls going with us; they will be too late for the school-room tea, and Miss Bertram, now that she is out of the room, don't like kicking her heels, though I never mind it. It is high time you were up in town sitting in Parliament, or anywhere else, and not spoiling your family here.'

'Are you to keep up two establishments, Bingham?' asked one of the men — the poor representative of one of King Charles's baronets.

'Two or three or half-a-dozen, Sir Charles, if Mrs. Bingham is to go to Brighton in autumn, Paris or Vienna in winter, and Rome in spring, as she obligingly suggests.'

'Of course I shall,' Mrs. Humphrey affirmed lightly and coolly. 'All the world goes to grass sometime or other.'

'I think I had better try coining the blessed coin of the realm here at the Hanger, rather than the used-up device of spinning cotton over at Ashley.'

'I think that big boy of mine had better look after the traps,' Mrs. Humphrey appealed to the company generally; she did not encourage allusions to the Factory, though she had the nous to see that Humphrey's nonchalance on his origin spared him a few aristocratic sneers.

Abigail had been obliged to overhear these scraps of the conversation and to wait in patience till the party rose from the table, and then she could distinguish the sound of the carriages coming round to the door and taking the place of her cab; the very horses throwing up their heads at their hack brother and his hired vehicle.

At last Humphrey was told that some person wanted him in the library, and remained behind, after the rest of the compa-

ny had trooped to the front door; even then, when he had taken some steps towards the library, he stopped and turned back to speak to the servant who was preparing to clear the table.

'Tell cook her hunter's stew to-day was a masterpiece. It is one of her best dishes. She may send up more of it for breakfast to-morrow.' No need to tell whence Miss Edith got her gourmand propensities.

At last Humphrey came into the library, filling up the doorway, for his stately figure was becoming portly. He was still what in the west of Scotland is emphatically termed 'a braw man.' But a certain unwieldiness was creeping over him, and his face was considerably fuller and redder than when it smiled brightly on Abigail that far a way night of the ball. It was the effect which even gentlemanlike and respectable self-indulgence, including the pursuit of field sports, will produce on a man; and the portliness and floridness were not unbecoming in their present stage, though they foreshadowed heavier and coarser traits.

The contrast between Humphrey Bingham and his partner's wife, the delicate pinched woman, in the winter gown and jacket of grey woollen stuff and the Ashley every-day bonnet of black chip, was striking—but not so extreme as the difference between Humphrey and the wan, hollow-cheeked, silver-headed man at home, working, in dreams, of whom Abigail thought intently, as she gazed into Humphrey Bingham's face.

He was so much surprised that he said her maiden name out loud, 'Abigail Howe!' but he recovered himself immediately, and shook hands with a cordial running fire.

'How do you do, Mrs. Prior? Glad to see you, trust Prior is no worse; shall fetch back Alice—come into the dining-room. Have some luncheon, a glass of wine at least. Why did they show you in here?' When he found that Abigail would not have Mrs. Bingham recalled, or consent to eat and drink, his good nature helped her instantly. He assured her his going with the others was of no consequence. He was to ride, and he could easily make up to them; if she would permit him to send to the party to set out without him he should be at her service. He sent his request, made Abigail sit down again, and took a seat opposite her. 'You are sure Prior is no worse?'

'Oh no, he is a great deal better; the Doctor is very well pleased with him this morning, if he can keep him from meddling with business. That is what I came here to speak to you about.'

'Does Prior know you are here?' asked

Humphrey, with an inadvertent dryness getting into his voice. 'Odd enough,' he thought, clasping his knee, 'if Prior try to come over me with his wife. By-the-by, how faded the poor little woman is: I am shocked to see her.'

'No, he was asleep when I left. It was entirely my own idea.'

'You do me honour, Mrs. Prior,' declared Humphrey, with his old gallantry. 'May I ask, have you heard that I propose, I think'—he hesitated slightly, and played with the tassel of the bell rope, though he felt he must plunge into his communication, 'to give up the Factory, as I have not time to look near it, and it is too much for Mr. Prior.'

'I do not think so,' interposed Abigail eagerly. 'I am sure his heart is in it; if you had only listened to him for the last fortnight, you would think so too.'

'It is not worth his pains,' protested Humphrey, abruptly dropping the tassel; 'he is wasting his time and my means—along with his own, of course.'

'I am aware he has very little of his own,' said Abigail, in her quiet ingenuous voice. 'But as far as I could follow him, he wishes to try an improvement on the machinery, which would insure the work being more quickly and cheaply done.'

'Not to any extent,' exclaimed Humphrey, impatiently. Then he checked himself, and took the trouble to explain to her gravely, 'I repeat I believe it would only be the waste of more time and means; but of course you ought not to speak of it to him at present. I thought it right to anticipate any proposal you might make, and it can be broken to him by degrees when he is stronger.'

Abigail's heart sank. The Factory had waned into an irksome trifle to Humphrey Bingham, while it had waxed into a matter of life and death to Tom Prior. But she would not be balked of her proposal, the drift of which was beyond Humphrey Bingham's liveliest imagination, though he had a guess that women were, at once, the meanest, and the most generous of created beings.

'Mr. Bingham, when you say the improvement expected from the new machinery would not be to any extent, you mean relatively in connection with the cost and your income, don't you?'

'I admit that I do, Mrs. Prior. It might pay Prior, but only in a small way, and I really consider that he might do better. Pray remember I do not reflect on him in the least,' he added, kindly. 'I should know Tom Prior, old Tom; and I say a more honourable, devoted mechanical genius, if he had the tools to work with, does not exist.'

'I am sure you are right.' Abigail set her seal to the statement, never thinking of deprecating a compliment. 'And he has been brought up a manufacturer, as the Ashley people have been brought up to the Factory. No doubt they could get other work, or go elsewhere for work, and it would be kinder to let them do so, hard as it would be for them at first, than to keep on the Factory if it could not be made to pay. I understand all that, but Tom does not think it cannot pay. Will you tell me, Mr. Bingham, what the improvement would cost?'

'Certainly. To introduce the change properly, which would be the only chance, might cost five or six thousand pounds. But you do not think I would grudge the sum if I saw my way clearly?' he asked, patting his hands into his pockets, unable to help appearing nettled.

'No,' answered Abigail slowly, as if she were reflecting. 'Papa left me four thousand pounds; will you take that as Tom's share? You know business so much better than I, you will be able to tell exactly what I have only a vague notion of—I mean that though I have not the money entirely my own disposal, I believe I can borrow upon it or sell my life rent in it, you know.'

He was leaning back in his chair more astonished than when he had seen her there first.

'Borrow upon your fortune! sell your life-rent in it! What are you thinking of, Abigail? Excuse me, but you are speaking arrant treason—shocking nonsense,' he repeated, with his eyes still opened wide but a smile playing about his mouth. 'Your fortune is the only thing you have to depend upon should the firm be dissolved to-morrow, and Prior not get into another, or be able to procure a subordinate situation. If he were so left to himself as to consent to so rash and reckless a venture, it could not be allowed for a moment in your interest and that of your children.'

'If Tom had the money of his own, do you think he would not risk it?'

'I cannot say that he would not, because the man is possessed by the spirit of improvement; but that would alter the case entirely.'

'I do not think so. Supposing I had happened to have no money, and he were spending all our worldly goods, would it not have come to much the same thing? for what is mine is Tom's, to use according to his judgment, whether you and he think so or no. I desire you to take the money, Mr. Bingham,' she urged, with a dawning of indignation.

'I will not, Mrs. Prior. I beg your par-

don, I could not without his knowledge or consent: there would be neither law nor honesty in the proceeding.' He had risen and was walking up and down the room. He stopped and looked at the thin, pleading, passionate face. 'But at least you are a good wife to him.'

'No,' denied Abigail, with the tears for the first time starting to her eyes. 'That is not it, but he is my dear husband.'

Humphrey stood gazing upon her, and twirling his watch-guard. She had a very sweet face, though she was not by a long chalk so handsome a woman as Alice; but he did not wonder now at her old attraction for him. Would Alice have done as much for him—Alice, who set so much store on her dignities, and required so many indulgences as her right? Stuff! was he, so well off, jealous lest poor Tom Prior could command more loyal duty, purer affection? Alice had suited him perfectly, made him an excellent wife, and she had never been tried, as he should be thankful. But he would try Tom Prior's wife, Abigail Howe, a grain more, and see if the additional straw would break the camel's back, though he had always known her as an unworlly, enthusiastic woman.

'But, Mrs. Prior, supposing the improvement on the looms should fail, and you have no warrant against it, what would you do then?' And he glanced his eyes involuntarily round the library, with its marble busts, carved oak, and calf-skin, which he was sensible were more in Tom Prior's and Abigail's way than in his and Alice's, but which more than any room in the house indicated the power and the refinement of the affluence of the owners.

'I cannot tell; but we would still have Tom to work for us, as I dared not think we would a week ago,' Abigail maintained, with undaunted courage. 'Mamma would do what she could for us, and take us in, till we were established elsewhere.'

'Mrs. Prior, I see you have made up your mind,' broke in Humphrey, afraid to trust himself to hear anything further; 'you are a dear, good little soul, the most regular brick. You have fairly conquered me. We will say no more about business just now, if you please. Only mind, I authorize the new machinery; you may tell Prior so whenever you like; and who knows, it may be a spoke in my wheel if I try for the county? At least many a smaller cotton spinner and calico printer than Cobden and Bright has sat under the roof of St. Stephen's.'

Tom was well enough to begin and groan over his business.

'If Bingham would look in and let me say a word to him on a change, in the looms.'

'Humphrey Bingham has been here often,' said Abigail, in an undertone. 'I saw him yesterday, and by-the-by, Tom, he desired me to tell you he agrees to the improvements you wish.'

Tom drew a long sigh of relief, turned to the wall, and pulled up the bed-clothes to shade his face; perhaps he was overcome at the gaining of his desire. Another chance in the world, for he was weak, poor fellow; perhaps he wanted to thank his Maker for His boundless goodness. When he spoke again, it was to say gently,

'My dear, if you had known what it was to me to hear that word, you would have spoken it at once. Humphrey was always a noble fellow, and see how he has got on. He has prospered as he deserves I hope I shall be permitted to make this up to him.'

Abigail pondered if Tom, lying there wasted and low, with much upon his mind, drudgery and anxiety before him yet, and a weak pining wife all these years, could think he had got what he had deserved; but she offered no remark, and the next speech of Tom's was in a very cheerful key.

'I should not wonder though you got your green-houses after all, Abigail,' he said, looking up brightly.

'Mrs. Prior,' said Dr. Winkworth, bluntly, turning from his patient to his patient's wife, 'you are in for one of your chest colds; I have been expecting it for some time, and now you are loaded with it. How could you be so imprudent as to sit in a draught yesterday?'

Abigail rebutted the attack with a twinkle in her eyes.

'I assure you, Doctor, I did not sit much on anything. I was out: I was busy yesterday, and I am not going to have a cold; do not say so.'

'I think Mrs. Prior is looking very well,' asserted Tom, from where he was laid on his back, manfully standing up with weak but willing valour for his wife. 'To my mind, nursing a sick man does very well with her.'

'Once on a time, Tom, for a change. After all your bullying of me, it is a treat to have you in my power,' answered Abigail, with a fall in her voice. Abigail had nursed her husband unweariedly, indefatigably, with stores of tenderness, which had not till now been set free in the bosom of the daughter, wife, and mother. What had become of her bronchitis, pleurisy? Vanished in smoke. Not that Abigail was a monomaniac, though something of a val-etudinarian. Most people have seen or

heard of the effects of a shock on an invalid: how such a one will rise from a sofa or even a sick bed, and minister to the strong man or woman who has taken her place, to be ministered to instead of to minister; perform the most trying duties; keep the most exhausting watch, while the world looks out for the break-down of the forced strength, till it is compelled to cry 'A miracle!' Sometimes it is great Death which is the shock, and the sufferer who was mourned over as bereft, indeed, when the friend on whom he or she leant, is removed, is restored to life and the world by the stroke — having only one regret — the eyes which would have shone brightest to witness the resuscitation are closed in this world. But what if spirit eyes beam from the stars on the last Lazarus. 'His ways are not as our ways.'

Abigail cast disgrace on Dr. Winkworth, after all his attention to her husband, by not taking his cold; and the strenuous exertions she employed against it, were hardly fair play. She snuffed camphor, she painted herself like a red Indian with iodine, she gargled, she steamed, she had recourse to hot water, she had recourse to cold, she turned out, to the delight of her little boys, in masquerade, and they found mamma made a very pretty guy with a coal-scuttle of an old opera-hood on her head, and a royal fur tippet, like that of the King Edwards', round her shoulders. And when she did not take her cold, Abigail smiled and sighed again.

When Tom was able to go to the Factory again, he came home and took to studying, why his wife gave him so many nervous, furtive, inquisitive glances, whether they were all on account of his health, or had any other origin. It was a luxury for him to study Abigail in a new light.

Notwithstanding her nervousness, her late fatigue and arrested cold, and the important circumstance that she was a woman over thirty, Abigail was looking prettier than she had done since she was a girl of nineteen, and Humphrey Bingham was in love with her. Tom fancied her ten times prettier than he had ever seen her. It might be because in laying aside the last alternative of the opera-hood and the fur tippet, she had taken the opportunity of discarding her shawl and lace cap along with them, and appeared in her fresh summer gown, with her pulled-out bronze hair. It might be because she had made a great escape, and a new spring was given to her life. Jack and Joe had told their father that first when he had been ill, mamma had been miserable, and then when he grew



better she had grown funny, and she had promised to continue funny if they would be good boys, and not tease papa to draw for them, and go down on all fours to be the umpire in their games of marbles — instead mamma had cut out in paper, girls' things — but such jolly rows of dolls dancing arm-in-arm, and flowers in flower-pots.

Abigail had become more interested in housekeeping since she was under the necessity of exerting herself, and walked about cogitating profoundly, with keys in her hands, or sat dipping into housekeeping manuals and cookery-books, in place of wise discussions on silver hairs and evening clouds. With the extravagance and impetuosity of woman, she had tied round her still slim waist a bran new black silk apron, as if there lurked sovereign virtue in that terribly democratical, determinedly middle-class, and unflinchingly practical piece of wearing apparel. It amused Tom immensely, to an extent no superior person could conceive, to note these innocent preparations.

At last Abigail stepped up to him one evening, when he was standing idle by the window, and impressed upon him solemnly that she believed it was true what Ashley said about the housemaid Dorothy, she was getting spoilt with too little work, and Dorothy's mistress had come to the conclusion she ought to part with her domestic.

'But I thought you had a liking for Dorothy, Abigail,' remonstrated Tom, checking an inclination to cry out, 'You little humbug!'

Abigail was taken aback, and smitten in her conscience. Yes, of course she had a liking for Dorothy, who was an honest, warm-hearted girl, though a little wilful, and had been very attentive and concerned when her master was lying ill. She had cried and declared he had never spoken a rough word to her, and however engrossed, he had always found time for a smile, and a 'Is that you, Dorothy?' when he met her abroad.

'Ah, Tom, you did not know how much you were thought of,' in parentheses.

But it was a losing of Dorothy to keep her there and not give her work to do. There was not sufficient work since the boys were all day at school, and Mrs. Prior was so well she meant to take more management of the house. There was no one like the lady of the house in looking after it: she was persuaded that it would be good for her now that she was strong enough for it. There was a young sister of Dorothy's, who could come and help when they washed, and for the doing up

of the boys' clothes. Would he not believe her? Abigail at last besought Tom, getting desperate at the stony look of his face, while he resorted to the old dangerous habit of tugging whiskers, ragged, and as if sprinkled with ashes. She could do like other women with an experienced servant, and a little assistance now and then. Poor Mrs. Leech had to do with less since she had lost poor Captain Leech; so had the new curate's young wife; and she was more highly connected than Abigail: would he not listen to reason?

'No, I won't,' Tom declined stoutly. 'I never heard a more preposterous proposal in my life. It may do for poor Mrs. Leech, who cannot help herself; or the curate's wife, with love in a cottage for the honeymoon; but you have not lost your husband, though you have been near to it, and we are an old married couple, with two great boys. I tell you I will not hear another word of it. I never fancied you penurious before, but this is positively mean. Why, I have a great liking for Dorothy, who, young as she is, has made a good nurse to the boys; but I never thought of displaying it by turning the girl off. You goose! you goose! there is no call for curtailing our extensive establishment and starving ourselves — that would be the next precious move: women have no medium. Your poor little fortune has not been made away with, as you proposed (I heard all about it from Humphrey). Humphrey Bingham advances the money; he can very well afford to do it, and the venture will pay him more or less. He said his eldest boy flattered himself he would die a field-marshal; but, for aught Humphrey himself knew, clothing, not killing the enemy, might be the thing before Wakefield or little Humphrey were ready to leave Rugby, and either of them might have a greater mania for usefulness than ever their father had. Lord Rivers' eldest son was to head a steam-baking company: it seemed the entire population were like to be poisoned by a combination of the bakers, poor fellows, to buy up fustled flour, and be excused from kneading.'

Tom was speaking for speaking's sake, for he was agitated, and he hated to show it; but he had taken her two hands, and was squeezing them tight.

Abigail was agitated also.

'You are not angry with me for interfering, Tom?'

Now, however Abigail had erred; she had not been meddlesome or domineering; so Tom protested her self-condemned whisper was 'the most unkindest cut of all.'

'I am thinking of the first Abigail, who rode out on her ass to meet King David among the palm-trees, with the loaves and the bunches of raisins; but she was in terror of her life; and bound for the captivity of her second husband,—was not that it? My wife, the simpleton, made a present of all she had, like the widow's mite, to a ten years old husband, whom she is not soon to get rid of. We will want your poor little fortune yet, never fear, dear. There is the interest to Humphrey—we must and shall pay that, and the education of the lads—we will have no stinting there—eh? Angry because my wife was good and romantic!' Tom was playing all manner of wild pranks; the fever might have returned and gone to his brain, stroking the bronze hair, even the flag of an apron, blessing his wife.

Yet Abigail felt a spasm of disappointment and a little sense of failure. She was an unworlly enthusiastic woman. Ten years and more before, the moral back-bone of her innocent, happy, hopeful, girlish nature sustained a horrible injury, and although it had been set with splints very soon—perhaps too soon afterwards—it had never recovered its vitality and elasticity until Tom Prior's illness and Tom Prior's wife's knowledge of his silent, self-ignoring cares and toils. To bring back Abigail, like Eurydice, from the brink of Hades, Tom had to play Orpheus and go down himself, without grudging, among the shades. And it was the sound of Tom's footsteps in her life which Abigail dreaded to lose if there were no change in her habits—no obligation on her to do her duty. To be no poorer, but with the prospect of becoming gradually richer, yet never so rich as to compass change of scene, travel, intellectual and cultivated society like the Bingham—Abigail dreaded the old humdrum, moping, sickly feeling would steal over her again and she would not have the strength to resist it.

Abigail was still struggling with the sense of discouragement and with the conviction that she was an ungrateful woman, next day, after Tom had gone to the Factory, when she was roused by her mother no-ding joyously to her as she rang the door bell.

'My dear, I cannot stop a moment; I met Mr. Prior at the end of the street looking so much improved since Wednesday; but I took the precaution of hoping he was able to go back and forwards and eat a good dinner after it. "Come and see, grandmamma; we have not dined together since I was on beef tea, and now I eat beef like a grazier, and trot on my beat like a postman." Of course I am delighted to come; I only looked in to tell you I had

sent in a pair of spring chickens with asparagus, and a cut of salmon and oysters for the occasion. And I am going home to get my best cap: yes, Abigail, it is a great occasion, the celebration of your dear husband's recovery—twenty times greater than a christening dinner. By the by, Abigail, I passed Jack on the way, and he ran up and whispered to me that he was dux again. Mamma knew, but it was a secret not to be told to papa till he was head of his form for a week. What a scholar the boy is going to turn out! I told him I was proud of him, and gave him a sixpence on the spot. You need not laugh and shake your head, Abigail,—you have two very fine boys, and they have grown quite manly since their papa's illness.'

'I hope, mamma, their manliness will last, and help to keep their hands clean, and their jackets whole (though I sadly fear it will have the opposite result), and that it will progress till they take wives to themselves and daughters to me, and save me further responsibility in their training.'

'Time enough, girl; you will not like to see the day when other women come between you and your boys; the thought of that always reconciled me to my only child being a daughter. But dear! dear! Jack and Joe's marriages are a long look forward, and in the meantime you are well off with your boys and your husband restored to you. And as to another ten years, though I may not live to see it, there will be plenty of women to envy you. Three gentlemen to wait on one lady, and two of them fine, strapping, smart young fellows, as I know my grandsons will be. What a cheerful house they will keep for you! how much they will make of you! Why, Abigail, if you don't take care you will be as full of humours as an heiress with a score of suitors.'

Abigail laughed at her merry old mother, but the light words penetrated to her heart. She was well off—she knew it now; she would not change grey Tom and the rough boys for all the florid Humphrey Bingham and caressing girls in the world.

It was fitter, too, that Tom should go on and win the battle for himself, having the credit and the reward, and only giving Abigail her share. It was far kinder to Humphrey, to let him be generous to his old friend, and retain the consciousness as a cool green spot in the blaze of unmingled prosperity, which is apt to scorch and harden God's garden of man's soul, till it is an arid wilderness. For her she had found that 'He maketh Him families like a flock. He maketh the barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children.'